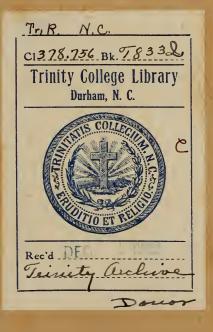


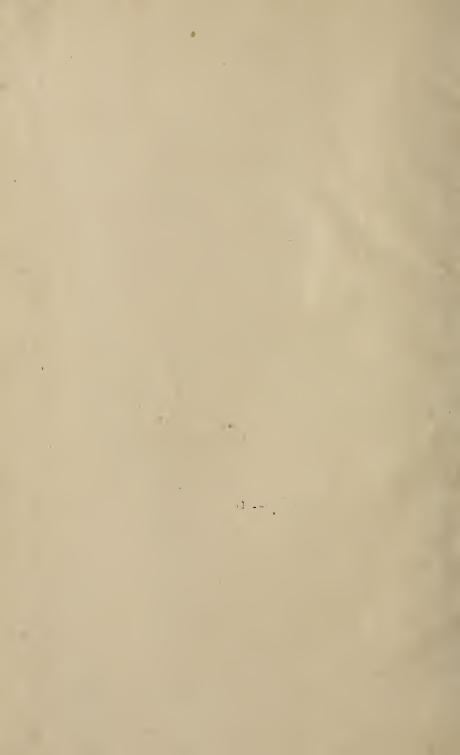
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# The

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# THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXIV

OCTOBER, 1921

No. 1

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#### MANAGER'S NOTICE

The **Tinity Archive** is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit and encourage literary endeavor among the students of the College.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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# The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October, 1921.

#### CONSOLATION

S. M. Holton, '21.

It's the worry that troubles and vexes,
The infinite routine of thought
That comes like the flash of lightning
From out the infinite naught;
That stuns with its quick flash of movement,
That gives both pleasure and fear;
It's silence followed by thunder,:
The drum-beat at the bier.

It's thinking and wondering and waiting, Not knowing what next to do,
That stings like forgotten friendship
Once thought to be constant and true;
At once it is thinking and hoping,
The worrying at future and past,
For neither is good nor certain,
Each day's but a future past.

It's the worry that troubles and vexes, The fathomless depth of the curtain, But the pleasure would go from the future If aught but death were certain.

# Dinty and the Black Cat

#### A. W. McDougle

(Winning Story in the Southgate Short Story Contest for 1921.)

I never did care much about going ashore and getting drunk, you know, and stirring up all kinds of trouble and disturbances for cops and M. P.'s, but, when a green guy like me goes ashore with a couple of hard old slats like Dinty Sullivan and Dusty Polinsky, he is compelled to do what they say. Dusty and Dinty had both been in Uncle Sam's Navy since some time before the Spanish-American War, and they didn't have much use for the recruits that were so plentiful now that another war had begun. I guess they liked me because I was not afraid of the worst, dirtiest kind of work they could find for me to do, and that's more than you can say about most of the "boots."

Anyhow, what I started to say was that we three were ashore and pretty full considering the high price of booze and the hard time we had getting it. We went around to all the dance halls and skating rinks and got chased out of every one of them for trying to take the whole floor for our own personal use and nobody else's. The last place we went into the cop kindly informed us that the best place for us to go was back to the ship. We suddenly remembered that we had to be back aboard the ship by midnight anyway; so you could hardly call the cop's suggestion a command, if you know what I mean.

After a half dozen or more false trails and a great deal more hard words, we finally found a dark street that led down to the boat landing. I don't think that I ever saw a meaner street than this one, not even in the slums of Hong Kong or Tokio. The air was heavy with the smell of garlic, onions, beer saloons, and fish. Here and there a feeble light streamed across the blackness of the street through a dirty window where some Italian or Chinaman had not gone to bed. A heavy fog had blown up from the harbor and gave every object a strange, ghost-like appearance.

The cool air and the exercise of the walk had cleared my head somewhat, but they seemed to have had just the opposite effect upon Dinty. Dusty had to hold him on one side while I supported him on the other. He thought that every alley or doorway was alive with opium-smoking Chinamen or Dagoes with bowie knives in their hands. Suddenly Dinty stopped short in his tracks, pulling Dusty and me to a halt.

"Did you see it?" asked Dinty, "there it sits in that doorway. Don't let it cross the street in front of us, or we're goners."

I looked in the direction that Dinty's trembling finger pointed and saw a black cat calmly sitting on the single stone step in front of a closed door. Even as we watched the cat made a motion as if to flee to the opposite side of the street as cats will. It had not taken a step, however, when Dinty wrenched loose from my grasp and pounced down on the cat like a hawk after a fish. I don't know which was the most surprised, me or the cat. Dinty had the cat in a tight grasp around the neck, and, in spite of the cat's wild and terrific struggles for freedom, was hurriedly cramming it down into the pocketlike folds of his blouse.

"Fer God's sake, Dinty, whatcha goin' to do with that cat," said Dusty. "Ain't seeing it enough, without taking it with us?"

"I ain't goin' to take it with us, you fool," said Dinty, "Neither am I going to take any chance of its runnin' across the street in front of us. We'll take it down to the dock and turn it loose just as we get aboard the boat."

We went on down to the dock not very far from where Dinty caught the cat. There was a big bunch of fellows standing around the float where our boats touch, cursing and swearing because they had to be back on board ship at midnight, instead of having all night ashore. Dinty got into an argument with one of the shore patrol because he wanted to lie down on the edge of the float and sleep, but the patrol would not let him. He and Dusty seemed to forget all about the cat, and I was afraid to say anything about it for fear that Dinty would not like it.

Presently we all heard the "chug-chug" of the motor boat that had been sent from the ship to take us aboard. There was a rush to the edge of the float, as everybody wanted to be ready to jump into the boat as soon as it touched in order to get a good seat. I looked around for Dinty as soon as I was seated and saw him up near the bow of the boat five or six seats ahead of me. He was arguing with the bow-man about sitting on the gunnel. I knew then he had forgotten all about the cat. I tried to get his attention, but he did not see me.

When the boat was about half way from the dock to the ship, I saw Dinty give a start, and I thought that he was going to jump overboard. He looked like a crazy man in the dim light reflected from the water. He had his hands on his stomach as if in great pain, but I knew that it was the cat. At last he settled down in his seat with his head in his hands as if he had surrendered to his fate.

Dinty was the first man on the gangway when the boat reached the ship. I followed as quickly as I could. When I got on the quarter deck, I found that Dinty and Dusty had already gone forward to their quarters. I hurried into their billets as soon as I had reported to the Officer-of-the-deck. They were not there. I then ran down in the Gag Alley and found them both in earnest conversation as they stored away their dress uniforms in their sea bags.

"What did you do with it?" I asked as I came up. Dusty and Dinty looked around with a frightened glance.

"Ssh—you fool," said Dinty "do you want to let the whole ship's company know what we've done?"

"What we've done," I said. "I didn't have anything to do with it. You are the one."

"Shut up your clod-hopping Ham," that's what they always called me when they were mad. "We'll see that you get your full share of the blame if anything happens. You don't know what this thing means. It's bad enough to have a black cat cross your path, but a whole lot worse to have one aboard. We'll all go to the bottom before this trip is over."

"Well, why don't you throw it overboard or knock it in the head and leave it in the coal bunker?" I asked.

"What!," said Dinty with a still more frightened glance. Don't ever say that again. We'd all die a worse death than Dave Jones' Locker if we did that."

I went on up to my billet on the next deck greatly mystified and not a little frightened. I had a great respect for the two old sailors and their opinions of the sea, for they had been sailors for a long time. I turned in my hammock and spent a restless night filled with dreams of gigantic submaries and terrible sea monsters of all kinds.

The next morning I awoke to find the ship far out at sea on her way to France with a convoy of transports. This was the first time I had ever been at sea. This fact and the knowledge that we were doomed to destruction by the presence of the black cat gave me an uncomfortable feeling.

As soon as I had made up my hammock, I went in search of Dinty to see what disaster we might well expect to come upon us first.

Dinty was on the top-deck midship, with his squad of recruits washing down the deck. He kept gazing around as if he expected someone to come up from behind to do him some injury. I noticed that all the men in sight also showed

the same signs of uneasiness. When Dinty saw me, he gave the hose he was using to one of the men and came over to where I was standing.

"You haven't told anybody, have you?" he asked between clinched teeth as he grabbed my wrist in a grip of steel.

"On my honor, Dinty, I haven't said a word."

He released his grip on my arm and looked out over the water in the direction of the troop ships.

"It came out on deck just after we cleared the lightship," said Dinty, in almost a whisper. "Some of the men saw it, and now they all know it's aboard. The old man was as mad as the devil and ordered me to kill it and throw it overboard. I went to look for it, but it couldn't be found. I think Dusty hid it in the storeroom, but I don't know for sure. So long as it can't be found, I can't kill it, can I?"

I agreed with him in every way, and he went back to his work after cautioning me to keep the secret.

I cannot remember any of the details of what happened about me for a week after this conversation with Dinty. I know that we ran into a terrible storm, and I grew deathly sick. Every roll of the ship from side to side and every pitch from stern to stern sent me into fresh agonies of mind and body. I could neither sleep nor eat. The very sight of food caused me an indescribable spasm of sickness. Dinty said that he tried to get me to go on the top deck in the fresh air, but I was too sick to understand him. I knew that I was seasick. but I never doubted for a minute that the black cat was the cause of my plight. Dinty told me after I got better that the storm had done a good deal of damage to the ship. One man had been washed from his lookout station and had never been seen again. All the boats on the top deck, except two, had been swept away. The ship had sprung a leak, and all the supplies in the two storerooms had been ruined by a flood of salt water.

I began to feel better the next day after the storm had ceased to rage. We had been at sea just eight days when I again began to notice things about me. I gathered from the conversation of the men that we were in the war zone where the submarines were the thickest. As soon as I was able to walk around the ship, I went upon the deck to look around. The first thing that I saw when I came upon the deck was a group of men peering intently in a direction about two points off the starboard bow. I came up to the rail cautiously and looked over the shoulder of one of the men standing there. I expected to see a whole flotilla of submarines with their torpedoes poised ready to launch in our direction, but instead I saw only a three-masted schooner, with full sails spread, about three miles away.

"She's running away," said the man in front of me. "She never even answered our signal. I'll bet the old man makes her haul too."

He had just finished speaking when the forward three-inch gun set the whole ship aquivering.

"Right over the bow," said someone up near the rail. "Look! she's crowding on more sail."

About that time another shot rang out, and a second shell fell a little closer to the schooner. The sails began to come down and in a little while the vessel lay at rest, tossing up and down on the waves. I didn't understand what it was all about or why we should fire on a small sailing vesel, but I was soon informed that all vessels that could not give a satisfactory explanation of their presence in the war zone had to submit to an examination by every war ship that demanded it.

"Go to your stations, all the boarding party," was the command passed by the boatswain's mate.

The group that had gathered at the rail to watch the schooner hurriedly separated; some went directly to the boat that was to make the trip to the schooner; and others went below to the armory to equip themselves with the necessary

arms and ammunition. I had not been detailed to any regular duties in a case like this; so I remained near the boat as a spectator.

The lieutenant, detailed by the captain to take charge of the party, came down from the bridge and took his place in the stern of the motor boat. The other members of the party soon filled the boat, and it was about to be lowered to the water when the officer suddenly held up his hand and called a halt.

"Where is Coxswain Sullivan?" said he. "Where is Coxswain Dinty Sullivan? Is he in the boat?"

"Here, sir," said a voice some distance from the boat. I looked and saw Dinty running up the ladder and across the deck at full speed.

"Why are you late, Coxswain?" asked the officer as Dinty took his place in the boat. "Do you know that you have kept us waiting? Don't let this happen again."

The boat was soon on its way to the sailing vessel. I watched the men climb aboard the schooner and go below to inspect the ship's papers and cargo. Presently all of our men came back on deck, lowered themselves in the boat, and returned to the ship. The lieutenant went to the bridge and reported to the captain, and his report seemed satisfactory, for we were soon under way on our course again. I learned afterwards that the skipper of the sailing vessel had misunderstood our signals and that it was through the mistake of his signalman that we had to board her.

All the men off watch were grouped along the rail watching the schooner as it dropped farther and farther behind. Suddenly we saw a large spout of water rise high in the sky from directly under the stern of the schooner. There followed the report of a terrible explosion. The schooner had been torpedoed. She sank fast, and in five minutes there was not a trace of the schooner on the water except a few pieces of shattered wood.

"I was horrified at such a terrible and unexpected sight. I ran wildly about the deck not knowing nor caring where I went. I expected to be hurled into the sea the next minute by another torpedo. I went again to the rail and looked out over the water. All was calm. I turned from the rail and had started below when I saw Dinty and Dusty back near the stern of the ship with their faces turned toward the spot where the schooner went down. Dinty turned around and motioned for me to join them. When I came up I saw that his hand trembled a little and that his face was pale, but I noticed that he no longer had the frightened look of a man pursued by a ghost.

"Ham, me boy," he said to me, "Did you see what happened out there? That was intended for us, but I carried that cat aboard the schooner and left it. That was why I was late."



# Why Convicts Wear Stripes

S. M. Halton, '21.

"Man yields to custom, as he bows to fate, In all things ruled—mind, body, and estate."—Crabbe

Speculative conception is a term which might well be called double superfluity as well it might be on the surface. To the research worker delving into the mysteries of the past for the origin of the peculiar custom of forcing convicts to wear bed-ticking-like stripes, little is conceptive and what is, is very speculative.

There has been much discussion and speculation concerning just why criminals sentenced by the law should wear as a mark of their penal servitude the conspicuous stripes so often seen and as often wondered at. We even now speak of "putting a man in stripes" when we think of punishing a man publicly. Whatever may be the derivation of the custom of the convict's stripes, the word now almost totally denotes a criminal.

Delving into the archives of the races of the world, the winnower of the customs of the race finds many peculiar forms of punishment that have been used throughout the ages. Throughout the spans of time, however, peculiar marks denoting punishment are often found. There are several theories concerning the convict's stripes. One theory stoutly advanced by the chroniclers is that the stripe is a survival of the whipping post; the broad stripes of the convicts suit being a symbol of the smarting marks his brother malefactor of earlier days received at the hands of the law. Apparently this theory is as far as one, even the research worker, needs to go, for are not stripes, stripes no matter whether they are

assumed or presumed? But the truth of the aforesaid mentioned analogy is immediately flabbergasted when one recollects that the stripes received by the criminal at the post are laid in all directions; while the modern criminal's stripes all run horizontally.

Yet another theory based on an older authority is the attribution of stripes to the mark of Cain; it being contended that Cain's race degenerated into the zebra which is mathematically marked, as are convicts. Opponents of this theory contend that the race of Cain would have been more likely to have degenerated into the spotted leopard; this theory being based on the Biblical statement that a leopard cannot change his spots. Whether either of these latter beliefs are correct, lies entirely with the believer. Surely the convict is neither a zebra nor a leopard, for these two animals are so marked in order that they may be more easily hid; whereas the convict is striped to make him conspicuous.

Whatever may be the true derivation of the convicts stripes after much research and thought I have come to the conclusion that the reason for the wearing of the stripes by the convict is a more humanitarian one: the principle being the same as why Uncle Sam wears red, white, and blue suspenders. In the suspender's case the reason is to hold up the pants; while in the convict's case the striped suit is used to cover his nakedness.

## Le Printemps de Mon Coeur

#### Une Chanson de Jeunesse

J. H. Small, Jr.

Maintenant, c'est bien etre vivant— Le monde est heureux et riant; Le bonheur flambre dans ses yeux, Car tout le monde est amoureux.

Les fleurs triomphant de jeunesse, Tendrement le bois me caresse. Le vent murmure dans mon oreille Les mots de cet chant si vielle.

Partout fuyent des papillons, Lei parmi des grapillons Les abeilles cueillent leur miel, Une grive, chantant, monte au ciel.

Et meme cette ancienne ville, Comme une fillette, s'habille; S'elle parait un peu mechante, En sa naivite charmante.

Et meme, je suis au bord de vie, Tout confiant en ma genie Qui m'a beni de jeune ardeur— Car c'est le printemps de mon coeur.

To M. T. B. Lake Sunapee, August, 1921.

# A Right Real Visit

P. H. Edwards

The old Grainger House was located two miles out from Southport on a country road. Nobody, not even roving bands of mischievous boys, ever went near the mansion, if the now dilapidated and rotten structure could be honored by the appellation of mansion. The place, the whole place, even the exterior appearance of the House and the immediately contiguous yard, or a field which bore some appearance to one, was forbidding and uninviting. But I am inquisitive and have a natural propensity to do things that other folks will not do and to explore scenes and abhorred places which the sensible herd of human-kind most wisely shun; so on an autumn afternoon I, alone and, I willingly confess, with a slight hesitancy and faltering in my steps as I neared my destination, visited this old Grainger mansion.

There was absolute silence everywhere. This solitary lonliness was offensive: it pervaded the whole atmosphere; it grated on my nerves; I wanted to shout and make a noise, but I was afraid to hear my own voice. My breath, which, in spite of my effort at naturalness, came spasmodically in short, quick gasps, seemed abnormally loud. I believe it could have been heard thirty feet away. I did not have long to ponder over the yard of the mansion; the truth is that I saw all of it at one glance, and that glance filled me with a hideous feeling of awe and supersititious dread which I could not shake off for a week afterwards.

That old house was magnetic. I did not want to look at it, but I had to; I could not help it.

I stood at the foot of the front steps, those long, high, flighty steps that reach to a high porch, for at least half an hour, viewing and reviewing the exterior of this mansion of old, now a rickety, crumbling structure. I wanted to go in-

side; I was determined to go; but I felt that waiting in the yard and soliloquizing on the aspect of the place was, for the minute,more agreeable than the thought of leaving an outer world and trusting myself to the care of a structure that appeared only too gruesome from a distance. But, mustering courage, I strode forward gallantly, a hero doing heroic service.

I mounted the steps and crossed the porch to the door. At every step I took in my ascent the planks creaked and groaned as if they had been human. Mine must have been the first weight they had borne in quite a few years. Those creakings and groanings sent shivers through my body; they were hideous. They aroused all sorts of anticipatory notions of fear which I had conjured up beforehand and caused a myriad of new misgivings to be suddenly created and to flourish in my mind, a broodery. I stopped at the door, my hand on the latch. This was the Grainger House, the gloomy abode of emptiness and solitary quietude, the place visited by no person—a place which had last been inhabitated twenty years ago, if the word of Uncle Richard Lane, the oldest negro in Southport, was to be believed. I hesitated; then, counterfeiting courage, I almost mechanically lifted the latch and gave the door a shove.

I jumped; I trembled; perspiration immediately found my forehead a desirable resting place. That door most assuredly had remained closed for the past decade, for to open it required no little strength, and every inch it moved caused its hinges to squall uproarously. Those hinges had never been oiled; they made a fuss that would have put to shame the racket created by a carpenter drawing rusty nails from hard wood. I can understand now why no knocker was needed on that door; it was literally impossible to open that entrance without notifying everyone in a half-mile of the act, and such an inhuman wailing as was emitted—My teeth chattered; my flesh crawled.

I did not open the door any wider than was necessary. One foot was enough space for me to step through, and at the twelve-inch mark I let the door rest from its labors. What an awful silence ensued after that creaking door had ceased to move! If possible, this silence was as provoking and nauseating as the groaning door had been.

I stepped inside. The interior was dark and musty. The air was dank and moist, and woody odors came to my nostrils. As my eyes became more accustomed to the dark interior, I discovered that I was in a large, long hall, which was entirely bare. Dust and cobwebs covered the floor and walls; all other space was inhabited. I noticed that several doors opened from either side of the long room, but my attention was drawn to an old colonial type, winding staircase, which seemed to fill the back end of the hall, or rather the staircase extended the hall on to the second floor.

Apparently wandering aimlessly, I stepped stealthily down the hall, hesitating at each step to gaze round me and stopping every second step to reconnoitre and deliberate on the chances of making a hasty retreat, if necessary. Every step I took awoke new echoes in hitherto unreached crevices of the old house. Verily, this was a house of noise, of very hollow, awe-inspiring noises which were created by the smallest movement. The echo of a deep breath resounded from the second floor as a muffled groan.

The tension was beginning to tell on my nerves. I resolved to hasten operations. Stepping quickly, I bounded up the stair to the first landing, turned to the left and rushed up another series of ascending rounds; thence to the right I continued my ascent, and, arrived on the second floor, stopped abruptly at the top of the stairs and a little to the right of a half-open door. The whole Grainger House was echoing and resounding with the creakings I had made ascending the stairs. Before me was a long hall similar to that I had just traversed; where was I to explore next? Into the room with

the half-open door seemed the logical place to go, and into that room I stalked.

I said that the door was half-open; I pushed it with a vigorous shove in order that I might command a view of the whole room before I entered. It is needless to say that the door began protesting at its first motion; it seemed that the whole Grainger House was asleep and very much objected to being disturbed, and, when it was aroused from its drowsy slumber, it awoke with howlings and curses, calling down the wrath of the gods upon the intruder.

The air was musty in that room; it smelled of cigar smoke which has been confined a week. The air had become so stale that it had soaked into the woodwork and furniture, and, if fresh air had been admitted, I doubt not but that the polluted and odoriferous furnishings would have polluted the new air immediately. That room contained dozens of odors, any one of which would have shamed the contents of a bottle of Hoyt's. I distinguished the odor of rotten wood, to-bacco, liquor, dirt,—stale air, and of ivy, which had run into the room through cracks, in one intake of my nostrils. The air from that room was as sickening and nauseating as the hot blast of a furnace, only more so. I almost choked at the first breath, but I coughed and managed to overcome the first attack and to prepare myself for future annoyance.

The room was badly lighted. On the farther side the sunlight flicked in through a two-foot-square opening, the window having fallen in. Remnants of the panes of glass were scattered about on the floor beneath the opening. The walls were dirty and dingy and bare. A fireplace, smutty and black, with ashes strewn far out into the floor, and in which were holes made by rats, filled one side of the interior; on the opposite side of the room was a bed. For the moment I scarcely noticed the bed.

Becoming more familiar with the furnishings of the interior and having accustomed my eyes to the light, I stepped inside and inspected the room more closely. Glancing

behind the door, for that was the only part of the room that I had not seen, I held a small trunk, black and square, which measured approximately two feet each way; a chest was its real nature. There was a key in its lock, but, the lip of the fastening being thrown back, it was obvious that the chest was not secured. After hesitating a moment, I lifted the lid and viewed the contents, which I found to be foul air. The chest was empty, save for the presence on the bottom of one or two old coins, but the sight of that chest filled me with fear and caused my mind to conjure up feverish imaginations. I had heard tales concerning this same Grainger House, but I had discredited them. Was I to find clearcut evidence of Uncle Richard's tale, commonly thought to be the product of his superstitious imagination?

Excitedly and nervously I turned towards the bed. Yes—; I almost fell backward. I clutched the foot of the bed, and, full of dread, glanced at the sickening sight again. Bedclothes were still there, but such bedclothes as they were, rotten, torn, dirty, mouldy, and stained—stained with blood. At least, the outer side of the bed was stained with blood. There was a large spot about midway from foot to head; then numerous spots speckled the cover, with here and there a smear to complete the hideous spectacle.

My imagination was working too well. I tried not to think, but in spite of myself my mind pictured the muchtalked-of tale which had been told of this room, known as Grainger's Closet, and of which I apparently saw proofs. The tale ran through my mind in much less time than I can recount it.

Grainger was an old man, over seventy years old. Having no relations, he lived alone at the mansion, attended by a few slaves. He was rich; much of the surrounding community belonged to him, and he rented it for a good round sum each year. Everybody knew that the old man was stingy; what he did with his money no one knew, nor did anyone in that peaceful community care.

Tricky Drummond, a worthless sort of fellow, unskilled and illiterate, who occupied a position in life closely resembling that of a tramp, wandered into the neighborhood. Tricky heard of old man Grainger and of his miserly characteristic. With dishonest intentions, Tricky hired himself to Grainger and worked as much as possible around the old mansion, the only place which old man Grainger seemed to care about anybody's presence. On this point he was peculiar.

Tricky secretly explored the whole mansion, save one room, the now famous Grainger closet. He tried to enter that closet, old man Grainger's secret abode and sanctuary, in more than one way, but failed in every attempt; Grainger always locked the door when he left. Tricky failed at picking the lock, and, as a last resort, he attempted to enter the closet through the window by way of a ladder. In this attempt he succeeded, but he found nothing unusual in the room after a most thorough investigation. Disappointed, he determined to stay in the closet overnight while Grainger was present.

In accordance with his premediated plan, Tricky secreted himself under the bed in Grainger's famous closet one afternoon. Sometime after nightfall Grainger came up the stairs, unlocked the door, entered, locked the door behind him, leaving the key in the lock, and lit a lamp. Going to the window, he pulled down the small shade; then he crossed the room until he reached the opposite side immediately behind the door. Putting his fingers to the wall, he pushed a concealed button, and a secret panel opened near the floor. Old Grainger pulled out a large black chest, unlocked it, opened the mouth of a large leathern bag, put some money into it, closed it, and deposited the box in the panel again, taking care to remove all signs of the secret panel. Shortly afterwards Grainger went to bed for the last time.

Tricky had viewed all these operations from his place of concealment under the bed. He determined to steal away with the miser's savings even if it were necessary to fight Grainger to obtain possession of the treasure. With his knife in his hand, Tricky left his hiding-place and attempted to find the panel, but in his search in the dark he overturned a lamp which had been left on the floor. Grainger awoke and sat up in bed, but Tricky was the criminal coward who mastered the situation. Springing at Grainger, Tricky drove his six-inch knife to the hilt in the half-awakened man's breast and heart, killing Grainger almost instantly.

The blood poured out of the wound and soaked the bedclothes, while little spouting arteries and veins sent streams of blood in various directions. Tricky threw Grainger out of the window, lit the lamp and found and opened the panel, took the leathern bag of money, and rushed down the stairs and out of the house, never to be seen again in that part of the country.

Negro slaves found Grainger's body and buried it, but, being superstitiously frightened by the old house and its dead master, they refrained from telling of the tragedy until long afterwards, when the mystery of Grainger's death was solved by Uncle Richard's receipt of an anonymous letter, recounting the above facts. Later it was rumored that Tricky Drummond had died and that on his deathbed he had written a letter and addressed and sealed it, the letter to be mailed at his death; however, as all this information had as its source the gossip of superstitious negroes, the facts were discredited, and the legend is unbelieved today by the so-called civilized folks. But I know better: I went; I felt; I saw.

I looked at the reality of the old blood staing again, and I shivered and trembled. I was not scared; I did not want to stay in such a horror-striking place of crime. I did not wait to find the secret panel, but, suddenly becoming satisfied that I had discovered enough, I vied with Tricky Drummond in speeding down those rickety stairs and out that squeaking front door into man's natural habitat, free from the reality of horrors, where only superstitious legends exist.

# Nigger

#### R. T. Dunstan, '21

O, I've heard your highbrows braggin' on their dawgs o' pedigree,

On their fancy strains o' poodles they have brought from the sea;

Heard 'em rip and blow an' wager what their famous breed could do,

How they walked away with medals an' with ribbons red an' blue.

But there hangs 'round my diggin's (an' he ain't no thoroblood.)

Jes ta common country creatur'—bout the color, well, o' mud. He's a mixture, houn' an' setter, (an' his bull blood hates a hawg!)

With a drap or two o' shepherd, an' the balance plain ol' dog.

Now myself an' him is cronnies, jest the best o' pals a-tall, An' he knows his name as Nigger, an' he knows my whistle-

So jest let 'em have their ribbons; I don't need such rot an' fawg,

Fer I'd ruther have ol' Nigger, jest a plain ol' yaller dawg.

He ain't never took no prizes, but he's got the goods all right. He'll tree anything that makes a track; you ought to see 'im fight.

Then he's jest as kind an' gentle when he knows it's time to be,

An' he's smart as any goin', O he means a heap to me!

If sometimes I have to leave 'im, all I do is tell 'im so,

- An' he'll stay to boss the diggin's though he'd ten times ruther go.
- When I'm late sometime in comin' when it's wet an' cold an' dark,
- Nigger's always there to meet me with his cheery welcome bark.

If sometimes I lose my temper, and I speak a hurtin' word, Or I beat or even kick 'im, not a whine or whimper's heard. When I'm sorry, he's forgivin', an' he sidles up to me With his stumpy tail a waggin', lays his head upon my knee.

- O, he'd go through fire to follow me at jest a word to go, And he'd give his life, an' gladly too, in savin' mine I know. Patient, true as steel, so faithful!—Tell me he ain't got a soul!
- O, he's better'n lots o' humans, fer he's got a heart o' gold.
- He's my friend from A to izzard, ain't no shamin' in his heart.

'Twill be lonely, O, so lonely when ol' Nigger 'n me must part. O, there won't be much to livin' when his eyes is dim an' pale, Then I won't much hate to leave it all an', me, too, hit the Trail!

### Spirits

#### T. R. Waggoner

Now, wha this tale of truth shall read,, Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed Whene'er to drink you are inclined Or cutty sarks run in your mind, Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear: Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

-(Burns)

Edison Matthew Howerton had one failing—that of the freely imbibing of that elixir of hilarity known as "monkey rum." He could not refrain from "taking on a little" with the boys when they insisted, and they always did. Night after night he sought his way to his bachelor apartment in the heart of Petersburg, and after much groping for the proverbial keyhole, let himself in, to fall fully dressed across his bed. He remained there in a drunken stupor until the ten o'clock sun crossed his face and woke him from his dreams of myriads of glasses and of the kind young man all dressed in white. He arose with aching head and dragged himself down to the undertaking establishment in Lane street that bore the sign, E. M. Howerton, Undertaker and Embalmer. Curious to sav. Edison had never dreamed of the other worlds or of spirits. In fact, he never gave much thought to any other lives or spirits other than these immediately at hand. Day after day and night after night. Edison swore off and got drunk again.

In spite of the fact that he was an undertaker, Edison was afraid of darkness. When he had work to do at night, he carried the negro hearse driver with him. He would not go anywhere alone in the dark unless he was drunk.

On this particular night Edison was lounging around in the parlor of his establishment because it was misting rain outside. Darkness had enfolded the city in her cover of sombre night. The feeble flicker of an arc lamp attempted to penetrate the gleam that hung so heavily over all. Edison picked up a volume of poetry, lying on the table and settled down with a cigarette resting lazily in the corner of his mouth. He struck on some selections from Robert Burns and because of their appropriateness read on:

"The gloomy night is gathering fast, Loud roars the wild inconstant blast; Yon murky cloud is filled with rain, The hunter now has left the moor, The scattered coveys meet secure; While here I wonder, prest with care, Along the lonely banks of Ayr."

Edison arose and opening the door called out into the dark room, "Come on in here, Joe. It's too cold out there for you." The big black entered and huddled close to the grate fire in the corner of the room.

Edison again settled himself and as if by habit opened the book of poems. "He'd read some more of Burn's stuff," thought he. Beginning at random, he read:

"A dreary, windy, winter night,
The star shot down with sklentin light,
Wi' you myself, I gat a fight:
Ayont the lough,
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
Wi' a waving sugh."

"Punch the fire a little, Joe," said Edison, and, turning for a glance out the window, continued, "My! it's a bad night out." Going to a little medicine cabinet on the wall, he took out a bottle of familiar size. Raising it to his lips, he drank long and well. He replaced the bottle and settled down to read again.

"We are na fou, we're nae that fou, But just a drappie in our e'e! The cock may craw, the day may daw, And ay we'll taste the barley-bree!"

Edison arose and drank heartily from the bottle which he took from the medicine cabinet. This time he brought the bottle back and lay it on the arm of the rocker beside him. He continued to read. His reading was interspersed with count-less drinks and telling gurgles. Burns was just his idea of a poet and man; he did not let his work interfere with his love and craving for the juice of the apple and the berry.

For some time he read and drank, apparently forgetful of the night. The jingling of the telephone awoke him from his reverie. He arose and zigzagged his way haltingly to the 'phone. A feminine voice informed him that a patient at St. Margaret's Hospital had just died and that the body must be prepared for burial. Edison turned to Joe and ordered him to get the car ready for the trip to the hospital, while he, Edison, put on his overcoat, slipping the whiskey bottle in his side pocket. The biting night wind whipped in the side of the driver's seat where Edison sat beside the negro. Several times Edison braced himself with a good brace of the "barleybree", as he then began to call it. Edison was not sure they had reached the hospital, but the driver called him to life. Edison climbed down. The negro took the equipment out of the car, laid it on the hospital veranda, and crawled in the car to drive it around to the shelter.

Edison entered the hospital and rather unsteadily started for the "stiff room". He did not go by the office; he knew where the room was. Down a flight of steps he went, grasping the iron rail on the wall for support. Entering the first door that he came to, he was taking off his coat, when he heard a noise, like someone snoring, in the room. He turned,

and, as he did, he knocked over a chair. The body lying on the bed raised on its elbows, and with eyes wide with fright literally screamed,

"What do you want in here?"

Edison did not wait for his coat or hat. Up the steps he flew and out into the night air. For blocks he ran. It was a sober but exhausted Edison that reached the apartment. All night he sat by the fire in his room with the lights burning brightly. He jumped at every sound. He was glad when the light of the morning began to creep in through his windows. He hurried down to the shop. The negro driver had not shown up as yet. Edison decided to investigate the happenings of the previous night by calling up the Hospital. He accordingly asked Central for the number.

"Hello," he said rather weakly, "is this the Hospital?" The answer came in the affirmative. "This is Howerton," he said bluntly.

"Oh! Mr. Howerton, you nearly scared one of our patients to death last night. I suppose you'll have the smallpox now. That was the contagious ward that you went in last night. What's the matter with you anyway? Why didn't you dress that corpse last night?"

Edison hung up the receiver weakly without an answer to the questions. "Going to the table he picked up the volume of poetry, and hurled it into the grate. "I don't suppose Burns ever did any undertaking," he mused as he went about preparing for the trip to the Hospital.

### Drink Water and You Drink Alone

C. P. A.

At this, an age when the old world is trying to adjust itself to a peaceful basis, we must practice economy. By economy I do not mean merely the saving of money, but all the various ways that economy can be practiced. This year presented in our state a condition that has not faced North Carolina in many years. The central section, having had no rain for nearly three months has had its crops cut by half. Nearly all the streams dried up, and our larger towns cried the need for conserving their water supply. Durham, Henderson, and Raleigh especially had to conserve theirs to keep from having a water famine. This drought and the consequent falling off of the crops has kept many of our boys from coming to college this year. Those who had pluck enough to come have to economize greatly, and a great number do some work to help cover their expenses. Money is tight; the student is finding it almsot impossible to borrow any, and in a great number of cases found no work in the past summer months, as work was scarce, and small wages were paid for what was done. This condition of the country makes it necessary to economize to a greater extent than ever before.

To you who find it necessary to economize I wish to offer a few suggestions. As I have already said, there are several ways to economize. I will first deal directly with the spending of our money. I need not say that the way to save this is to buy only what you actually need and stay away from the shows, but I would like to caution against the illustrious Co-eds.

Spend and the Co-eds spend for you, Save and you save alone, For the Co-eds inflate their worth And the money is not our own. Eat Sundaes and they eat with you; Drink water and you drink alone, For water they say, "we have every day, Sundaes, John the bill will pay."

I know that the Co-eds add generally to our pleasure here, but they also add greatly to the lightness of our dear old friend pocketbook, and like Chaucer we often have to complain to it. They add to our expense by making us dress more expensively, which I should say is a good thing, cultivating in us a sense of appearing neat. Oh! but do they not add to our shoe bills, for those steps towards the hill soon get our shoe soles.

Oh! star of Bethlehem
Please don't lead us far,
For I'm not Lochinvar
And have no steed.
Though from the west
I am like the rest
And people must walk.
While we talk.
And the steps I take

Many holes in my shoe soles make.

Though this may seem funny, yet I would warn against excessive kissing of the Co-eds and vice-versa. "What," you say, "kissing expensive." Of course I say it. Suppose one of those germs should send you to the hospital, but pshaw! you add, the sunshine and fresh air, during the day, has driven the germs away. I will have to admit that, and also that it is mighty tempting going around that dark shrubbery corner of the West Duke to steal a sweet little kiss, but beware; they only lead to more expensive things afterwards, and, too, they sometimes break up that good relation that exists between you for,

"Kiss an old maid once; She screams with delight. Kiss her twice, She'll stay up all night. Kiss her three times, Right off she gets sore; She knows what it is— She has been fooled before."

So hold yourself to the one-two limit, and they will not expect you to propose; thereby avoiding the experience of the boy at the A. & E. summer school who went beyond the one-two limit and had to go around the next night and break the engagement.

Be economical with your smiles. It seems funny that the more you give of anything the more economical it is, but that is the way it is with smiles. The more you give the more friends and well wishers you have, and that counts a great deal. A smile costs nothing and by using plenty of them you gain many friends who are of great value indeed.

Be economical with your friends. Be careful whom you select, for a worthless friend is a poor asset. You need not be too hasty in making friends, for they are not made in a moment but are bound to you by the development of the knowledge of your worth and good qualities. Friends can only be made by others finding in you the qualities which they admire; therefore why not do unto others as you would like to have them do unto you, thus developing the qualities that they admire and win friends.

Be economical in what you do and how you do it. Do not try to do your task by jerks and bounds, but work at it steadily and with a will, thereby conserving your energy and at the same time doing your work better.

> "Heaven is not reached at a single bound, But we build the ladder by which we rise

From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies And mount it round by round."

I could add many more ways in which to conserve your money, but you, who know them as well as I, do not need them. Just think of dear, old mother and father at home sacrificing the things that they need and should have, in order to give you an education; so lets make it as easy as we can for the dear old folks by conserving all we can, for it is to them that we owe our chance of being here at all. Then boys, let's conserve and make dear old mother proud of us for, "Remember the world will be quick with its blame If shadow or stain ever darken your name 'Like mother, like son,' is a saying so true The world will judge largely of mother by you.

Be this then your task, if task it shall be, To force this proud world to do homage to me. Be sure it will say when its verdict you've won, She reaps as she sowed—Lo this man is her son."



## My Wish

S. M. Holton, '21

There's a pleasure in living the way I desire,
No matter in evil or good;
There's a pleasure to be found in sky or in mire,
Wherever my mind wills I should.

I'm young, full of living, pulsating with joy,
Nor care what the morrow may bring;
I pass from this, to that I spring,
Discarding a trick for a toy.

All on the surface; to the outward eye
I seem but a devil-may-care;
But work I shall do, give "seeming" the lie,
That when the Scorer writes my record there,
He writes with hand unknown to shame:
"He was a man; he played the game."

## Every Man Not to His Own Taste

John H. Small, Jr.

We were seated together at the Club—Peter Shirley, a native resident and lawyer of more than local esteem, and myself, a former class-mate of Shirley and night editor, but recently arrived, of one of the morning dailies of this midwestern city.

I had been alone until the previous moment, covertly observing the various individuals in the room who were my new fellow-townsmen. This occupation, however, Shirley had interrupted, joining me at once in the corner where he had discovered me on entering. A well-rounded man in the neighborhood of forty with smooth, sharply-defined features, and brisk carriage, he brought to my mind the brief, congratulatory thought that we had yet hardly more than reached the stage of middle years.

"It's hard to judge the emotions which lead a man to throw his entire life into the discard for some perfectly worthless individual," he remarked caustically in his habitually matterof-fact mode of expression.

I glanced up curiously. "Why the unpleasant introduction to a chat?" I returned lightly, only to observe a moment later that his interest was more than impersonal and that my bantering tone had been inappropriate.

"Did I speak abruptly, Hartley? Well, you see, I only gave voice to a bit of puzzling psychology which has bothered me now for years and has always most intimately concerned me. I have just returned from the funeral of Jim Forsythe, a life-long friend and in his time the most persecuted man this side of the rest this epidemic has now given him. A man who was persecuted in his boyhood, in his profession, and in his enjoyment of life by a brother, Ralph who thought himself the

appointed judge and rectifier of all things human. And yet I never heard Jim utter a word of recrimination against this blood-kin who meddled so thoroughly in the personal affairs of every acquaintance that he never possessed, except among his own kind, a single friend, and who ended by enveloping himself in a shroud of sanctity which earned for him out of general contempt the title of 'The Reformer.'"

"Tell me about this chap, Peter. You know I need background in local history." I remembered having seen in the Register an account of the life of the prominent architect who had died two days previously, complications having followed the influenza, but this was the first mention I had heard of a brother.

"Well," continued Shirley, "I imagine that I could tell a great deal about the two of them having been an enemy of the Reformer and afriend of Jim ever since green-apple days as well as the legal advisor of the latter since he began his career here some fifteen years ago. Now, with both of them dead, there's considerable I should like the whole city to know. Had you known the career of the two, you would well understand my keen desire on that score. Not being bound, therefore, by any obligation, or moral, to hide the facts which alone can explain the last few months of Jim's life, I propose to set him again entirely right with those who were his intimate friends, though there are mighty few who have not always felt that there was a good explanation at hand. Do you want the story from the beginning?"

"Nothing I should like better," I assured him.

"To begin with, you know this Reformer's kind: we are blest with enough of the general type today not all of whom, happily, are as much of an extremist. Ralph Forsythe was, in the simplest analysis, a far-fetched "Anti"—half mad in his desire, or I should say determination to destroy all pleasures for others. He was of the tribe whose dominant shibboleth decrees that everything giving pleasure to others is sinful,

yet which guards jealously its own greatest pleasure—the eradication of the amusements of us Publicans.

"Have you ever been called "Brother" by an elongated individual in frock coat, with spectacles on a large, hooked nose, of ashen complexion, and always distinguishable by the unfailing ear-marks of excessive mourning about the finger tips, a dusty slouch hat, and untidy cravat, and unblacked shoes? If so, you have met the Reformer, only I have been charitable and left out the dinner-spotted shirt. Why, do you suppose so many of those who are today trying to serve us from such pitfalls as tobacco and the theatre are not themselves gentlemen according to any social code? But that is hardly my story.

"For an honest fact, Dick, I never met a man so overmastered in his every act and word by a single idea—the idea that few besides himself were living according to the original plans on the subject and that to set the whole thing right was his own little calling in life. Your business man seeks to expand his enterprise, your preacher ministers to his congregation, your politician keeps the government going, but you will observe that each has room in life for one or more pretty big side-lines. Though they are all apt to be family men, figure the percentage who are interested in education, in art, in civic improvement, in natural history, in good roads, in at least some one thing that takes them out of the class of rut followers and makes them useful citizens of the blood-andbone order.

"Ralph Forsythe? He was as none of these. A business he had, rather was given, which he ignored. As for a family, he never married—mercifully. Community pride he lacked entirely—said he sought the betterment of mankind. He had nothing save an idea and the tenacity to stay with it, a combination most men like to possess. Only in this case, the idea was a disagreeable impudence and the tenacity merely a stubborn tactlessness so that during his lifetime I do not know one single reform for which he was responsible, or any indi-

vidual, except his immediate consorts and some state assemblymen actuated in a political fear, who heeded his rebuke or his supplication.

"You can see that I never liked the man. That being the case and in view of one of our rules of evidence which holds that the admissions of a prejudiced witness should be particularly considered, it is easy to appreciate what a queer character he was, for I say freely that although I was at all times only too eager to 'get' something on him, I never succeeded and knew him only as living an upright, technically faultless existence. I don't say that he was a success according to our standards, but then he was against all present-day standards; I don't say that his precepts of life were scrupulous; he wasn't that sort. He floundered about in business; he possessed no local credit; he seldom kept an appointment on time. But the day never came when he was more, or worse, than a laughing stock; he left no loose strings for his enemies. In a word he practiced what he preached. As a youngster, who meant less than nothing to me, I despised him the more; as a lawyer, I never failed to give him credit for his consistency.

"I knew both Jim and Ralph Forsythe from the earliest days the three of us were allowed out of our own yards to play in the neighborhood. Our families lived on the same block; Jim and I belonged to the same kid's gang, scratched our knees around the same marble ring, played on the same ball team, and stubbed our toes on the rocks of the same swimming hole. Ralph was four years younger than Jim so that he never entered as an equal in our early career. He ENTERED though, and in the same despicable role which later left him so many enemies. You know how the younger brother is a traditional tattle-tale? Well, as disgusting as that state of affairs is to one more mature by four years, it is at least comprehensible if one remembers the trend of his own previous attitude. But Ralph Forsythe was not simply a kid talebearer; he was, from my earliest impressions, nothing more

nor less than the Reformer, and believe it or not, when he was hardly more than six or seven years old, he would try to lecture to us on the iniquity of our lives, only he didn't put it just that way.

"Of course, when we skipped off to Pender's Creek without a permission, the little sneak told Jim's mother and would
have told mine, but I had not then learned the code about
fighting a smaller chap on such a certainty of victory, and I
therefore threatened bodily harm in a manner vicious and
convincing enough to keep him afraid of me. The fact that he
did omit my trespasses because of fear made me despise Ralph
Forsythe and take him for exactly what he was worth. He
feared nothing so much as physical punishment.

"I don't suppose you have ever considered it an offense particularly monstrous to pilfer cookies from the cupboard on a hungry afternoon—I looked upon them as there for that purpose—but in the eyes of the Reformer such a trick doomed his brother to all the well-known species of brimstone. For us to engage in a boyhood scrap was to open all the floodgates of his approbrium. Marbles "for keeps" and such other popular games of chance were bait for the Devil's own imagination. Nor shall I ever forget the time Jim obtained permission to spend the night with me—that was the way he put it, 'Mother, may I spend the night with Peter Shirley?'-and the two of us, my family being away, stayed up all night to see the circus come to town. According to Brother Ralph, both of us had acted an out-and-out lie. The kid had evidently been reading some revival sermons, for he had new words for the occasion which he repeated over and over again. He was freckled at that time, his nose had already become abnormal, and he wore a shabby though prim, jacket and stubbed-nosed tan shoes—he never went bare-footed. His voice squeaked like that of a mouse as he sought to utter his catechized phrases with great effect.

<sup>&</sup>quot;'You are the tools of the devil and the sons of iniquity.

Your conscience will be burdened through life and your soul will reap the reward in purgatory.'

"Can you imagine a nine-year-old kid getting that off? I always did believe that half his interest in reform came from a vanity of hearing himself talk. He nagged us about that circus episode for weeks even his mother, a humanized little woman who never grew old only smiled and chastised us lightly for not asking a direct permission.

"One day our team was to play the Plummer Street boys, and we needed a new baseball. Sixty cents was the limit of our pockets, but I had an air gun which I was tired of using against English sparrows, and it was decided to collect the neighborhood into my yard to raffle it on ten cent tickets. Just as the winner had been handed his prize, and the entire ball team was about to start for the store, the perfect specimen arrived. According to my way of thinking, he lost his head completely in the ecstacy of the work before him and immediately set upon a dramatized castigation of the bunch of us. He had by now developed a considerable vocabulary and his speeches were rather amusing. An encouragement of his efforts, therefore, he mistook for penitence and soared to bromidic heights equal to any country editor. As we started to break up the meeting, he stopped suddenly.

- " 'Where are you going?' he demanded hotly.
- "To get our ball, Little Angel, I returned.
- "Do you mean to say you are going to play with a ball bought with that tainted money?" The Reformer brightened perceptibly at the increased prospects.
- "Not unless you want an ice-cream soda and a bib", I teased.
- "Throw it away," he stormed, 'Throw it in the river, burn it up."
- "But we were impatient by then and left the yard, daughing. Did he quit with that? Hardly. He took it upon himself to telephone the Plummer Street Captain and call off the game. Luckily, Andrew Rumpler—you've met him—came

around to kid us about being afraid to play and take a licking, we found out what had happened, and the game was played.

"Matters developed steadily along this line; incident after incident widening the chasm between the Reformer and the rest of us. Every opportunity possible he seized upon to provoke us with his Puritanic ranting. Of proselytes he had none, least of all Jim, whose patience never seemed exhausted; yet who except in one instance never heeded in any degree the tirades he received. Never an ugly word to his brother, never a blow, never an attempt to evade the unpleasantness and publicity the Reformer usually managed to create, and for that matter never any attention to this wordiness either. Jim simply continued doing as he chose according to his own standards which seemed of an order satisfactory to his own mother. Ralph he bore as an inevitable canker which it were better to endure than to iritate.

"As for myself, I could stand him no more as a young man than as a youngster. Lanky, over-grown, his black hair forever pasted to his egged-shaped head, he was a positive eyesore. An obsession steadily developed with me to uncover him in some hypocritical light, but I can't say that I was ever really successful. Though he was not industrious, he managed to keep out of mischief. He was scrupulously obedient to his parents though in a cold, detached fashion, so great was his conceit in his own spotlessness. For you see throughout his life that was what he threw up to you.

"Why don't you do as I do?" he would say, and, God! how I hated him for it!

"College days came almost as a relief to me on account of the Reformer. To be rid of him seemed to allow one to live as a normal being once again. Jim already interested in architecture and chose his school accordingly; I left the same fall for our Alma Mater. Thereafter each vacation and consequent return home gave me an opportunity to observe the two brothers from somewhat of a detached viewpoint. Both rapidly crystalized along the lines which their boyhood had indicated. A distorted morality, impudence, a keen observation, and tenacity—traits which the Reformer had shouted at one in the past—were enhanced with each year, perhaps with each rebuff he received. Vivacity, versatility, aptitude, and a passiveness toward one subject were the qualities which quickened in Jim Forsythe. He became steadily more popular among the men who are today worthwhile here and in other cities. He enjoyed the company of girls, especially that of Helen Norfolk, to whom he was later engaged. He danced well and made an addition to any soiree or outing. state of affairs very naturally gave Ralph opportunity to display his sharpening sense of right and wrong. Nor did the latter, in his eager search for subjects and for moments of dramatic value, limit himself to his brother or even to acquaintances of long standing. No individual was immune from his remarks, which were sometimes indelicate, frequently personal, and always rude. The Reformer became, in fact, "Tartuffe", lacking only his protecting "Orgon" "Madame Pernelle." And yet, not "Tartuffe", for it was impossible to fasten the word "hypocrite" upon him.

Unfortunately, he broached a subject to me on one occasion which I dare say he did not care to remember. I had been immune from his attack for several years and was thereafter again left to my own undoing—as he would have put it. The incident occurred during one of my latter vacations. I chanced to pass Ralph Forsythe on one of the residential streets and was casually surprised that he should call my name to stop me. As he approached, I noted inwardly that he had developed until he was no longer a scraggly youth but fairly robust though still tall for his weight. There was between us only that very slight difference which exists between eighteen and twenty-two.

"Well" I questioned.

"He spoke falteringly, 'Shirley, I wanted to speak to you about a little matter. I have noticed that you have been very indiscreet of late, very indiscreet, indeed. I am so much dis-

appointed in you. I trust I shall not observe any repetition. Such actions can only ruin the parties concerned. As you have perhaps read in the Elysium of Life, "Seek not to cover—"."

- "Speak, Fool. What do you want?" I was decidedly impatient.
- "'You have been taking untowered drives of an evening with a certain young lady. Such actions can mean only one thing—'.
- "I struck out with my fist, landed between his temples, and left him on his back half into the street.

"We graduated from college a year later, as you remember. I continued on at law school; Jim went abroad for architectural study at Rome and Paris; the Reformer himself left town that fall to enter college. When I returned home for the winter recess, however, I found him at work in a clothing store; his collegiate career had lasted something less than one month. Some years later I discovered that his first hazing episode had reduced him to such a state of fear that he had taken the first train away, abandoning his entire luggage.

"Eventually Jim established himself here as an architect, and I became a junior member of a firm now obsolete. The Forsythes purchased a small dry goods establishment for Ralph and gave him a start with a stock burdened by no debt.

"The years of advantageous study, of which he had evidently availed himself to the fullest, together with his natural ability, left no doubt as to the position which Jim Forsythe would soon attain in his profession. He had become enamored of certain sculpural details of French architecture of the early nineteenth century, and with a characteristic boldness he succeeded in establishing the style here. You will observe today touches of artistry in this city which can be duplicated in the states only in New Orleans. We owe him that and much more. He was a tireless worker and devoted valuable time gratuitously to municipal improvements. Upon this building, one of the later works, we gave him full rein with what are

considered charming results. At the Club he was immensely popular, liked his cock-tail with the rest of us, and enjoyed immensely a quiet game of bridge though it was a steadfast rule of his not to play for money. As usual the Reformer attempted to interfere in these matters; as usual he was completely ignored, and he accomplished with Jim and the rest of us nothing. Such interference and unpleasantness as he now caused was especially out of taste. His parents were both dead; his business was quite impossibly managed; and in the absence of a supporting revenue he had moved to the home of his brother, who according to the general impression was assisting him with cash amounts.

"The home to which Ralph had moved was a large, new residence built by Jim with much care and study of detail. He had since his return from Paris been most attentive to Helen Norfolk, and common gossip accepted the construction of this home as the precursor to the announcement of an engagement. This I knew to be the case. The engagement was in fact shortly made public.

"It is not possible to know if the future happiness of Jim Forsythe rested entirely upon one insignificant fact. While such is possible, it is not likely, for the situation could well have been brought to a head through other channels. Be that as it may, at the time of the announcement of the coming marriage, there was in progress in the city a revival of the familiar order. In these the Reformer had always taken great interest irrespective of their denomination. At the final meeting of this series of hyperbolical fervor, he committed the crowning insult of his career. In public before several thousands of townspeople he prayed for the soul of Jim Forsythe and asked that he be delivered from the depths into which his life-path had fallen.

"You, I, any one of our friends, would have thrashed such a reptile, and thrown him upon his own resources. Jim, however, because he was Jim, faced the situation impassively, found no prospects of being rid of the parasite which had already attached itself as a leech to his person, admitted to himself an ineradicable mortification at possessing such blood-kin, and—broke his engagement. The greatest adventure in his life had been thrown into the discard. And the Reformer continued under the same roof!

I dined many times at this house of Jim Forsythe, but I confess to have learned even more of the conduct of that incongruous household from the repetition of conversations which our servants held with his. Just as he had done throughout his life, Jim, while accepting the Reformer, yet in reality ignored the fact of his existence. Not in any item of his daily schedule, scarcely by a spoken word or a lift of the eyes, did he give expression to the fact that there lived with him any individual, that across from him at the table sat a man, his brother. He arose, breakfasted, lunched, dined, went out for the evening, or staved at home, and retired as if he were quite the only occupant of the house that never became a home. No meal was ever delayed for the Reformer, conversation was almost never engaged in between the two. I was told that during the bitterest tirades against himself— Jim continued calmly with his meal or his paper. If at home after dinner, Jim read or worked in his private study, the single room to which the Reformer did not have access. servants were instructed with severity by the master of the house to accord exactly the same service in every particular to the two men. But "Tartuffe" never possessed in "Dorine" the enemy which the Reformer had in the family servants who had been so long a time with the Forsythes. I was assured that without the knowledge of his brother the meanest portion of each platter was carefully given to him, that his clothes and his room were but poorly kept, that every service he demanded was but grudgingly accomplished, that in a word the faithful retinue of Jim employed every artifice by which without incriminating evidence the Reformer might be made miserable.

"A situation, indeed, calculated to have sent forth the most callous of ne'er-do-well relatives in quest of a position of independence, but the Reformer, conveniently assuring himself that he was performing his appointed role, was seemingly not affected by these negative insults. He continued as before neglecting his store more and more as his evangelical interests broadened. He was shortly instrumental in forming the "Welfare League" whose hetrogeneous following under his leadership sought to destroy all evil in the town. This organization might have accomplished much good had not its enthusiasts insisted upon such a radical procedure. But not content with the abolition of genuine evils and the proper regulation of such establishments as pool-rooms and clubs, it announced itself as firmly opposed to all lodges, card-playing, drinking, dancing, and smoking, and would listen to no compromise. Its death was a natural one.

"With the stimulus given to the prohibition movement some few years ago, a field of some importance was at last permitted to the Reformer, a field, too, where he possessed coworkers and some prospets of success. From the local organization his enthusiasm, experience, and enterprise soon promoted him to the State association, where there is no doubt but that he rendered valuable service. He spoke much, traveled much, and held many offices, being in 1917 made secretary of the State League. All of this work was particularly to the liking of the Reformer, since his superiors were aiming at that time not so much at State prohibition as at national prohibition, not at prohibition through the voters, but through legislators, and in this passive country of ours there exists a fundamental difference between the two situations. Where Ralph Forsythe would have been a complete failure in appealing to an audience, he seemed to produce results with the State assemblymen to whom Congress left the question.

Last summer there was a fire of some consequence here, and the store of the Reformer was among the buildings to go. He returned from the capital reluctantly at the behest of his

brother. Jim had always insisted, as I knew, that the Reformer carry a liberal insurance; he had himself paid many of the premiums. He now wished the books of the store, which had fortunately been saved, to be completed for delivery to the insurance company protecting the stock. The younger Forsythe returned, spent perhaps a week on his books, and gave them over to the proper authorities. Considering his previous reluctance at quitting the work which had held him at the capital, he now idled here for an unaccountably long period, two or three weeks, if I remember correctly, during which time he was very seldom to be seen on the streets. I doubt, however, if a single comment was passed on his presence or his unaccustomed reticence until the morning an announcement was carried in the papers that as the result of an unfortunate mistake, the death of Ralph Forsythe had been caused. It appeared that feeling indisposed, he had retired to his room momentarily for a medicine he quite often used. Failing to turn on the light, he picked up a bottle of poison, poured the amount of his accustomed dose, and died almost immediately upon taking it.

"I need not deny that I viewed the event with some relief and saw in it a new freedom for Jim. In a few weeks' time, I openly proposed to him that he renew his attentions to Helen Norfolk, who was not yet married and who still possessed much of the beauty and charm of ten years ago. I was met by a rudeness which I had never before experienced and which I am sure Jim never duplicated. He became, with the introduction of what might have been his independence, morose and taciturn, if not actually unfriendly. His work he attacked with sullen energy but certainly not with that sympathy and individuality which had hitherto characterized the most modest of his contracts.

"I cannot say that he avoided me; I do know that my advice was ignored on matters upon which it had invariably been considered final. At that, however, I was hardly prepared for his calm announcement that he had sold his house, employ-

ing a lawyer in another city. My surprise was great enough to prevent my inquiring even as to his reasons. I did express an interest in his immediate plans and asked that he live with me.

"He simply replied, 'Thanks, Shirley, but I sold the house because I found that I could not work here well at night. I shall establish myself at the Continental, where I shall be able to work after hours without bothering anyone.' Jim was too honest even to lie with finesse. That, however, was our last conversation upon the question.

"During these last few months he gave little attention to friends or old interests except in connection with his profession, at which he labored with an intensity and neglect of self to be explained by no more devotion to the faithful execution of the war contracts which he held. His especial attention however, was given to these latter, and he was highly commended for the speed in which he erected several emergency factories. He directed in person a large portion of the work, exposing himself without relaxation to the inclement weather of the winter. The spread of this epidemic very naturally included Jim in his exhausted state; pneumonia followed the influenza; and he died two days ago.

"In conversations with him during the hours before his death and through the examination of his papers which I have made since, I discovered an interesting psychological sequel to the life of the Reformer. On the day of the latter's death, there had been returned from the insurance agency the books and papers concerning the stock and its financial status. These documents were hardly in order; in fact, they were in criminal disorder. No great interest attaches itself to the details of the transactions of the Reformer, nor am I prepared yet to give any coherent outline of just what did take place. It appears, however, that some years ago on exceedingly loose contract he purchased a large order which on delivery was greatly inferior to sample. Possessing no protection, he was forced to keep the goods, for which he later made payment by

a mortgage on his entire stock obtained through a shady attorney and without the knowledge of the insurance authorities. Added to this situation was the complete failure of the store to maintain a profit, a very natural consequence of the owner's neglect and inability to choose an efficient manager. The continued losses from the store during the last years were covered by ignoring the accounts of various wholesale houses and continually seeking new sources for replenishing the stock. By twelve months ago Ralph Forsythe was in arrears by at least fifteen thousand dollars. Under pressure of immediate exposure he appropriated that sum from the prohibition association of which he was then secretary. The fire and the consequent publicity of his papers revealed the previous existence of a mortgage in breach of his policy and on the evening of his death exposed to his brother the undeniable influx of mysterious capital of fifteen thousand dollars. So I have at last obtained after the death of the Reformer the evidence for which I kept a vigil of over thirty years.

"Jim, from his bed, gave me the reasons for the events of the last few months. Mortification and bitterness enough possessed him to make the suggestion of marriage a tragic irony and the presence of honorable friends and good-fellows a torment by contrast with his own blood. More than that, however, the loss of the sum necessary to make good his brother's embezzlement came at the embarrassing period when Jim had placed large amounts in Government bonds, was to be expected to place more, and was engaged upon war con. tracts from which he exacted but the minimum of profit. sale of his house was no less than an urgent necessity, and he passed his last months in an actual state of strained finances. The final episode in the lives of the two brothers but emphasized the contrast which had marked their diverging careers and to my mind are expressive of the value to the community of the one and of the other."

## **EDITORIALS**

#### THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

A noted contemporary writer once said, "Dullness is the one unpardonable sin in writing." We believe these words and intend to perform all of our editorial duties with them in mind. An editor and his staff is sometimes justly and often unjustly blamed for the success or failure of a college magazine, but let us see just what an editor's duties are. He tries in every way possible to keep his paper before the public eye and in the public favor; he corrects and edits the material submitted to him; and he writes editorials or anything else which he must get off his mind—this article falls in the latter class. Further than that the editor and his staff cannot go, for there is no law forcing you to contribute and subscribe to any magazine, and all we can do is ask you to do so. writing must be done by the rank and file of college students. You, who are sitting back perusing the initial issue of the Archive for the year, what did you do to make your magazine worthy of its position as the oldest student publication of the college? Did you sit before a typewriter for hours and laboriously peck through page after page of manuscript; does one line in this issue bear your signature; for that matter have you paid your subscription for last year and are you going to subscribe this year? We strive to please, and we welcome criticism, but excuses and apologies do not look well in print and that is all we are getting from too many Trinity men and women. Wouldn't you like to see the Trinity Archive noted all over the south as the college publication which always has something to say that is worth hearing and which publishes only material of the very highest literary standard? Support your paper, or you will have none to support. We want work. Do not let another issue of the Archive come off the press without having submitted something for it. You may be assured that your contribution will be judged upon its merits alone no matter what may be your position in regard to race, color, or the League of Nations.

Excelsior! A bigger, better Archive packed full of live interesting stories, well-written essays (both sensible and otherwise), fresh, printable jokes, poetry, free verse, reviews, and everything else which should be found in a live, up-to-date magazine which bears the proud name the Trinity Archive. On our part we promise to spare no pains in our efforts to get the issue out promptly and well-edited.

Begin doing your part today; the staff began two months ago.

#### THAT START

"Well begun is half done," philosophizes an old maxim, but age does not detract from a truth.

A track meet between two well-known Eastern colleges was in progress. The hundred-yards dash was called. Four competitors placed themselves, crouching, on the starting line. The pistol shot rang out; all leaped forward, but one stumbled and half fell. Only two yards were lost by the tricky step, but that short distance put the runner hopelessly out of the race.

Every student in Trinity College is running a race this year. That race is not a spectacular one of physical endurance, but it is a conflict between progressive, consistent working, grasping of open opportunities, and indolent procrastination, laziness, or indifference, a race which every student is running with himself. The student is the starter, the runner, and the judge; all responsibility falls on the individual.

Where are you? Wake up; take stock of your position, your assets and liabilities. Find yourself; are you lost? If you are an old student, wherein did you fail last year? If new, are you sprinting at full speed in the right direction?

Do you know where you are going? Have you discovered

and considered all the opportunities open to you at College this year? Get all the available information; make out a plan of work, of progressive living including some necessary recreation for the year and determine to pursue that course with your utmost vigor.

You owe it to yourself to do your best in your studies; you are needed in college activities, in athletics, in the literary societies. Read the College publications, every issue, and subscribe for them. Fall in line with every patriotic college activity; find the fellowship of that fervent, warm Trinity spirit of brotherliness between students and of loyalty for the College.

Realize that you are a part of the College whether you wish to be or not. There is a place vacant for you in every activity if you are capable of filling that place. Find yourself and your place in the College community; every cog is of use in turning the big wheel. Set your own cog into the right groove by the compass of your common sense and turn.

The pistol shot of your race rang out on September the fourteenth; are you losing ground by stumbling at the start? Intensely interested in your welfare and that of the College, the Archive may suggest; but your course and ultimate future depends on you alone.—P. H. E.

#### GET INTO IT

One comes to college to get an education. College education is college life. If one leaves college without having taken education. There are two extreme elements among college education. There are two extreme elements among college men, namely, the loafer, or parasite, and the book-worm. Don't be a parasite, for we have enough of them already. Parasites and tea-hounds are in the way. A sorry specimen of humanity is the college tea-hound, who always sleeps late, fails to go on half of his classes, spends every afternoon at the

Orpheum, and goes to a dance every night. Such a man does not help himself, nor does he help the community in which he lives.

On the other hand, do not be a book-worm. Study? Of course. That is the primary object of coming to college. But do not study so much that you do not have time to participate in college activities. The man who gets the most out of college is the man who is prominent in college activities. The man who becomes known after he leaves college is the man who took active part in college life when he was in college. Don't be a parasite, and don't be a bookworm. Go out for some form of athletics, try for assistant manager of some form of athletics, attend the Y. M. C. A., try out for the editorial or the managerial staff of a publication, join a literary society and such other organizations as are worth while. You can not do all of these, but do some of them. There is much in college for you, "and if you don't get it, it ain't no fault of ours."

"But since our hearts are small, Ordained for each one spot should prove Beloved over all."

W. J. B.



### WAYSIDE WARES

#### A GLIMPSE OF GREATNESS

C. C. Cornwell

These few unworthy lines were composed in memory of Thomas Reuben Waggoner, who came from the shadows of the Inn, dwelt among us for a day or so, and then returned to his seclusion.—The author.

From out of the Inn he dashed,
Of him wondrous tales were told;
His dazzling brilliance flashed
Bright to us of common mold.

He was much wiser than we, He was more brilliant, by far, More than Dick Bundy or me, More than the both of us are.

So when T. Reuben came out Of the Inn to us one day, Overjoyed, we had to shout When he said he'd come to stay.

But this great man's company,
Earthly rival of the sun,
Was not long for Dick and me—
Ceased ere it scarce begun.

For we have our daily cares—
Spencer loudly blows his horn,
And Dick Leach still louder swears,
And perhaps, there flows some corn;

Callers we have by the score,
For we are pop'lar, you see;
And these things made Reuben sore—
Noise and popularity.

So ere long T. Reuben said,
"I'm leaving, God only knows
How I want a private bed,
And personal underclothes."

Dick and I strive feebly on,
Our wonderful companion gone;
With heart as heavy as lead,
And black ashes on my head,
I look at Dicky and sigh,
While fresh tears bedim his eye.

#### REMINISCENCES OF A TIE-HACK

Em Are See

The night was cold and bad,-worse, in fact, than the day had been, and nobody disputed the fact that we had had a bad day. I suspect that, to a casual observer, we would have presented a curious spectacle as we sat around the little, rusty stove in the office of the Phoenix, the only hotel in the town of Henderson, Missouri. My buddy and I had been shipped in from Memphis the day before to go out to a tie job with some other tie hackers from the main office in Chicago, but the waters were so high that the overseer had not sent in for us. We had played pinochle in the office and other games in our room until we were tired (or at least my buddy was); so we decided to join the gang around the stove and learn of the other jobs they had come from. Two or three boxes of sand were sitting in the most prominent places in the room, and succeeded in catching a part of the cigar stubs, pipe crumbs, and red tobacco juice that went in their direction.

were tie hacks there from all parts of the country, and it was interesting to hear them tell of the places that even my buddy and I had never seen.

For you most know that tie hacking is a profession. If a man once begins the trade, there is nothing else quite so good to him as the free easy life in the woods. And then the opportunities for travel are greater than in many of the "stiffcollar" jobs. A fellow has a chance to follow the seasons north and south to suit his clothing, for new places are being opened all the time, thanks to the opening of many river and creek bottoms by means of the dredge-boat. The old saying I heard a preacher say from Shakespeare or somewhere might be changed to "Once a tie hack, always a tie-hack." And, since we are always sure of a job, there is no reason for trying to save money. In all the eleven years I have been hacking ties, I don't believe I ever have seen a tie hack with over a hundred dollars. When one begins to save for a month or two, everybody suspects that he is saving a "get-away," and the foreman keeps his eve on him.

Well, here we were from nearly every state in the Union in the office of the Phoenix Hotel swapping experiences. My buddy and I spoke for Wisconsin, Iowa, South Dakota, and far away Oregon. Two other boys, who said "warn't" and smoked "tailor-made" cigarettes had made ties in Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas. Their great-grand-uncle, or something, had come over in the Mayflower, as deckhands. Presently the bo from Michigan asked, "Ain't they nobody here from Arkansaw?"

Now there was one man who had not spoken during our entire discussion. He was well built, and it seemed that he had grown several inches since the door had been built in his father's house, for he had a well developed curve to his backbone which fitted nicely into the contour of the office chairs. He had refilled his large "Missouri Meerschaum" and was puffing contentedly when the question was asked about Arkansas. Then he answered the roll-call of states by rising to

his full height and giving his corduroy breeches a decided hitch near the right hip pocket.

"I'm from Arkansaw," he drawled, "Now laugh, damn ye."

But, however much we might have made Arkansas the butt of our jokes on other occasions, no one saw anything particularly funny about the present situation. And since no one laughed, the old fellow sat down again and added, by way of explanation, "I was raised up in Arkansaw, but I ain't been back there for nigh on to twenty years. I've been up in the Klondike hunting gold."

All of us wanted to know of the results of his trip, but somehow I did not care to ask him about it myself. I don't know why some of the others didn't, for I could tell they wanted to know. Finally the little fellow from Kentucky, he ups and asks, kind o' to get him started, "Klondike? That's where it's so cold, ain't it?"

"Cold?" he answered condescendingly, "You all don't know what cold is down here. Why one Sunday morning I wanted some hot water to shave, so I put the kittle on the stove and let it bile. Then I decided it was too hot, so I set it outside for a minute to cool. And when I went to bring it in, it had frez so quick the ice was hot."

Still no one felt like laughing, and the fat lady behind the desk shifted her taffy-chulu and reached for the smelling-salts. But the Kentucky Kid wasn't satisfied, so after a while he asked. "Ain't they lots of bears and things up there?"

"A few," he replied as he re-lit his pipe. "I uster hunt them some when I first went up there. I mind one day I was out with my ole musket huntin' some small game for supper. I was about two miles from the camp, and shot my last bullet at a little ptarmigan. I still had some powder, but of course I couldn't use that without a bullet. Well, I had got mighty nigh home when a big old polar bear crep' out from behind a snow-drift and looked at me. Boy, I thought of everything mean I ever had done. Cold as it was, I could feel great drops

of sweat coming out over my face. I tried to brush them off, and found that they had frez thar right onto my face. They wasn't nothing else for me to do but to pick them off and cram them down my gun barrel on the powder. I thought that if I could get enough ice for a load it might stun the bear ontil I could git home. So I let her drive right at the bear's year. Then I thought what a fool I had been, for as soon as the heat of the powder hit the ice the ice melted and come out of the gun in a stream of water. But as luck would have it, it frez agin, and a long sharp icicle went right into the bear's year. And then I knew I was a goner, for the heat from the bear's body melted the ice at last."

Then my buddy kem purty near disgracin' us both fer life. He fell for the bite, and we had three fights the next week with feelers trying to nickname him "Water". He riz up and asked, breathless like, "You didn't kill him, then?"

"Oh, yes," said the old man as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "The shot didn't kill him, but he died of water on the brain."

### ON THE PASSING OF "O. T."

#### G. E. Powell

Oh, the scythe of Time works a wonderful change
As it slashes and cuts through the years,
And the things that we thought were out of its range
Go down where the reaper appears.

But we little dreamed as he stalked through the park,
With a random 'twas painful to see,
That the reaper would have for his cruel mark
Our friend, the good watchman, "O. T."

Yes, he's gone and left and we miss him like sin, For we thought him a kind of a fixture, With tobacco juice dripping down on his chin, An odd, but familiar picture.

We recall his voice, how it screaked when he spoke, And his slouchy old hat on his head,

And his red, whiskered face that beamed at a joke; His cussing would wake up the dead!

And he slept sometimes when he shouldn't have slept, And he said and did things he should not,

And he crept down town when he shouldn't have crept—What watchman, pray tell us, would not?

But his heart was big, and he made a good friend,
Who would help you when others would flee;
Let them search the wide world from beginning to end,
They'll not find another "O. T."

Yes, it's true, my friends, he is with us no more,
For he chews his tobacco elsewhere,
And we miss him a lot, but envy him sore—
Professors don't bother him there!

# LETTER FROM A FRESHMAN TO THE PEOPLE BACK HOME

(There will be one of these letters in each subsequent issue of THE ARCHIVE).

Sunday, Sept. 18, 1921. Trinity College, Durham, N. C. Dear Folkes:

I got here after all. It was a long ride away from home, and I thought I never would get to Durham and to Trinity College. Students got on the train at every station. When we got near Durham the train was packed clean full of boys and girls going to school at different places. Some of the girls were go-

ing to Trinity. I didn't know girls went to Trinity. If I had I don't believe I would have wanted to come here. The girls all tried to flirt with me on the train. One of them winked right square at me, so I got up and went into the smoking car where no girls don't ride.

Some of the boys on the train found out that I was a Freshman, so they tried to pick on me. They tried to get me to talk to the girls, knowing all the time I didn't want to. They introduced me to a whole lot of girls who laughed at me because I blushed when they smiled at me. I didn't want to be taking up no time with them.

When the train got to Durham everyone was scrambling and hollering and getting off the train and shaking hands and kissing. Such a fuss I never heard before. When I got off the train about fifteen boys rushed up to me and handed me a card. The card had the name of a boarding house and all about it on it. The boys were representing a boarding house and were after me to board with them. One of them told me he would look after me and get me straight and everything; so I promised to board with him. About that time a boy with a Y. M. C. A. tag on came to me and asked me if I was going to Trinity and when I told him I was, he told me his name was Dulin and showed me how to get my trunk and get to the college.

And what do you think? I rode on a street car. Everybody got on, so I followed the crowd. It is about a mile out to the college, and it costs eight cents to ride on the street car there. It seemed mighty high for a mile when you can ride on the train for half that much, and its much better riding too. If you all think it is too high, I won't ride on it any more. I didn't know it was so high before I got on.

Trinity College is a beautiful place. The buildings look new and good. When I got to the College I was showed to my room in Jarvis Hall. I went to bed early, because I was tired. The next day, Wednesday, I went to chapel where everybody went. You just ought to saw them. Boys and girls every-

where. It looked to me like there were about five thousand. Then I went and got matriculated. I gave them ten dollars for a piece of paper, I reckon I matriculated. They said that was what I was doing. Wonder what that's for? If everybody paid ten dollars the college ought to be rich by now.

It took two days to get admitted and to get my course fixed out. I finally did. I am taking English, History, Solid Geometry, French and Chemistry. It took me a long time to find all my classrooms. I asked one fellow where the French room was, and the mean thing sent me into the girls cloakroom. The Sophomores play all kind of tricks on you here. One of them came round collecting water and light fees. I paid him two dollars. They just beat me out of two dollars. I gave one fellow twenty-five cents for a registration card when there was plenty laying on the table free of charge. But I didn't know it. They haven't paddled me yet, but I am expecting them to any time.

I almost wish I was to home where no boys could make me do things. I have been all over the college and seen all there is here except the campus. I don't know where that is, and I'm scared to ask because they might try to play some more tricks on me and send me to the wrong place.

You all write and let me know how you are coming on. I'll be writing again soon. And send me some cake.

With love to all,

JOSH.

### TIMELY TICKLERS

Frivolous Fragments From Here and There

#### HOW TIMES DOES CHANGE

Funny world dis, doctors always introducing some kind of a farce. You know dis here Doctor Wiley who said that ham and eggs was unhealthy and had us eating dried oats and corn husks, and now you can't get ham and eggs like you uster. Now they claim that kisses earry germs; if you shake hands you transfer a thousand germs; if you kiss a gal you transfer ten thousand.

Now when you go to see your gal, you walk up a flight of fumigated steps, and twist a knob with a piece of cloth on which is written, "Changed twice daily." Your gal meets you at the door and escorts you to a carbonized couch. She takes a seat on a well-dusted chair, but presently she slides over and sits on your sterilized knee, saying, "Kiss me, kid; I am thoroughly antiseptic."—C. P. A.

#### POOR AT DESCRIPTION

Neil and Ethel were riding in Neil's car one moonlight night. As is to be expected the conversation drifted into the ever-interesting subject of love.

Ethel: Neil, what is love? Neil: Don't you know?

Ethel: Yes, but I want to see how it affects you.

Neil: Love is something difficult to explain. It makes me have a trembling, a fever, my heart beateth like a big brass drum, my spirit runneth over, I have a choking in my throat—

Ethel: Oh, Neil, you silly thing, that's not love, that ton-silitis.

#### POOR ECONOMY

A few years ago there went out from Trinity a man whom his friends said would become a rich man some day. After a few years of work he accumulated enough property to purchase a bakery. His specialty was doughnuts. His business did well until the great war came. The price of flour and of everything else went up considerably. Our friend was not making much out of his doughnut trade. Something must be done, or he would go into the hands of the receiver. After many sleepless nights he hit upon a plan. He would make the hole in the doughnut larger, thereby saving dough and increasing his profits. He began to earry out this plan, but when he found it required more dough to go around a large hole than it did a small one, the poor simp went crazy.

I knew she would not thank me, But I cared not for her scorn; So I offered her my street-car seat To get her off my corn.

-G. E. P.

The profs are humming;
Go study your tests.
Exams are coming;
Go strut your mess.

-C. S. H.

Tom: "Do you know why a giraffe's neck is so long?"

Dwight: "No, why?"

Tom: "Because his head is so far from his body."

W. J. B.

#### AT-A-BOY

(With apologies to Kipling)

When earth's last breakfast is eaten, and the cook has up and died,

And the master chefs lie buried where things are always fried, We shall rest, and if we don't need it, we shall lie for a century or two

Concerning the happenings of life that are millions of miles from true.

—S. M. H.

There was a young man from the city
Who saw what he thought was a kitty.
He gave it a pat.
Saying "poor little cat,"
And they buried his clothes out of pity.

—J. D. S.



### **EXCHANGES**

## Free Aire

When is an exchange not an exchange? The answer is, we think, when it appears in the first issue of a college magazine. Having no exchanges, we shall simply state what we hope to accomplish this year.

Criticisms are often looked upon with disfavor, and some of them should be; one should learn their merits and defects so the staff and contributors may know how to make improvements. The timid freshman should be somewhat encouraged to try again, and the self-confident sophomore should be reminded that he has not yet reached the literary height gained by Shakespeare. Even junior and senior contributors are not above reproach, for, as Bacon says:

"The wisest princes need not think it any diminution to their greatness or derogation to their sufficiency, to rely upon counsel."

It is a much stated fact that advice is free; indeed some of it might bear a sign similar to those seen in front of garages informing one that here "free air" is dispensed. Nevertheless there is a good deal of counsel which can be used to advantage; in this department we hope to give that helpful kind of advice and criticism.

We do not want to tear down the contents of other magazines merely for the strange pleasure of being destructive any more than we should like to see the Archive treated in that way. Constructive criticism to help build up better college publications is what we wish to offer other magazines just as that is what we wish to find whenever the Archive is mentioned in other exchange departments.

The literary standard, the variety of literary types, and the ability of the magazine to show the spirit of the college and to give a broad view of college life are some of the values by which a magazine may be judged. We hope to find the publications of those who exchange with us ranking high in all of these particulars. We wish that these magazines may have a very successful year and may improve upon all that they have done heretofore. We also welcome any magazine which wishes to exchange with the Archive.

—E. S. W.



# ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

### The Pearl Brooch

#### Marguerite Russell

"Granny, dear, is it really for me? I can hardly realize that it's mine. It belonged to Robert Bruce? But why have you only half the brooch, and how did you get it?"

Anne Warren leaned closer to the crackling log fire in order to examine the better half of a beautiful, intricately wrought pearl brooch, a spring of heather with pearl blossoms.

Granny Warren rocked to and fro in her low chair for several moments without answering. Her eyes held a faraway, dreamy expression; she tenderly caressed the small, rosewood box which she held in her lap.

"My grandmother often told me the story," she said in a low, sweet voice, "but I never told you because—well, I didn't want to tell you until you were old enough to appreciate and take care of the brooch.

"My grandmother, the Lady Anne McDoughall, lived with her aunt in an old castle near Gervan on the west coast of Scotland. Lady Anne was a beautiful, dainty, little miss with gay, sparkling, brown eyes—much like yours, my dear—that misted into great wells of pity when any of the tenants were in distress; they all adored her. In her work among the villagers she often met John McIntyre, the handsome son of the rector, and, as they were both interested in the same things, a deep understanding grew up between them that gradually developed into love.

"At about this time a soothsayer came to the village, and, since Lady Anne's aunt was a superstitious soul, the gypsy

was ordered to the castle. 'The houses of McDoughall and Argyle will one day be joined,' the soothsayer announced.

"The aunt immediately began to help fate along by encouraging the Duke of Argyle's attentions to Lady Anne. The Duke was a splendid match, one of the best in Scotland, but Lady Anne had already given her heart to another. She protested and plead, but her aunt scoffed at the idea of her even considering a marriage so far beneath her station as that with young John would be. Besides there was the prophecy of the soothsayer, and 'whatever is to be must be.' Lady Anne had to let the matter rest, for her aunt was not a person to be argued with, and besides girls were trained to be submissive in those days.

"On the night that her engagement to the Duke was announced Lady Anne received that heather brooch from her aunt. It was a much-valued heirloom, for, as I told you, it ence belonged to Robert Bruce.

'In the latter part of the thirteenth century an ancestor of ours had an encounter with Bruce and was killed by him. The rest of our clan were in close pursuit; hence, as our ancestor had a death grip on Bruce's mantle, it was necessary for him to discard the garment in order to get away. The brooch was on the cloak.

"The next day Lady Anne met John McIntyre to tell him goodbye, for he was going to America. When she saw his tense, white face, her heart sank so that it left her dizzy. For the first time it occurred to her that she had no right to make him suffer so, that he was suffering as much as she in giving up the one he loved. Forgotten were promises to Argyle; her one thought was to make the man she loved happy; she decided to go to America with him. This disobedience to her aunt was a tremendous step for the gentle Anne to take, but 'courage mounteth with occasion.'

"When they had been in America for some time, they received a huge chest of fine linen with just half the heather brooch laid in with it." "But who has the other half, granny?" asked the interested girl.

"I don't know, dearie, but I've always thought, well, the aunt may have given it to Argyle."

Eight chimes from the old grandfather clock on the stairs brought Anne back to earth. She gave Granny Warren a vigorous squeeze, playfully disarranging the lace cap on her snow-white hair, and then rushed upstairs to get ready for her birthday dance.

"I say, Miss Warren, it was kind of you to let me come to your dance," said young Fitz Hugh Douglass as they were sitting out a dance on the porch overlooking the moonlight gulf. He was visiting Leigh Curtis, an old friend of Anne's, whom he had met at Oxford. He had reached Bilox only that morning but was full of enthusiasm over the historic little town.

"It's so absolutely different here," he said later when they were discussing the place. "Somehow the very atmosphere is different, a sort of combination, isn't it? There's the romantic breath of the tropics blown across the Gulf; the adventurous breath of history—Sherville, De Soto, and all those old rascals who wandered around these regions dispensing religion and destruction among the Indians; and then there's the breath of modern life—prosperous tourists and indigent fishermen. You see,' he laughed, 'I've put in a full day and know everything there is to know about this place. Now where I come from it's all vastly different. By the way, did you ever see any heather. Here's some I gathered on the moor near my home in 'auld Scotland.'"

He took from his purse a small sprig of the dainty blossom and handed it to her. At the same time she gave him the half of the heather brooch,

"Why where,-what?"

"You didn't expect heather for heather, did you?" She laughed at his perplexed expression. "There's a long story

connected with that heirloom, but I can't tell you now, for I have this dance; we'll have to go in."

"Not till you tell me? When can I see you again, Miss Warren."

"Do you swim? You might join our party at the Yacht Club in the morning. It's a dandy place, forty feet deep at the diving posts."

"You bet I'll be there!" was the prompt answer.

"At ten then," she said.

After the swim the next morning they had lunch at a little tea-room near the club. Then followed days full of gayety—swimming in the Gulf, motoring over the smooth, oyster shell roads, dancing on board some yacht or in the private pavilions built out over the water. Fitzhugh was Anne's shadow; he extended his stay time after time. One day he and Anne were resting in the summer house after a strenuous game of tennis.

"You're a peach of a player," he said, then quoted,

"A foot more light, a step more true,

'Ne'er from the heather flower dashed the dew.' "

"Scott, isn't it?"

"Yes—I'm starting back to the land of the heather flower," he said suddenly.

Taken unawares, Anne paled; then, gathering her self-control, she started to speak but was stopped by a blunt and startling announcement: "And you're going with me!"

"O-h cave-man stuff! Just how do you get that way! Anne's eyes flashed fire.

"Anne, dear, you'd love it in Scotland; you've said so a dozen times. You've known for weeks that I love you; there was never a woman who did not know when she was loved. You're not cruel; you'd have sent me away long ago if you hadn't cared a wee bit, wouldn't you, Anne?"

An almost imperceptible nod of her head settled the question.

A little later Anne stood in the door of the summer house. To Fitzhugh she looked like an exquisite picture framed in a golden frame of Mareschal-Neil roses. She took the heather brooch from the neck of her frock and gazed at it with a half-wistful expression.

"Some day," she mused, "my family and that of the Argyles will be united—some day. But, she said impulsively, "I'd heaps rather have you than the wonderful Duke of Argyle."

"Why not have both?" he said. He reached out his hand to her and in his palm was the other half of the pearl brooch.

#### DAUGHTER EARLE'S TICKLISH TANGLE

Wesley Taylor

But men may construe things after their fashion, Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

—Julius Caesar, Act I, Scene III.

Daughter Pearle's daddy was a Holy Roller preacher at Boone. He had never traveled, and had gone to school but little, but he had spent much of his life in reading books on Redemption, Justification through Faith, and the like.

He hated the world, the flesh, and devil, and he had a special antipathy against "all things carnal," including worldly-mindedness, modern dresses, and loosely-conducted co-ed schools; however, he had never seen a dance and had never visited a co-ed school; and as for modern dresses, Daughter Pearle wore them all the time (she got her styles from the Modern Priscilla and the Woman's Home Companion), but Dad didn't happen to know that they were the things he was so bitterly condemning.

Now, Daughter Pearle was a country girl, but she had young ideas, and managed to wear modern dresses and "be

somebody" without any one's suspecting her dresses were "modern." She played the organ in Daddy's church, taught the Up-and-Hustle Sunday-school class, and was good enough and bad enough at the same time to act as combination chaperon and guest on picnics and straw rides. The people all over Allegheny County called her a "fine girl".

By and by she came to Trinity College and managed to get into the socially elect. A back-home census of Trinity students would reveal how often such anomalies occur.

Yes, Trinity is a co-ed institution, but it is a "good" Methodist college, and perhaps comes as near to being a Holy Roller college as any other. Dad didn't have any idea that it was loosely conducted; besides, Pearle was head-strong and simply WOULD come to Trinity anyway. So as Dad was liberal enough to include a few Methodists in his catalogue of pious Christians, he let Daughter Pearle come to the Methodist college.

A year and a half later Daddy decided to make a trip to Trinity to see how Daughter Pearle was getting along. He hadn't told her a thing about it; neither had she told him much about the particulars of Trinity College life, for she hadn't been home a single time in all the year and a half: she had been ambitious enough to attend the summer school between her Freshman and Sophomore years.

So each was ignorant of the other's doings; the Fates, herefore, were laying a slippery foundation, and Daddy's saintly confidence, or daughter's sweet liberty, or somebody, or something, seemed destined to have a hard fall.

Daddy had a hazy idea that Trinity would be two separate colleges, one for men and the other for women; moreover, he expected the two colleges would be certainly not less than a mile apart and would have a stone wall not less than ten feet high between the two campuses. "For," he thought, "Trinity is Methodist, and all the Methodists I have known, though not chosen of Jehovah, are God-fearing and high-minded people, praise the Lord."

So the mill of the Fates began to grind, but the foundation was weak.

The first crash came when Daddy walked into the campus of Trinity College about seven o'clock in the evening on the day he arrived in Durham. He saw something that didn't at all meet the requirements of the catechism; strolling leisurely and affectionately around were Mr. Checkerboard and Miss Frill—so named here because the young man wore a tight-fitting suit of gaudy checkerboard tweed, perfectly cut according to the English pattern; and the girl wore a nameless assortment of spring-frolic frills that the wood nymphs might have called a garment. To the venerable old man this frivolous young couple presented a spectacle that he thought he could never accept with his spiritual eye.

And thus it came about that the first thing he saw upon entering the Trinity campus was something bad.

But another surprise was awaiting him. He walked around the Duke monument and saw two young people—let us call them Dick and Margie—sitting cozily on the north bank of the mound. Dick was leaning close to the girl and talking earnestly about something. Dad couldn't hear much, but he overheard enough.

"Don't you like my taste?" she asked.

"Yes, but I like pearls so much better," Dick answered.

Dad felt that here was an intolerable case of worldliness and softness.

"I guess that is bad thing Number Two," he thought, "and this time they've got Pearle into it."

He frowned, and walked on.

A little farther he passed still another young couple—we shall call them Mr. Hasty and Miss Strutt. Daddy eyed them suspiciously and listened to find out if THEY too wouldn't be talking about Pearle. And sure enough they were!

"Well," the young man said (and Dad overheard), "you better wish YOU stood in with him as well as Pearle does."

"Yes," she replied, "I am really getting jealous of

Pearle. He has such a wonderful personality; and listen—do you know what he gave Pearle? It was——'' but Dad had passed them by this time, and couldn't hear the rest.

"Bad thing Number Three," he thought, and walked on.

Things were looking suspicious, and Daddy was becoming irritated. Where was the segregated college? Where was the ten-foot wall? Why was everybody talking about Pearle?

As Dad passed the flag pole, he asked a saucy young student how he could find his way to the woman's college.

"'If you're talking about Trinity," the young man replied, "you're there now, and you spoke a mouthful when you called it a woman's college. The women's buildings are right there and right up yonder. That one's the North, and we call it the Fraushack; the other one's the Kilgo, and we call it the Pullet Barn." And with a majestic wave of his hand, the young men walked on.

Daddy was becoming more and more anxious as he approached his destination. He was considering things after their fashion now, and the fashion didn't look at all good to him.

He passed the Fraushack, and shuddered as he heard some one merrily playing a very wicked piece of music, known to many of us as the "Pussyfoot Fox Trot." From another angle he heard one of those sinful phonographs playing "I'll See You in Cuba."

"As likely as not," he murmured, "I'll find Pearle, too, going the way of all the world. Everything looks like it. I know she is supposed to be studying when she is not saying her lessons; but she doesn't know I'm coming, and there is no telling what young scamp I'll find shining up to her."

Daddy, of course, never used tobacco; so he could not pacify his ruffled spirits now. He simply had to go on and face Pearle in spite of his bad humor and ugly suspicions, letting things take their own course.

But things got worse and worse as they took their course. Daddy presented himself at the Kilgo House and was told that Pearle was in the reception room. Dad was ushered into the hall, and there left to do as he wished, it being presumed that he would go immediately to see the girl.

But the big door from the hall to the reception room was opened a few inches, and Daddy could hear everything that was said within. Under the circumstances, he didn't exactly want to go in. He heard feminine voices, one of which he instantly recognized as Pearle's. They were tittering and giggling and saying all kinds of incoherent things.

So that was Daughter Pearle? That was the girl who had once been the pride of the family and the religious community? Was that the Pearle everybody was talking about? And was that what co-ed schools would do?

Daddy didn't have to ask himself what would have to be done; that question answered itself. Of course Pearle would have to be taken back to Boone at once and kept there, by compulsion if necessary. She would have to be subjected to the most austere restraints. She would have to be forbidden ever to see another Methodist or other such worldly thing. It was Daddy's duty as a father now to see that Pearle made full atonement as far as possible for the sad offence she had committed in coming to this unholy place.

He sank into a chair just beside the door and listened. He could not go into the room yet; he must hear Daughter Pearle talk some more. He intensified his deep and reverent frowns, and repeated time and again: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

Dad was intensely in earnest; thus much must be said to his credit. He believed the Bible from cover to cover, and would not question an interpretation of one jot or one tittle lest he loose his chances of eternal life. He believed in the good things of this world so far as he saw them to be good, but he was greatly angered at seeing Trinity, with all her natural beauties, disfigured with things so worldly. Still, he had seen them with his own eyes and heard them with his own ears, and he never thought that he might be mistaken.

He accepted evidence for what it was worth, and it was all bad.

But just then his intellectual wanderings were broken off by a storm of passionate expressions from the culprit Pearle herself.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "He is coming! And think! I just love him and love him, and I'm going to kiss him and kiss him! Oh!"

Forthwith she poured out the very feelings of her soul, and the girl with her congratulated her from time to time, and said things too, as the conversation drifted to various enchanting and maidenly subjects.

In the meantime, Daddy could do nothing but take off his spectacles and listen. He could not go in to see his daughter—no!

"Some young scamp, just as I thought, has turned her thoughts to worldly things," he thought. And there he sat moodily.

\* \* \* \* \*

In fifteen minutes he had settled down a little and the girls had begun playing the piano. On the table at his side Dad saw a notebook and several student texts. Probably for pure nervous unrest, he picked up the notebook and fumbled with the leaves. And again as if the Fates had conspired to impeach Pearle's good name, this notebook itself had something to say about the girl. It was written in a young man's handwriting, and ran like this:

"Pearle touched his shoulders gracefully with her Harrison Fisher fingers and looked at him sweetly.

"She had been close to him like this many times before, but never had she taken the trouble to study the details of his features; his noble facial expression; his healthy color; his high, intellectual forehead; and his kind but determined mouth.

"Perhaps her mind had been on other things when she was near him like this on previous occasions. But this

time she drew her face closer to his, and looked intently. There was something in the sight of him that reminded him of her schoolgirl days not so many years ago—the simple but happy days when she carried lunch to school and studied "big G'og'aphy" and "little history." On the other hand, he was handsome, and inspired one immediately with admiration. And to think, he had been such a brave soldier when the country was in trouble! No wonder she thought lots of him! Others thought lots of him, too, and Pearle had heard many people say good things about him, even the school teacher.

"But did she love him or simply admire him?

"She drew him closer and closer. Not in the least embarrassed as his face approached hers, she voluntarily allowed her mouth to shape itself beautifully for—the deed.

"It was over all too soon. Would there be an encore? The delicate moisture from her sweet vermillion lips was still——.

"But just then Helen Lyon entered the room to tell pearle she was going to town.

"3uickly Pearle and he separated, but he began to be absolutely fixed and immovable. Had Helen seen what had happened? He was at arm's length from her now, and so still that one would never have known that anything had happened.

"Was he afraid Helen would laugh at him, or tell on him?

"Well, no; he was not capable of being afraid of anything. He was a picture of George Washington on a postage stamp, and he was now firmly fastened in the upper right hand corner of Pearle's letter.

"When you go to town, Helen," said Pearle, "take this letter. I've already stamped it."

\* \* \* \* \* \*

Dad read this squib, and realized at the end of it that it

was some schoolboy prank; however, he felt a funny feeling creeping over him.

He didn't know much about love-making in the twentieth century, especially of the "bad" variety, but little by little he found his mind now wandering back to 1883, when he had made love to his dear girl Plutina; when he had captured her sweet young heart with home-grown roses and a full set of cave-man whiskers; when he had ventured to steal his arms around her under the big popular tree and get from her lips that precious promise to be his for life. As a result of all these things, an incongruous mixture of feelings, which Shakespeare with all his wondrous skill would have found hard to describe, was wrestling for supremacy in his soul.

Then he fingered through the notebook some more and found another interesting composition by the same author, to-wit:

"Pearle and Bob were sitting peacefully on the soft green grass, in the shade of the tall trees, a hundred yards from the public road and ten miles from town. An onlooker from behind would have observed practically no distance between them. Furthermore, they seemed to be occupying their time with the matters in hand, absolutely heedless of the cares of the world.

"A romantic sight it was. Night was just coming on, and the beauty of the twilight was fading gently into the subtler hues of a glorious full moon. No wonder Pearle was happy! And Bob! They looked at each other gleefully; then they looked away; and then they looked toward the ground.

Pearle was an angelic charm. Her ebony-black hair; her great brown eyes; her radiant cheeks; and her lips—oh, those bewitching lips! So beautifully did they move that an artist would have given half his life to steal a glance and paint one of those exquisite poses. Pearle had been thoughtful enough this time not to use any

rouge on those lips because, as she explained, 'it's poison old stuff, you know, and not exactly safe when——.'

"Bob shifted his position a little.

"I wonder if the angels don't live on this," said Bob rapturously, as if his very heartstrings had responded to some concordant note that came from a peculiarly appealing outward stimulous.

"'If they don't, they've missed it all,' she answered. Oh, Bob, give me another one.'

"And Bob gave her another one, and another one.

"They went on with this for some time, and Pearle was the next to interrupt the joyful lingering.

"' 'Mama would change her mind if she saw us now,' she said.

"But Bob did not reply, and they went on with that they had been doing.

"Bob was the chief actor, and it must be said that he played the part of one who had done this before; in fact, so skillful was he, and so well did he accomplish his purpose that Pearle felt he deserved all the reward he was getting.

"Well, of course his success should be envied, for every one knows that it takes skill to get candied cherries out of a small-necked bottle with a big fork, and that is what Bob was doing. Bob and Pearle were on a picnic with a party of other young people from the College; and while they were eating their lunches, Bob had shown great dexterity in opening cans and jars. The cherries were Mother's first attempt at such things, and Mother had insisted the young people would not enjoy them; however, Pearle was sure she would change her mind if she could see how eagerly they ate them and commented on their quality.

"Really, Pearle,' said Bob, 'we must tell your Mother how good they were."

"Yes,' said Pearle, 'and we must tell her too what a useful fellow you are on picnics.'

"And the rest heartily agreed."

\* \* \* \* \* \*

This was enough for Dad! Another student prank! It was not very high-minded, to be sure; but still it was a prank. A faint light was beginning to gleam across the horizon of his cramped world of blindness. These two mischievous little sketches had shown that things may look distressingly bad and then not always be what they seem. The only question he had in his limited stock to fit this thought was "Appearances are deceitful."

Still, he was not exactly convinced; and it was left for the Fates, who had planned this whole thing from the beginning, to clear it all up to Daddy's satisfaction. The Fates seldom leave a job unfinished.

Daddy was still sitting near the door when an unexpected panorama began to unfold itself before his bewildered eyes. A group of young people entered from without, laughing and talking, and seeming to be enjoying that same merriment of youth that he now remembered enjoying when he was a young man,—yes, even the same merriment that Poaz and Ruth and the gleaners had enjoyed in the holy days of the prophets.

In the group were Dick and Margie, and Dad recognized their faces. They came within touching distance with him, for the light was most advantageous there, and Dad heard all they said.

"Now, Margie," said Dick, "we're in the light where we can see well. Let me see that sorority pin again," and so saying, he leaned over toward her in just the manner he had leaned when Daddy saw the couple behind the Duke monument.

"I was just asking you," she said, "if you don't admire my tests in selecting the jewels."

"Yes," he said, "I like colored stones, but I like pearls so much better for sorority pins."

Dad didn't know anything about sororities. It must have been something like the Odd Fellows for girls he thought; but still he saw the pin and understood what it meant. He felt a little ashamed of himself.

Just then he caught sight of Mr. Hasty and Miss Strutt. "What did you say he gave Pearle?" she asked.

"He gave her 94 on Philosophy One. Dr. Cranford always treats them right on his courses, and Pearle studies that stuff; that's why she stands in with him."

Again Daddy felt ashamed of himself, and decided now that he would atone for his mean suspicions by going in to see Pearle as soon as possible.

But just as he started in, she started out, and then a scene happened. She drew him slightly back into the room, and there she "kissed and kissed him."

"Oh, Daddy! she exclaimed in great joy, "I have just been telling Helen you'd come. And you are here! Oh! Mother wrote me you were coming, but she said not to let you know she had told on you. You wanted to surprise me; I didn't know when, but goody, goody, I thought you would come!" And here she went off into a medley of compliments, exclamations, tears, giggles, and other things sacred to woman.

Just then Mr. Checkerboard and Miss Frill eyed them curiously around the corner, and Pearle sacrificed a few seconds of her home-folks gab to introduce this couple to Dad and to explain to him that they were a brother and sister, dressed in this gaudy fashion for a little Y. W. C. A. one-act play tonight. And again Daddy caught the hint, and felt a little ashamed of himself.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

At seven-thirty o'clock the young people all dispersed, leaving only Daddy and Pearle to the big settee near the piano. They talked about Boone and kinsfolk, about college and Pearle's books, and about everything else that came within

Daddy's limited interest. And three hours later they had come no nearer completing their confabulation than when they began.

Under the influence of all these perfectly new circumstances, Daddy had been good enough to postpone the first question he wanted to ask Pearle. He wanted to know whether she was still a good Christian, and whether the wickedness of this sin-cursed world had shaken her Holy Roller faith.

But she beat him to it.

"Dad, I'm going to be a missionary," she announced curtly.

"Praise the Lord," ejaculated the old man, relieved. 'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.' And what will be your field?"

"Boone," she answered.

"But-"

"Yes", she interrupted, "when I'm through my education, I am going back to Boone, marry the best man I can get, and spend my life doing good, in the simple faith of the people around me."

The next morning Daddy wrote Mrs. Daddy all about the visit. He told her how pretty Pearle's dresses looked on her, which were not at all like the Boone girls were. He told how high-minded Pearle was, "so innocent of the things of this wicked world," and he also said a great many good things about co-ed schools, and about Trinity College in particular.

But he forgot all about telling of the suspicions he had had, and how he had construed things—

"
\* \* \* after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves."

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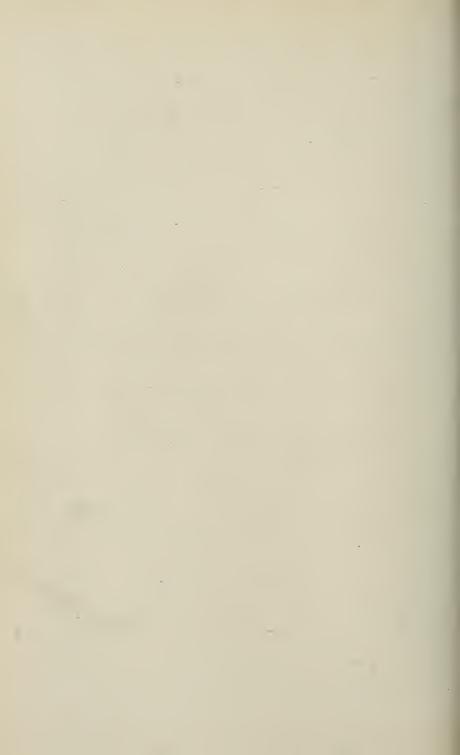
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## THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXIV

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 2

#### MANAGER'S NOTICE

The **Tinity Archive** is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit and encourage literary endeavor among the students of the College.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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# The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., November, 1921

## Thanksgiving, 1921

In Contrast with Other Days

J. H. Small, Jr.

1918

Private Hamilton, five minutes before the jump-off in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive:

"Say, Bill, just listen to our guns;
Three hours they've sent those bloody Huns
To Hell. I guess a few have cashed
Their checks tonight. The boys have smashed
Prince Willy's observation post
At Montfaucon and churned the most
Of Malancourt to chalk. Hell's hot,
But curse this waiting game. For what
Have these months been? A stinking round
Of cold, dirt, digging underground,
Of eating slop and waiting—waiting.
Well, Fritz, God knows I'm through with hating.

"H. Hour! All ready, Sir. Let's go!
Over the bags and out. Keep low.
We'll soon be through the wire. This way.
A rotten job we've got to-day.
Oh, Hell! There goes H. E. They've got
The range. Say, Buddy, would you spot
That pill-box yonder spitting lead.
We'll have to see those Heinies dead.

Here through this wood; too hot out there. Now make a dash for it. Take care, For we must last to Montfaucon. God, Bill! They've got me. Carry on!"

#### 1919

Andrew Harris, Clerk, on the salary of 1916:

"They say that I should be content;
In haughty manner they resent
My claim that two and two makes four,
Not five. Impatient, they ignore
Such idle trivialities
As meat and shoes—realities
To me who must somehow, someway
Create the wherewithal to pay
In spite of soaring merchandise
And when I dare to criticize,
"We can't afford," they say. But I,
No more can afford to die."

#### 1921

The Spirit of North Carolina:

"Rejoice, acknowledged paramount
In Ango-Saxon blood. Recount
Your fading woes and 'gainst them set
Your gracious, overwhelming debt
To fortune. Sons of mine, recall
Each ornament that crowds your hall
Of memories; and yet be kind
To youth, for you have left behind
Each sluggish handicap of age.
Reborn, you seek your heritage.
Through War and the crucible of need
Your soul attains to Love's own creed."

## Something the President Did Not Know

#### J. L. Jackson

The sturdy federal prohibition agent, known as "the Chief" by friends and enemies alike, had paused long enough in his defense of the law to examine the contents of the morning newspaper which lay on the desk before him. A brief announcement held his attention. It read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Standford announce the marriage of their daughter, Edna May, to Bert S. Godwin on Thursday, March 3, 1921, at 2 p. m. at the home of the bride's parents.

"Miss Standford is a graduate of Northwestern University and is a postgraduate of the business department of that institution. She is a young lady of many charms and has many friends throughout the entire State. Mr. Godwin was graduated from the State University three years ago, and since then he has spent most of his time, with the exception of a few months overseas, in Colorado studying. It is understood that Mr. Godwin is seeking fame as a writer."

The prohibition agent was aparently so much interested that he did not notice the rather tall and intelligent young man who, having silently entered, now stood with the knob of the door still in his hand. The cheerful smile which played across the stranger's lips would have told anyone who saw it that he was about to surprise an unsuspecting friend. The click of the latch informed the officer that he had a visitor. That a warm friendship existed between the two could not be doubted by anyone observing the rough officer as he enthusi-

astically thrust his big hand into the one extended by the caller, Bert Godwin. The mutual feelings existing between the officer and Bert, who was by many years his junior, is accounted for by the fact that Bert's father and the officer had been life partner up until the sudden death of the former. Bert remembered these relationships as he very demurely received the chief's congratulations. He took the cushioned chair which was offered him.

"Let me see now," said the officer, critically regarding Bert from head to foot. "If I'm not mistaken, the last time I saw you was in this office about three years ago. Since then the Government has passed more laws about which we federal agents must worry. Haven't been arrested lately for getting drunk and disturbing the peace, have you Bert?"

Bert's cheeks colored a bit at this pertinent question, and his flushed face was not unnoticed by his friend; but he did not attempt evasion.

"I had hoped that my bad conduct was forgotten, chief," he said. "That was three years ago, and I have changed for the better. I was really a bad fellow then."

The broad-shouldered prohibition agent only nodded his acceptance of Bert's reply and answered politely:

"Yes, Bert, that's what they all say, but we shall forget it for your Daddy's sake. Is it the wedding that makes you restless?"

Before Bert could reply, the door of the office was opened, and an elderly man, bearing the appearance of a farmer, was ushered into the room.

"I've located a still, chief," said the man, "about twenty miles southeast of town. Stumbled onto it this morning by accident."

"Anyone near the place?" asked the prohibition agent, now becoming very stern.

"Didn't see anybody."

"How was the beer? Ready to work?"

"Can't say exactly, chief," answered the farmer, "about tomorrow, I should say."

Upon request the man sat down and began to sketch a map locating the still. All this Bert had watched with keen interest. His thoughtful and apparently concerned attitude did not pass unnoticed by the federal agent, and several times the officer observed Bert critically watching the detailed construction of the map. The man had nearly completed the map when Bert, suddenly glancing at his watch, rose from his chair and asked to be excused. Already five minutes late, he hurried from the office and left his friend to wonder at his sudden action.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Bert kept his appointment, had lunch with the Standfords, and returned to the revenue office without revealing his plans for the afternoon. He had returned to the office with the intention of finding something which would take his mind from the coming event of the morrow and, incidentally, to get some new material for a short-story if possible. Not finding anyone in, however, he quickly decided upon a bold program of his own. He left the office, stepped into his small runabout, and was last seen leaving the city in a southeasterly direction.

One hour later he drew up to the side of the road and parked his car under the low branches of a small clump of trees. Another hour on foot would bring him to his destination. He started on his way in high hope that things would turn out to his satisfaction. That he was soon to be disappointed, Bert could not then know.

At the end of the estimated time he struck upon the half-worn trail for which he had been looking. He knew that progress must be slow now and that it would be wise to approach the object of his quest by a route than the one ordinarily used. Having advanced to within about fifty yards of his prize, he was suddenly startled and no less disappointed by the sound of someone chopping wood. Not to be dismayed, however, at this first adverse disturbance, he moved forward

rapidly for about thirty yards. He now became more cautious, advancing step by step with each blow of the axe to prevent his being heard. Suddenly he dropped to his knees and began to crawl. A small cord which stretched across his path impeded his progress; and, as he hastily pulled it aside, he noticed the bearded man in front of him pause momentarily, then bend over in an apparent effort to readjust the chopping block. Instead the man reached for his gun. Bert turned to flee, but to his utter amazement he found himself shut off from retreat. His blood chilled as he recognized the rough figure who held him at a gun's length.

"Yes, it's Hogan. You ought to know me," said the angry character who held the gun. "You're the guy who has camped on my trail a bit too long now. You caused my expulsion from school, and I'm a Judas to myself if you don't pay. Revenue officers lookin' for trouble will certainly get it when they monkey with me."

Realizing that for the present explanation was quite as impossible as was escape, Bert permitted his captors, now three in number, to lead him into the small cabin which sheltered the moonshiner's still. Although the youngest of the blockaders, Hogan was the boss of the enterprise. He gave his confederates certain directions and then turned to Bert, ordering him to a seat in the corner, with instructions to remain there quietly until further notice. Hogan then retired to fix the cord which had announced Bert's present undoing.

Hogan's withdrawal gave Bert his first opportunity to meditate on his predicament. He sat silently and watched the dim rays of the sun as they slowly faded from the tiny window which admitted the light from the west. The shades of night descended rapidly upon the shabby abode, and with the enveloping darkness came the cheerless, discord harmonies of the animal world outside. Krowledge of the fact that his presence among the blockaders would be embarrassing and difficult to explain kept him from hoping for a rescue by a raiding party. Escape was impossible. He charged himself

with being devoid of all common judgment for having placed himself in such a danger. What would Edna and the Standfords think of his foolishness? Even now they were expecting him at their home. Occasionally his distracted thoughts were interrupted by the conversation of his indifferent guards. Once he tried to listen; but, not being able to interest himself in their subject of traps and woodpiles, he turned his thoughts to searching for a means of escape, all to no avail.

While Bert sat reflecting on his misfortune, Hogan again entered. The rounded corners of his thin lips and his squinty eyes revealing a combination of the intense hatred and keen personal satisfaction which he felt, He moved straight toward Bert.

"I've heard," said Hogan in a deriding tone, "that a revenue officer can't take up the business just to get the goods on his innocent victims. Well, if one ever made it, you will. Now turn to; keep that fire stoked up and things movin'. I'm goin' to enjoy the pleasure of watchin' you do something which will make it bad for you if we are troubled by any sneaking prohibition officers tonight."

Bert started to explain his position but got no further than letting Hogan know that he was a writer merely seeking some material. He realized that to tell Hogan the whole story of his presence would tend only to create further suspicions. Suppose, he thought as he turned to obey Hogan's demands, that he should be caught assisting the blockaders when he already had a shameful record in court. Knowing the austere nature of the federal prohibition agent, Bert realized that his friendship would avail him little. Of course his friend would believe him; but, then, it would be different to find him at work. Once he was sorely tempted to tell Hogan of the expected raid, but this feeling passed off as quickly as it had come. He resolved rather to trust to a rescue with its contingent dangers of suspicion and arrest than to humble

himself before his relentless enemy. For the present he contented himself to obey.

One hour; then two hours rolled slowly away. While not at work, Bert sat on a block near the fire, dividing his attention between the glowing blaze before him and the beams of moonlight sifting through a small hole in the side of the hut. His anxious thoughts of the girl and of the event scheduled for the morrow were continually interrupted by Hogan recalling the dangers of the situation. Hogan's vituperative language was a means of keeping them both awake.

Hogan was in the midst of one of these effusions of abuse when one of his confederates, who had one hour before left the cabin, burst through the door. His heavy respiration showed plainly that he had run some distance.

"The chief and his men!" he breathed excitedly, and added as he turned to seek safety, "They'll be here in a few minutes."

"Hold on there; not yet," yelled Hogan to the bearded man, "we've time to save the still. Take this prisoner while I look after things. Don't let him skip, or you pay with your own scalp."

The scared moonshiner quickly scattered the fire, emptied the contents of the large copper kettle, and cooled it with water from the barrel which contained the condensing worm. With the whole outfit on his shoulder Hogan led the way from the cabin. The entire operation was done with such celerity and skill that Bert scarcely realized what was taking place until a gun jabbed into his ribs and heard the order from his guard to move forward rapidly.

One hundred yards from the former distillery the party of four halted. The distant hoot of an owl was all that could be heard above the breathing of the men. The momentary pause gave Bert time for observation. Ahead of him he saw, very dimly in the moonlight, the dark outlines of what appeared to be a woodpile. As the party started again, a hopeful idea struck him. It was a woodpile; he would watch the

leader as they came up to it. Yes; Hogan swerved to the left. Now was the chance, thought Bert, and he turned suddenly to the guard behind him.

"They're coming," he said, looking over the guard's shoulder.

The alarmed blockader turned to look, and, as he did so, Bert moved quickly along the edge of the woodpile. There was a clink of steel, and he sank to the ground. Bert's guard did not attempt to stop his companions, who were now several yards ahead. Realizing that a minute's loss might mean his capture and that, after all, Hogan's troubles were not his troubles, he hesitated only long enough to curse Bert for the action.

"A trap has broken my leg," was Bert's single reply as the moonshiner continued his flight for safety.

Bert's courage now freshened. His plan had worked. His leg had not been broken, only slightly bruised. A screw which hung near the trap enabled him to extricate himself. He rubbed his ankle and rose to inform the raiding party of his presence; but, before he had taken one step, a deep, sharp voice rang out a cold command:

"Move one inch and I'll drill you through," came the order.

Bert recognized the voice of his friend as the big officer stepped from the path over which the four had come but a few moments previous. He obeyed the command.

"Yes, chief; it is I, Bert Godwin. Thank God I just escaped."

"You mean you almost escaped," came the officer's chilled reply. "Bert, I am sorry that I am the one who caught you; but, as an officer of the law I'm compelled to treat you like any other blockader. It's a good thing we came when we did, or all might have 'jumped the branch.' Here's your cap you left in the cabin. Now come along here and walk ahead of me."

Bert moved in a daze. He was almost dumfounded. A fit of despair seized his as he apprehended his new misfortune. He had freed himself from one dangerous situation only to be hurled into another which involved a greater potential disaster, disgrace, and the loss of his fiancee. He was now being accused of illicit distilling and of sounding the alarm for the raid; besides, he already had had trouble with the law in a matter very similar to the one with which he now found himself associated. He attempted to plead his innocence.

"Keep your tale for another hour," came the officer's curt reply, and he added as if anticipating Bert's next question, "your car has been taken back to the city."

Bert's better judgment pointed out to him the futility of resisting this stern officer of the law. Resistance might tend to confirm the suspicions which already surrounded him. He walked on silently without further attempt at explanation.

Some hours later when the first faint signs of dawn began to transmute the silent darkness into light, Bert stood with his hands clutching the cold bars which shut him from the world outside. He had stood there in the same stooped position for some time after being left alone. His countenance portrayed a strange combination of hope and fear, indignation and impatience. Occasionally he paced the narrow confines of his cell. Twice he lay down on his leather mat and tried to sleep, but rest would not come to his fatigued body. His meditations vacillated back and forth between the precariousness of his unhappy plight and the hapiness which might have been. He ceased his fretting long enough to ask the hour of the jailor who brought his scanty breakfast. Nine, ten, and eleven o'clock passed slowly away, each hour adding to Bert's intense anxiety. The whistles of the industrial world outside announced the noon. more and he should be showering caresses upon the girl he loved and intended to marry. Soap and water had been placed at his disposal, and he was just finishing his toilet

when the jailor entered his cell again, informing him that he was wanted. Bert followed, half afraid to hope, yet with too much pride to despair. He was lead for the second time in his career into the office of the federal prohibition agent. He paused momentarily before advancing to the center of the room, suddenly surprised at finding himself face to face with Hogan, one of Hogan's confederates, and the prohibition officer. The chief was the first to speak.

"I've called you," said the sturdy officer in a grave tone and with a facial expression which added weight to his words, "to give you a chance to explain yourself. Before you begin, however, I want to caution you not to pull any fake-ups. Now go ahead."

Bert, happy for the chance, proceeded to explain his conduct, but for some unforseen reason his story seemed to have an ill effect. The dark furrows of skin on the officer's forehead deepened as Bert drew to a close. Inwardly he would like to have taken Bert at his word, but the evidence was against him.

"Young man," were his first words, "you are being held for violation of a federal law. Why was it that you did not tell your friends, the Standfords, of this trip you proposed to take?"

"Good Lord, then they know!" gasped Bert as he sank into a chair behind him.

"Yes, they know. They called the sheriff this morning and informed him that you had not been seen since yesterday. It seems that you had been in great haste to get away. Now that looks bad, Bert. Furthermore, you and this fellow, Hogan, seem to know each other pretty well. The story you just told me compares pretty well with one this fellow said you would pull. Bert, didn't you get caught in that trap by accident? Where is the other member of this party?"

Bert sank deeper in his chair and groaned. He saw that the few suggestive remarks made in the presence of Hogan the night before had now been used by Hogan as a means of further incriminating him. Where was it all to lead anyway? The clock struck the half-hour, and Bert's hopes died as he heard the officer instruct the jailor to lead him back to his cell. But before the jailor could carry out his orders, the door of the office swung open, and the bleeding, mud-covered figure of the missing blockader, supported by two deputies, was shuffled across the room.

"You d—m Judah!" he shrieked as his thick hands closed on the yellow skin of Hogan's throat. He was pulled loose immediately.

"Chief," said he, turning to the officer with a quivering voice, "I ain't for likin' revenue officers, but I like that cur," indicating Hogan, "a great deal less. I've got something to say."

The officer nodded his consent.

"You see," he said, facing Bert, "we caught this feller sneekin' round our still. This chap was Hogan's enemy at school; so Hogan wanted to take his spite on him. When I gives the warning for the raid, we all take to the swamp, and this feller was given to me to look after. When he stepped into that there trap, on purpose I guess, I didn't want to stay and get caught; so I moves on to save myself. Anyway this chap didn't look like he meant any trouble. Well, when this traitor, Hogan, found out what had happened, he beat me up and —."

"Did you ever know this man, Bert Godwin?" interrupted the officer.

"Never seen him until yesterday," replied the moonshiner.

"Did you ever have any fake story framed up?" questioned the federal agent.

"If there was, I never heard it."

"How did this fellow Godwin know there was a trap hidden near that woodpile?"

"I don't know," answered the wounded blockader, "unless he might have heard us talking about it in the cabin."

Bert's heart pounded with joy. The big federal prohibition agent waited no longer but rose from his chair and walked with his large hand outstretched toward Bert.

"You have ten minutes in which to make good," he said. "I'm sorry this has happened, Bert, but law is law. The car is outside and at your service."

Bert lingered only to thank him. As he glided through the door, the officer strode back to his desk and removed the receiver of the telephone."

"It's all right," he said as he proceeded to explain the situation to Mr. Standford; he's on his way now."

The three moonshiners were removed to their cells.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Next morning the federal prohibition agent sat once more at his desk scanning the society page of the morning newspaper. The article which held his attention read as follows:

#### MARRIAGES

"Exactly at 2:10 yesterday afternoon a quiet wedding was solemnized when Miss Edna May Standford became the bride of Mr. Bert Godwin, at the home of the bride's parents. The Reverand Mr. C. C. Gibbins officiating. Immediately following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Godwin left for a three month's honeymoon. They are in Washington today to witness the Presidential Inauguration.

## Help Us to Know Thy Way

Blanche Barringer and Lota Leigh Draugon

How loft the mountains of God's love! What infinite joy comes from above! To those who dwell on the mountain height Comes faith not granted to human sight. Help us to know Thy way.

Keep thou our hearts pure and spotless white. Let us know Thy heart-throes—see Thy light. Twilight bells of angels let us hear. Cleanse from us all hatred, doubt, and fear. Help us to know Thy way.

Help us to meet Jesus face to face On this mountain top to share His grace. Tune our souls with his divine plan; Glorify the Brotherhood of man.

Help us to know Thy way.

(Written for the song contest at Blue Ridge, 1921.)

### Man or Mankind

#### Herminia Haynes

Belair peak was the highest point on the little island of Barbadoes. From its summit a panoramic view of the whole island could be had. To the east was the broad expanse of the sea, to the west and south the undulating hills and valleys; while to the north a few miles the somber Soufriere mountain stood like a menacing specter, and just at the foot of Belair peak was the village of Wallibou. The tropical beauty and natural cleanness was in vivid contrast with the rather squalid buildings, narrow streets filled with unkempt children, and lounging grown-ups.

To ride up this mountain and look off had been the favorite pastime of Barbara Hamilton ever since her family had moved to Wallibou five years ago. This April afternoon she reached the peak just about sunset. Never was the contrast more striking: the broad, beautiful ocean; the clear, blue hills and valleys faintly lighted by the last rays of the sun; and this dirty little village at its foot.

"I don't wonder that father gave his life trying to cure and educate them. Your wish shall be carried out, daddy dear, and soon too," mused Barbara. And Florrie felt the whip on her flanks and obiediently started down the customary path.

That night, as Barbara and Dr. Max, her guardian, sat on the steps in the bewitching tropical twilight, she said abruptly, "Max, tell me about daddy and what he last said of me."

"Don't you ever tire of hearing me say the same thing, Barbie?" asked the doctor kindly.

"No," she answered quickly, "and you know this afternoon on Belair I decided it was time I started to get a college education. You have been such a good teacher I think I could get along all right. I want to get to work and there is so much

to be done," she finished, rising and looking down the street.

"Well, my dear, do you want to go to England or to America? Since your father didn't express a definite wish, I should like for you to study at my alma mater. Your father's legacy is to be used in the best way possible, just so its for the good of the people here, for you know father loved this place and his work here."

"Then I'll go to your college, Max, and become a doctor too so I can really help you when I come back. Oh, I want to go right away. Look how red the moon seems behind black old Soufreire—Listen; what is that?"

"That's a screech owl."

"No, not that. I mean the other weird cry."

That's unusual; it's the cry of the Soufriere Bird warning us of a coming eruption; so these people would say," returned Dr. Max after a long pause.

"How kind of him to do it. Good night," yawned Barbara as she went into the house.

In a month from that time, Barbara found herself on a ship in Havana harbor looking over the railing at the people coming up the gangplank. A rather hilarious group of young men with a dignified older man were the last ones to get on board so reluctant they seemed to leave Havana.

A few days later the ship was rolling and tossing, buffeted by the winds and waves in the throes of a tropical storm. One by one the passengers had gone below until the deck was quite deserted. As Barbara, delighting in the fierceness of the weather, was sauntering aft, she passed that same dignified gentleman with two boys and overheard a bit of conversation.

"Isn't she a queer bird!" whispered James.

"Some sailoress I say", returned Harry Bryan uncertainly, for to him the sky and sea had begun to cut strange capers, rolling around, chasing each other under the ship, and the like.

She looks as if she might weather most any storm," added the professor, for such he was, and the two boys were prospective students on a tour with him.

After a few days the sea became calm again, and soon the Jacob Jones steamed into New York harbor. Fortunately for Barbara, Mr. Thomas, a friend of her father, lost no time in locating her among the passengers, and the independence and self-reliance of this girl of eighteen helped him in piloting her through the intricacies of Ellis Island.

By October 2 Barbara was enrolled in Randolph College. The first few weeks were intensely busy with getting settled, making out her course, and meeting people, but soon she had time to take a comprehensive view of the situation. She realized how odd her clothes were, and how differently things were done. She was lucky in having for her roommate Frances Adams, who seemed to like her from the very first and helped her all along.

One morning, as Barbara was entering psychology class room some boys and girls laughing and talking were coming out, and Barbara's books were knocked out of her hands. The boy who had done this looked up at Barbara, picked up the books, and apologized profusely. As Barbara took the books, she said with a faint smile, "Never mind. It is all right; thank you," and hurried into the room.

"Did you notice that brogue?" remarked James.

"Isn't she that queer girl we saw so often on the ship coming from Havana?" returned Harry, for the two boys of the ship episode were now full-fledged freshmen.

Indeed Barbara did look odd in her English-cut suit. Her long, black hair was combed straight back, and the braid tied with a long white bow hung down her back. Her rather brown face was softened by a few stray, wavy strands about her temples and the expression in her soft, brown eyes.

With many trials and tribulations, the freshman year passed, and Barbara went home with Frances to spend the holidays at Nantasket Beach. The whole summer was a round of

good times, and Barbara became quite acclimated. By fall she went back to college full of energy for another year's hard work. Barbara did little else than study and play tennis. But as all things have an end; so this year soon ended, and Barbara was thoroughly tired when she reached Mr. Thomas' home where she was to spend her summer vacation. With a good deal of mothering and petting by Mrs. Thomas, whom she called her adopted mother, Barbara was soon full of energy and ready for any task.

Randolph looked so pretty when she went back to begin her junior year; how time was flying.

"Well, Miss Hamilton, are you ready to begin again?" accosted Harry Bryan as he came up and stood in line to matriculate. That young man had persevered till he felt quite free to walk to and from classes with her a few times last year. Since that day when Dr. Garnand had sent him to the board to work a chemistry problem, and he had failed and Miss Hamilton had worked it quite easily and quickly, he had become much interested in the science enthusiast.

At the beginning of her junior year, Barbara had resolved to take more part in the social life of the college; so she gladly accepted James Lee's invitation to go to the junior reception.

"We are glad, Miss Hamilton, that you are not making a recluse of yourself this year. It wouldn't do to sacrifice so much winsomeness in Doc's old lab," said Harry coming up to her later in the evening.

"Oh, the lab will still be my home, for my course is more interesting than ever," returned Barbie, coloring slightly.

"Are you still determined on that B. S. course?" Harry persisted.

"Still determined? Why of course, and why not?"

"Will you be in the science hall all tomorrow afternoon?" he quizzed further, ignoring her question.

"No, tomorrow is not lab day."

"Then I want to play you a game of tennis."

"Thank you, but I have another engagement," she said rather coolly. His self-satisfaction irritated her at times. After a few desultory remarks, Harry left the group.

Late that night several boys were in James' room having a regular bull feast. Soon Harry became the butt of all the jokes; at last one said, "Well, Miss Hamilton was rather cool tonight, eh Harry."

Harry colored slightly. "Just you wait and see. I'll play tennis with her two afternoons this week."

"Just listen to the lady-killer. I bet she is one mountain that won't sink into oblivion by just a wave of your magic hand," volunteered another.

"That's all right. I've never seen a girl who didn't succumb sooner or later. All their talk about life work is mere nonsense. They are out for a good time and a handsome home and all that goes with it to make them forget their crazy notions," retorted Harry, the invincible.

"Pshaw, I bet you my new Liberty roadster that you can't make her give you even a second serious thought," bantered Ivan.

"I'll take you up on that," Harry returned quickly. "Just give me six months."

Nothing made Harry rise to heights like opposition. He literally throve on it; so with head in the air, shoulders squared, eyes shining, he made the bargain.

Harry, by various methods, casually found out where Barbara was going to spend the summer. While considering the best way to begin his conquest, he received an invitation from an old schoolmate to go on a house party to Cohasset Beach, the same one to which Barbara was going. Everything was coming his way; he'd show those boys.

What with clam bakes, picnics on the rocks, marshmallow toasts by moonlight on the beach, and dances Harry managed to be quite gallant to Barbara who received his attentions more kindly than usual.

One evening, as they sat on the rocks in the pale moonlight idly watching the Plymouth boat passing by and carrying on a rather disconnected conversation, Harry remarked, "Why do you women set such lofty ambitions for yourselves. Such a life means hard work, and sooner or later all fall for an easy life in a cozy home."

"That may be true, but I know of several women who have given the best of their lives for humanity and never once thought of selfish ease and happiness. Why not give your best where it is needed most? You know," she added earnestly looking dreamily over the ocean at the disappearing ship, "I can hardly wait till this year is over; so I can go back home and really do something for people."

"Nonsense, Barbara, why do you insist on taking yourself away from this gay world and giving your whole life to that sort of work," he persisted.

"Because I have made up my mind and will be happy only in doing that work. Father and Mother loved it and the people there. I intend to do the same, besides Father wished me to."

The vacation passed away all too soon—so thought Harry, but Barbie, though she had a delightful time, was ready to work again. In just a few months she would feel capable of doing something really worthwhile for those people.

Five months after college opened Barbara read of earthquakes and general disasters in several islands of the West Indies. Anxiously she waited for news from her guardian; finally a letter came, but the writing was not Dr. Max's. She opened it hurriedly and read:

> Wallibon, Barbadoes, British West Indies, March 10, 1902.

My Dear Miss Hamilton:

It grieves me much to have to tell you the sad news. The Souferiere's eruption made havoc in many of our neighbor towns; many of them were entirely wiped out. Our village, though not as badly damaged as some, is a tragic sight. Houses are blown down and washed completely away along with stock and people. Whole families are missing. The destruction is terrible.

Dr. Max is in the hospital seriously injured, but the doctors are very hopeful for him. I don't know what we folks would havedone without the doc.

We lost our little boy, and the madame is laid up with a sprained back besides a broken heart. My legs are badly mangled, and my left arm is out of joint, but I am hoping to be about soon.

We were all happy when Doc told us you would soon be back with us. We are sorry to have you come back to such destruction, but we will have a warm welcome for you.

If we only had paid attention to that Soufriere Bird, we might have taken some precautions and not have been caught unawares.

I put this manicou's left middle toe in so you can have good luck and come back to us soon. The doc will write you as soon as he is able. The madam joins with me in best wishes.

Your old neighbor,

Willie Davis.

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" and utterly dazed Barbara went to her room where Frances tried to comfort her.

Harry had long since forgotten his bet and had become deeply interested in Barbara so that it was a joy to him to try to make her forget her trouble.

At last day graduation day came and the last exercise was at hand. The whole senior class was assembled around the flag pole with friends and relatives everywhere around. As soon as the sun was setting, Big Ben tolled while the flag was slowly lowered as the class sang its farewell to its loved Alma Mater. There was hardly a dry eye in the whole assemblage. Harry, standing beside Barbara in the mystical June twilight,

hardly knew what he was doing as he slipped his hand through her arm and gently clasped her hand.

Barbie looked up, rather startled, her soft, beautiful eyes glistening with tears, yet there was still a faraway expression there. Soon the exercises were over and Harry cautiously led Barbara to a sequested, moonlit pool. All his gentle arguments and persuasive reasonings seemed to no avail; finally he said in despair, "Why won't you marry me?"

"Harry, dear, we have always disagreed in our ideas of life. I feel that it is because you like the material things which you offer me that you prefer to stay here, and, as a civil engineer, do what thousands of others are doing just as well. While I—I, "she faltered looking at him with tears in her eyes and a scarcely perceptible caress on his arm, "cannot choose the easier task. I must go where I am needed most."

Harry wheeled her around so the moon shone full in her face and looked longingly into her eyes. "You do love me, don't you, Barbie?" he said in a husky voice.

Her answering look was clear and steady for one long minute; then with a sigh she said in a firm voice, "Take me back to the Hall." Not many days afterwards Barbara sailed for the Barbadoes.

It was June again. The sun as it rose from the deep blue ocean dispelled all darkness, and thrilled the hearts of Barbara and Harry as they stood hand-in-hand looking from the heights of Belair peak to the fleeing shadows in the valleys below.

## Jealousy

John H. Small, Jr.

When I think on that summer's night
Whose scenes are yet so clear despite
The intervening years, I pray
That destiny should ever pay
Its debts with like munificence.
Oh, Irony! With what diffidence
I sued and lost your fickle heart
And fiercely swore that life apart
From you were scarcely life at all.
Now, how fantastic to recall
The impassioned words, the plaintive sighs
That passed for love 'neath summer skies.

The intervening years: what change
Have they not wrought, what fancies strange
Do now invade the very mind
That once to every fault was blind.
You, who were once so lithe and free,
So blessed with nature's wealth—to see
The price you've paid each swift-spent year
And watch each talent disappear.
Pale locks of fragile moonbeams spun,
Now tangled seaweed; lips as none
But Venus gave, now hunger's path—
Oh, God, that I once shuned their wrath.

Though the matter that you call your mind Be now o'errun and stagnant with slime, As some decadent forest pool, Who, with such stoic cheerfulness, Has borne with you and your heaviness; Has watched your vegetating form Youth's every graceful line deform?

Oh, shrewish mate, do you not ponder His thoughts unspoken as you wonder Abroad among men, your man and you At his side, a lover's residue?

(After the thought of the poem by Rupert Brooke of the same name.)



## Rabbit-Ears and Darwinism

#### P. H. Edwards

Wake up, male members of the human race, to the question of the times. It is rumored that one of the most revolutionary changes in the human species is taking place at the present time. Darwin's evolution, not satisfied with man's present status, form, is undertaking to change him again, whether for bad or worse, it has not been decided; but the curious and most dangerous part of the change is that it is taking place first in woman. As a man, I say tha tmen are satisfied with the existing conditions of the race; but women glory in changes; they like to change anything, everything, clothes, complexion, shape, even from one man's arms to another's so fast that an adhesive plaster of ten horse power could not hold one still a tenth of a second. And woman's mania for change is welcoming and aiding Darwin's pet idea. If woman ever sets her flippant, airy dome on anything, that thing goes, and man goes with it; such has been history ever since Eve led Adam astray in the beginning of man's perfection: hence man's concern in the present evolutionary development of woman.

Rabbit-ears, socalled knots, bunches, or rolls of hair fastened over the auditory organs of woman, have been in vogue among women for over five years. Man first thought this custom among the more cunning sex was one of her numerous "fads" which she was "crazy" over this year and which she would scorn next, but not so. Has she not remained constant to that custom of shaping her silky tresses to resemble bundles of fodder and suspending those sometimes called "rats" as hat supporters? A man who can conjure up a picture of a woman's ear is extremely fortunate in having such a good memory and vivid imagination. No, men; there is some reason

for women wearing those rabbit-ears, and there must be a still more important reason why they wear them so constantly.

How long it has been since a man saw a woman's ear! I wonder how they used to look, for they do not "look" now; there are none to see. Instead there are always, always, always those hideous bunches of camouflage to be stared at, to avoid hitting when walking within a vard of a woman. wonder men want to stay out at night and all day from home; no wonder man becomes irritated and "cusses" occasionally; his domestic magnetic field remains constant; a rogue covered field, in whose center lies an active volcano in violent eruption at intermittent peridds, and the prominent poles of which are those eternally disgusting rabbit-ears. And it is expected that consumption will be increased among the male of the race because already in many instances it is only the very strong lunged who are able to produce vibrations capable of penetrating that impregnable defense guarding the ancient position of woman's ears.

Men have offered various theories for the existence of these "cootie garages." The most sensible view is that these rabbit-ears keep the ears warm but this reason is discarded when one reflects that women wear their hair in this position in cold and hot weather, indoors and outdoors, in amusement and work, throughout the entire day and, if the words of that unfortunate part of the male species, married men, are to be believed, throughout the whole night also, the only time when all makeups and fakes of feminine origin are supposed to rest, though the modern idea among women is to impress into service these faithful servants, these deceivers, these mummies intimidated into silence by repulsive views seen only behind the scenes and by a firsthand knowledge of the realities of feminine appearance and life.

It may be that some women have been misled into believing that these rabbit-ears make them more attractive, but this theory also is thrown aside because it is inconceivable that any woman could live a year in this same world with man without being told a tleast three times a day how beautiful her rabbit-ears are; man does pay a compliment with words; the only true feelings of man are unfolded to woman through the mediums of silence and actions, but women should not be told this secret.

One other theory of rabbit-eared-women is that woman wears these bundles of hair over her supposed ears in order that she will noth ave to wash her hearing organs. This theory received some support until recently. Perhaps women's ears were filling with dirt and dust;; at least the difficulty of making them hear supported this theory, but the latest rumored discovery has thrown all prevailing theories to the four winds;; and science is in danger of being revolutionized.

That latest discovery, it is rumored, was made by a young man, whose name is unavailable, on Sunday night, October 9, 1921. On a feminine exploring expedition the young man crossed the bar of sanctity and, once more, forced onward by an impelling desire to see a feminine ear dove headlong into a rabbit-ear. The rumor goes that the young man found no ear, but instead a gaping, yawning hole where one had been. It might be interesting to note that the young man is in a critical condition at a hospital owing to his observation.

This discovery has set all men thinking. Is the human race really changing? is Darwin's theory of evolution taking a step of which Darwin himself never dreamed? Did woman know that her ears were disappearing when she began wearing rabbit-ears years ago? And why does she wish to conceal the fact? Is she ashamed of it?

But all-important question to man is, will man's ears disappear as woman's have? The male species is considerably listurbed over it. There is one ray of hope; it may be that the rumor or discovery is not correct, for the first rumor has not been confirmed; but as yet no man has had the courage to investigate further to see if other women have lost their ears for fear that no ears will be found.

And here the question rests at present. Man's only comfort lies in the fact that he has probably solved the question of why women wear rabbit-ears; but that solution leaves man adamant concerning one fact; he is determined that, come what may, he at least will never wear those abominable "rabbit-ears"; no, no matter what evolutionary changes Darwin and women may formulate.



To-

#### By Henry Belk

With the soul-filled night of autumn, Or the whisper of the pines; With the swish of sad sea water, Or a mother's crooning rhymes; With the distant towering mountains, Or the plains horizoned view; With the feel of twilight gripping, When my dreams are born anew, With the peace of lonely stretches; Ever come the thoughts of you.

## **EDITORIALS**

#### STUDENT SELF GOVERNMENT

By

Dr. E. C. Brooks State Superintendent of Public Instruction

The editor of the Archive requested me sometime ago to write an article on Student Self Government for the Trinity students who are interested somewhat in this subject. This request was made of me, perhaps, because in my alumni address last June I had something to say in a general way on this subject. I shall, therefore, repeat some of the things I said in that address which bear directly on the question of good government.

The desire of students to participate in the government of themselves is natural and should be encouraged in every legitimate way. Colleges and Universities have in the past given too little attention to the subject of local self government which is the basis of all popular governments.

In the first place let me say this—students cannot be given self government. The most that can be given is an opportunity to learn how to govern, and students, as a rule, have not been given the opportunity to learn in a large way how to govern themselves justly in the group and how to govern the group wisely. But they should be given the fullest opportunity and should be provided with the wisest instructors. They should be led to study good county or city government. Why is it good or poor as the case may be? Is our State well governed? What are the marks of good government? Unless students can answer these questions; what assurance have we that they will know how to govern themselves?

Bu twhat is the basis of good government? In attempting to answer this question I shall ask another question—What

did the fathers of our country accept as the basis of good government? The answer stated briefly is found in the Preamble to the Federal Constitution. Here it is:

To form a more perfect union.

To establish justice.

To insure domestic tranquility.

To provide for the common defense.

To promote the general welfare.

To secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

I believe the basis of good local government should be the same and all students should become saturated with this idea. But we do always find these principles underlying the action of men in public office? Not always.

A common impulse of some, it seems, is to enact laws that compel somebody else to do something or to refrain from doing something that the law-makers themselves would not do or would not refrain from doing. This is of the essence of tryanny and is one point at which self government may fail.

Another common impulse is shown by those who, defeated in their attempts to pass a measure, revolt or strike or refuse to have anything to do with the government. This is also of the essence of tyranny and is another point at which self government may fail. Governments, generally speaking, are divided into three parts and the acts of one part, as a rule, may be reviewed by other parts. A student body, therefore, that pouts or refuses to participate in the government or threatens to leave the institution (the usual bluff of immature minds trying to force their still more immature precepts upon the community) because it may have been over-ruled at some point, is in the same category with the undeveloped people of Central and South America who spring a revolution every time they have a popular election. The people's representatives cannot govern wisely unless all are willing to abide the will of the majority and unless they are capable of accepting an adverse decision from the constituted authority that has the right to review their acts.

If these two danger points are avoided, it should be comparatively easy to develop a self governing body. I shall not undertake to discuss the form of student government but its purpose.

What is the purpose of students desiring to participate in the government of the college? It should be, I think, to form a more perfect union, establish justice, and promote the general welfare. Special or class legislation should be avoided always, since, as I said above, student government usually breaks down at this point. If the purpose meets the high test, as expressed above, success will probably come.

The next purpose to answer after the purpose is made clear is this—What part of college government are students competent to take over and administer justly? I make answer as follows:

- 1. Student activities in promoting literary societies, athletics, class meetings, and matters of general student welfare—student government usually begins with student activities. Here they learn how to conduct public assemblies according to the preliminary usages. Few people know how to preside gracefully over a public assembly. I have seen college graduates make painful failures trying to preside over public meetings. A good law making body must have good presiding officers, one who is fair and knows how to transact business.
- 2. Welfare of the students. How far may students be trusted to correct breaches of discipline or lawlessness? Stealing, cheating, hazing, undue rowdiness, destruction of college property, and other forms of lawlessness are common offenses against a college community. Do students seriously desire to put an end to such lawlessness? As a rule, they do. Therefore, they can become powerful factors in establishing justice and in promoting the general welfare. This, however, will require a good organization and one that merits the respect of the whole student body.

But government does not consist solely of putting an end to lawlessness. How can the welfare of the students be promoted in other ways? Students usually know what they want, but too often they have crude and primitive ways of approaching the subject.

3. The welfare of the college. Students should always be interested in what may affect the welfare of the college, and there are many things that may be done by them in an organized capacity: For example: a department of government might be established that would hasten the day when all students would be taught the principles of self government. They might secure the endowment of scholarships, fellowships, lecture courses, etc. Perhaps, students would attend public lectures more freely if they had a part in creating them.

These are some thoughts on student government that seem to me to be fundamental. I shall summarize briefly:

- 1. Students in entering this field of self-government should have the same general purpose that the fathers of our country had when they created the Federal Constitution.
- 2. Students should avoid the danger points against which organized government usually wrecks itself.
- 3. Students should keep clearly in mind the general welfare of students and college and avoid class legislation.

#### "WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?"

Have you read dispassionately, carefullly, and thoughtfully Dr. E. C. Brooks article, Student Self Government, on the preceding pages—you have not, you need not read this.

Trinity students started a campaign for student government last year which seemed to be getting along splendidly until suddenly, almost over night, it hit a rock and went to the bottom without making a sound or leaving a trace. Very few people on the campus are able to explain just what became of the plans last year. The report was that the question

of freshmen wearing some insignia of their class was responsible for the wreck; that is partly true, but politics played an ignoble part in defeating the movement: when a group of men get together to work on anything and are disgruntled with each other on account of jealousy, envy, conflicting personal ambitions, or selfishness, the movement is doomed. Do we want student government? The plans were wellnigh complete last year, and they can be carried through with a few alterations.

If we want student government, what form of government do we want? The term is capable of being intercepted as anything from a tyranical dictatorship by a few members of the upper classes acting as student council to a loose, ineffective, and unweighly organization of the student body with the power in itself. We want neither of these.

Let us refer to Dr. Brooks' article for guidance: "The most that can be given is the opportunity to learn how to govern." We must be educated up to governing ourselves; our action on Nov. 11, last, was ample proof that we are not yet ready to take the discipline of the college out of the hands of the faculty and Dean even if we were allowed to do so. That may come later when we have demonstrated our capability, but that is not and should not be the main purpose of student government. We want to learn to govern in college so that we can help to govern wisely and well later as citizens.

We must govern impartially. "Special or class legislation should be avoided always, since —student government usually breaks down at this point," cautions Dr. Brooks. Then we certainly should not attempt to put any restrictions on first-year men. We must learn to submit to authority: we must learn not to sulk, cut classes, walkout, or strike because we are not pleased with the rule.

"Student government usually begins with student activities." This will give us the desired training so that we can extend our field later when we have shown ourselves worthy of trust by managing the elections in an effective way, putting the publications on a sounder and more stable footing, and by building up a sentiment among the students against violating the rules of the college and of good sportmanship; not by not reporting the offender to be disciplined but by showing them unmistakably and authoritatively that Trinity men do not do certain things, do not approve of them, and will not stand for them.

Very satisfactory plans for organization were drawn up last year and with these as a beginning we might take over the student publications (I am sure that the seniors would be glad to surrender the Archive and the Chanticleer) and also perform the duties of the Athletic Council, the Public Lecture committee, and the Student Life Committee. The men who have already been elected to these committees could continue to serve as members of the student council, and more could be elected as called for. Let's do something.

#### SENIORS

We have a reputation of putting over whatever we get behind with a united front; so why not leave something behind us by which will be remembered in the days to come?

#### WHY NOT?

Why not a dramatic club at Trinity?

Are the activities at Trinity College so numerous, replete, and diversified that every student is always busy? The Archive fears not chiefly because there are some students who are doubtless little interested in present student endeavors but who may be intensely interested in activities not existing at Trinity. The organization and institution of each new activity means that one more group of students has become attracted by a voluntary student movement to put in-

dependent interest and work into one of those outside, subsidiary, and yet invaluable phases of college life.

The organization of a dramatic club at Trinity would be no weak rung in the ladder of progressive activities. The reasons for desiring the formation and existence of such a club are obvious. A dramatic club would make college life at Trinity one link longer; college life would mean more to the students; the already high standard of Trinity activities would be added to the present advantages.

Consider what a good advertisement a Dramatic Club would be. Probably the club would present plays at Trinity, and possibly it would make a tour of the state. Through the influence of such a tour Trinity would me raised a hundredfold in comparative estimation with other schools. The dramatic club might outshine the Glee Club. Trinity is capable of producing a successful Dramatic Club; failure to organize that club is cheating Trinity out of a certain amount of honor and prestige which is hers by right.

From a materialistic point of view a Dramatic Club is essential to afford a medium of expression to those possessing dramatic talent, to train interested students in the fine art of acting, and to discover those "dark-horse," "natural-born" inspired genii of the stage.

But no activity can exist and thirve without constant, loyal support from the student body. Much has been evidenced recently that a good number of students are interested in a Dramatic Club. Students have been particularly interested in the study of drama and its presentation. Numerous requests have been made for courses in drama; unavailable courses in playwriting are in demand; and the question, "Why does not Trinity present plays?" is heard constantly.

Is not the time ripe for action? Why wait? The Archive believes the entire student body at Trinity is passively interested in the presentation of dramatic productions and that the sentiment and interest of the students would constantly support a club organized for such a purpose; and it is fur-

ther believed that there are enough students actively interested in a Dramatic Club to insure sufficient material for a progressive organization.

All full-grown activities were born weaklings once and lived through infancy. Suggestion avails nothing if it is not followed by action. Why wait?

Why not a Dramatic Club at Trinity now?

-P. H. E.

#### "I BELIEVE I COULD BE AN ACTOR"

Do you? Most people do; and here is a chance to try your-self and see whether you can act or not. Or perhaps you feel that you can write a play; you will get your chance too. Trinity College needs and is going to have a Dramatic Club for men if you want it. The girls have one, and it is doing good work, but we men are conceited enough to believe that they could do better if they had some of us to act the men's parts, for, as a young lady told me the other day, "It takes a girl about four days of practice to learn to walk at all naturally in men's clothes and then she does not fool us; however, in spite of this handicap the girls have presented two very successful one-act plays in public and are planning to present more. We boys ought to get on the band wagon.

Trinity students have an unique opportunity to make a name for themselves and for the college in this field of work because we have a co-ordinate institution and will not have to learn to wear outlandish clothes when we give a play. The Carolina Playmaker's have been received with great acclaim throughout the state and justly so, but, if the Trinity students are willing to put some time into the work, we can make them look sick, thanks to the presence of the coeds here.

If you are interested, manifest your interest by helping the movement along all you can, and, if you are not interested, at least let us have your good will and support, for who knows how many stellar actors we have in our midst. Trinity is going to have a theatrical club before the end of the year or we are mistaken about the number of students on the park who have theatrical aspirations.



## WAYSIDE WARES

#### TO HELL AND BACK

R. E. Leach

So then this is Hell, the place about which we all thought we knew so much, and yet, after my sight-seeing trip this afternoon, I can describe Hell as being a place far different from the usual Christian conception of it. I would not be far wrong in saying that it is almost like unto the world itself. There were the theatres, the dance halls, the quiet, dark parks with shaded benches, the saloons, the automobiles, and the jails. Numerous little devils policed Pluto's realm, and from them I gained information which finally lead me to the royal palace where I was at once ushered into the court of His Highness, Satan.

Satan sat with his queen at the end of a long court, built of scarlet tiling. In the center of the court a fountain of liquid fire sprayed the air with a fiery mist. This was a peculiar fountain, octagon in shape, and on each point of its wall stood female devils with writhing snakes coiled around their slender forms. Swimming, squirming, screaming creatures of purgatory, most of whom I recognized by their scant costumes to be some of the bathing beauties who frequent our well-known resorts, were stewing and blistering and scorching in this pool of death. There were others in this pool: school teachers, ministers, beggars, aristocrats, and representatives from every walk of life. I learned that this was "The Pool of Everlasting Death," into which His Satanic Majesty threw those who aroused his wrath.

My guide, who had left me to make an appointment for me with the devil, finally returned to the gate of the court where I was waiting, and informed me that the Royal Court would

now give ear to the cause for my presence in this notorious realm. He also told me that Satan would supervise the examination of my passports and would hear personally anything that I might have to say. Following my guide I came before the throne of the ruler of this hellish kingdom.

"Young man, you are in hell because you poisoned your wife."

"Yes sir, Your Highness, I am here because I fed my wife a rat-biscuit," I replied.

"Why did you poison your wife?" asked the queen.

"Shut your mouth, you hag," interrupted Satan. "What business is this of yours? And what has he done that it should be told to you that you might gossip it among the women of Hell? You seem to forget that the whims and whines grate irritably upon the ears of honest men."

I was very much pleased not to be compelled to answer the Queen's question, for I would have hated to admit that I had poisoned my wife because we had quarrelled over the price of her new Easter clothes. It was all her fault. If she had stayed at home and attended to her loving husband instead of going to suffragists meetings, I would not have been spending all my money seeking the companionship of another woman and would have gladly bought her all the silks and satins that should be in any lady's wardrobe.

My thoughts were interrupted by my being addressed by His Highness in the following manner: "Your record is a fine example of the efficiency of my earthly devils. You have been taught to be so selfish that I am able to make of you a very valuable servant because I can entrust you with the care of Hell while I go on a short visit to the world to learn other forms of hellishness not now known to us here. You will assume your duties tonight at midnight, and, if you conduct Hell in the proper manner, you shall become heir apparent to my throne. A banquet will be spread for you tonight at my palace. I will give you your final instructions

during the ringing of Hell's Bells at midnight. Then I shall go on my trip. You may now inspect the palace, and the mayor of Hell will acquaint you with all the political machinery that you may be better able to conduct affairs during my absence."

After this course of personal instruction by Satan, I was allowed perfect freedom of Hell. By the help of my efficient guides I learned all, in the course of the day, that was necessary for me to know. I was to have a board of directors composed of my old Trinity College professors, who would be helpful in deciding the nature of torment necessary for the "tormentees." It seemed that I was going to be able to direct Satan's kingdom efficiently and well.

At the banquet at the palace that night I was, perhaps, an hour late of the appointed hour, as was usual for me on such occasions. I was, however, the first to get there, and the hostess seemed to be worried that I had been early, as she expressed it. It was no more than an hour late when the hall was filled with all kinds and descriptions of people belonging to Hell's "Four Hundred." The "woman-haters" of the world each had two or more "she-vamps" hanging to their arms ever and anon begging them to "toddle." Ex-preachers were being shimmied around the dance-floor clasped in the ungiving arms of female devils, and prohibitionists from the terrestial regions were having sparkling liquors poured down their long-parched throats. In this manner the banquet given in my honor went merrily on.

When the bells began to ring, Satan left with the final instructions to me to do nothing I had not done on earth, and to grant privileges or make presents to no one in his absence.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

I became infatuated with Mrs. Satan, who in her earthly life had been one of the sweetest creatures that ever beautifully filled a number thirty-six one-piece bathing suit. Satan had treated her very meanly indeed, and I was treating her

as a lover moved with the first fire of puppy love treats the object of his affections; so I began to win her affection.

After I had been in charge about a week, I was surprised one day to find my earthly wife waiting outside my private office. She complained of the ignorance of the male office force of heaven, and told me that she had been forced to give them a few lectures on the superiority of women as compared to men. This accounted for her delay in getting to Hell. Knowing full well that my wife would resent my attentions to Satan's wife, and that she would begin divorce proceedings in the courts of Hell, I decided to get her interested in something so that she would fail to notice my affaire de coeur with the Queen. I decided to have her make suffragist speeches before a jerring crowd of antisuffrage devils and to have her tormented by the ever-present array of costly gowns before her, but which she would never be allowed to have. Having dealt with my wife in a fashion appropriate to a suffragist on her part, and in a manner becoming an Assistant-Satan on my part, I now resumed my attentions to the Queen of Hell.

The Queen was to me what no other woman had ever been. She was my soul; I loved her as I never thought I could love before, but she teased me, evaded me, and promised her love to me only on the condition that I purchase her an automobile. The car she desired was the most costly limousine in Hell. I refused at first because I knew that my salary as Assistant-Satan was hardly sufficient to justify me purchasing a Ford, much less so expensive a machine, but knowing that I was losing that which my soul alone craved, I promised her the cer.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

I had no sooner given Mrs. Satan the automobile than Satan himself appeared. His hardened face was ghastly frowned, and the rage and hatred in his stone heart shook his massive frame. In a harsh, cruel voice he told me, "For this shall you die in The Pool of Everlasting Death." You have be-

trayed me; I despise you, I will spit fire into your face. Fire into your face. Fire into your face."

"Get up, get up, you're on fire! Get up, get up! I told you not to go to sleep while you were smoking a cigar. You have burned yourself. Now get up," scolded my wife, as she fought the flames of the burning newspaper.

In this manner I awoke from a troubled dream to find my excited wife standing over me, and the ashes of my eigar and the evening paper lay smouldering on the couch beside me.

After dressing my burns, my wife sat on the couch beside me, lamenting my inability to take care of myself, and promising never to leave me again, not even for the sake of women's rights, for fear that some serious harm might befall me.

I did not tell her of my dream, but the next morning I cancelled my order for a new car for my mistress of shady repute, and my wife had new clothes for Easter.

#### GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST

#### Em Are See

Brave men, of every age and every clime,
Have left themselves by creed and custom bound
To fixed and time-worn duties, while within
Their inmost souls has burned a flaming zeal
For love, adventure, action, daring, power.
And they, to satisfy their yearning hearts,
And for their passions find a worthy vent,
Would turn their wanderings westward. In the land
Of sunset's ruddy glow appears a hand
That seems to beckon, as it did of old,
To men with brawn, and will, and nerves of iron.
When Hercules the golden apples sought
'Twas in the Garden of Hesperides
He found his heart's desire. The Golden Fleece

Was reached by Jason when he turned his prow Into the mystic waters of the West. So Casar, Hannibal, the Norman Kings, Columbus, Cabot,—all have heard the call, And satisfied the longing of their hearts By turning westward.

When your soul is thrilled
With Gypsy fires that beckon on and on;
When for the dull routine of daily grind
You have a keen contempt; when wanderlust
Within your heart your mind cannot explain
And the wild winds call, go west, young man, go west.

Out there beneath the infinite expanse Of heaven, or upon the burning sands, Or in unmeasured forests, or the rough Wild Rockies you will find your rainbow's end. Our eastern ways are by convention bound To fad and fashion, frills and etiquette, Until our lives seem run on schedule time. But in the golden West you shall be free To breathe the summer air the whole year through, Pluck California peaches from the tree. And drink Wyoming wine in old Cheyenne. Advancing onward to the western shore, You find yourself o'er-awed with wonderment As at the eventide you look away Into the infinite West, and there behold, In all his fiery splendor, with a path Of flaming glory leading to your feet, The blood-red sun, setting amid the waves. Is this your dream? Go west, young man, go west.

Are you so bound by ties of blood or purse That you are loath to east your lot so far From home? Then in the State of Arkansas You'll find enough excitement in one month To last a life-time. There the Ozark Range Of mountains holds a charm and beauty all
Its own. The rivulets go bubbling down
Steep courses of white sand and granite rock.
Mesquite and post-oak trees on every hand
Give all a clear distinction. What, perchance,
Though you should meet with wolves or panthers bold
And be the worse for wear? The inquest held
Above your scattered bones would be by birds
Of prey, coyotes, and bobcats. In that one
Experience of but a single day
You find more real excitement than in years
Of shielded life. Go west, young man, go west.

Or farther southward would you turn your course? Then in the Lone Star state you find yourself Among tarentulas, and fleas, and sand— A pint of sand for every quart of fleas,— Long-horns, horned toads, and cow-boys a la Hart. The most superlative of all the states Is Texas: size, and strength (ambiguous term), In temperament, in temperature, they say 'Tis God's own country. For in six short days He made the stars, and sky, and earth, and sea; But vet it took him near a million years To find for each a tenant. To the gods Of Greece He gave a planet each to tend, As Venus, Saturn, Mercury, and Mars. And then the races of mankind had grown 'Til each one claimed a foothold in the sun, And He gave each a choice of all the land Unclaimed on earth. When thus the ground had been Distributed (tradition has it thus) There came as visitors to heaven's gate Proud Lucifer, the monarch of the damned. For news had reached his kingdom, as he sat Behind asbestos walls and radium gates, How God has been allotting without stint

The real estate of earth and all the stars. So upward to the throne itself he flew
To learn if he, too, might not have a choice
To seek a new location, and to take
An option on the coal-mines, or to find
A slightly cooler place, where he might rest
A few brief centuries. To the noble heart
Of the Creator Satan's plan seemed fair,
So he made answer, "Traitor bold! to come
And ask a boon of Him you once engaged
In conflict!
Yet there is but one place left
Unclaimed in all creation. Thither we
Will fly at once, and you may choose between
Your present state and this."

No need to tell more than: That place was Texas. Lucifer took one long gaze and, gasping for breath, Leaped off the earth, recrossed the Stygian creek, And for the first time in nine thousand years Sang "Home, Sweet Home." Thus God kept Texas for Himself or rent. Go west, young man, go west. Then nearer by, the State of Tennessee, Your overgrown but younger sister state, Affords the best of all heart could desire. The essence of the milk o' human-kindness, True southern hospitality is found: And in that part of Tennessee that lies The nearest North Carolina you may find Another essence now marked "contrabrand." Or why not in your own fair commonwealth Go westward? North Carolina's "Land of Sky" Is famed from coast to coast for lovely lakes, Inviting mountains, rocks, and grand resorts. And yet another place would I suggest

Where you might find the land o' Heart's Desire. And this, to start aright, was set apart
With invocation that it might be held
Forever as a concourse of good men.
If, in your self-esteem, you qualify
In this requirement, I shall tell you more:
Your head must be kept cool and your feet warm,
For on such fields as this are fought the fights
That try men's souls, and prove their actual worth.
The place? I'll whisper in your ear: Southgate
Memorial Hall. Go west, young man, go west.

Trinity College, Durham, N. C. October 22, 1921

#### Dear Folkes:

I got your letter a few days ago and I sure was glad to hear from you and to learn that you are all well and fine and getting on all right and that everything is running smooth. As I take my pen in hand I am feeling as well as ordinary and hope, you are all the same. I got the cake that you sent me, but I didn't get much of it for every time someone would come in my room they would go right on and take some of it whether I asked them or not. Of course I couldn't ask them not to. They would have paddled me, most perhaps.

I joined the Hesperian Literary Society last Saturday night. I was aiming to join the Columbian, but two of them, Wear and Jurdin, talked to me so much about it that I decided I had heard them talk enough, and that now I would join Hespeira and listen to some of them talk some. When I showed some of them my debating and my declaiming medals they were all after me. The first night, I delivered my piece on Woodrow Wilson, and the boys clapped and hollered and laughed I don't know how much. I didn't think it was so

mighty good, but they said it was "the stuff" whatever that means, I don't. Afterwards one of the seniors told me that it was too much like a Fourth of July oration.

I have been seeing some football here. I never saw any before I came here. I declare it is a sure rough game. I would not like to play it a bit, I'd be afraid I'd get hurt too bad. They run in to each and the other like cows and calfs. I have been taking exercise lately. We have too take three hours a week of it. We just chunk up our arms a few times and then play a little ball of some kind for a little while. All of we Freshmen have to do a snake dance at every football game when the game is half over.

They had a Y. M. C. A. reception here not long ago and I went. Every boy had to take a girl and I took one. Her name was and is Lucy Batts. She is a Freshwoman but she don't act like one. You would think she was a senior, for she was the talkingest girl I ever did see. She didn't give me a chance to say anything much, and she kept talking. I declare she was too plain-spoken. She told me I was good looking and cute and sweet and the stuff and everything else. Wonder if she meant it? If she did she must be crazy about me sure enough. If she didn't she ought not to tell stories like that. All the girls at the reception had on evening dresses, I believe they call them. They were not much dresses at all for there weren't much of them. Some of them didn't have a thing on their arms. When Lucy took off her cloak I liked to fell down. She patted her bare shoulder and whispered to me, "the skin you love to touch!" She made me blush so much I was almost glad when the thing was over.

There are several brotherhoods or unions or something here on the campus that they call Greek Letter Fraternities. I don't understand them; I think they have a lot of secrets. I know some of the fellows when I see them who belong to some of them and they look like Americans to me. They don't look like Greeks, or like there is anything Greek about them. They look like the rest of the boys do. I thought I might join one

of them and I asked one of the members of one about joining his, but he said they had enough. He also said it would cost a lot of money to get in. If it cost over five dollars I don't think I'll join any of them, would you? I understand they don't have any insurance like the Woodman or the Red Men. There must not be much to them then.

There is a vaudeville show here called the "Orpheum". I went to it the other day. Some one had told me that I ought not to go there, but I was passing by there and I saw the President of The Great Trinity Club go in, so I thought it would be all right for me to go in too, so I did. It was a good show too. I believe it was better than the William Todd tent show which showed at home last summer.

Write an dtell me all the news that is going on. I'll be writing again soon.

As ever,

Josh.





#### THE STAFF

Oh, a wonderful bird is the pelican;; His beak will hold more than his belican: He can hold in his beak Enough for a week; I don't see how'n the hellican.

-Selected.

The man of the hour is one whose wife told him to wait a minute.

Happy co-ed: "And dad, I weigh 130 pounds stripped for gym.

Dad: Who'n der thunder's Jim.

#### WHAT THEY LEARN ON PHYSICS

3uestion: What are fundamental units?

Answer: Time, mass and length.

3. What is density?

A. Density is something thickened. Density has more pressure than something that is not dense.

Q. What is specific gravity?

A. Specific gravity is the attraction one object or thing has for another.

3. What are Newton's three laws of motion?

A. All objects at rest remain at rest; all objects set in motion will keep moving, and there are two ends to all things.

—Freshman's quiz paper.

Wiseacres say that college life, and what it means can be understood only by one who has experienced it; we submit the following quotations from Shakespeare believing that they fully and amply describe college life:

Freshman year: "Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore year: "Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior Year: "As You Like It."

Senior Year: "All's Well That Ends Well.

-Archive, 1892.

At first thy prudish heart would not Let thee get close to me Until I held thee close, God wot, And I forced a kiss on thee; And now thy foolish heart cannot Get close enough to me.

-Archive 1908.

Dr. Cunningham: "Where did you gest that cat?

Biology 4 Student: "Found him in East Durham; named him Hardware."

Dr. C.: "That's a queer name!

Student: "Well, every time you even look at him he makes a bolt for the door."

A man

Smokes for comfort;

A woman

Takes off her shoes.

No matter how healthy a bow-legged boy may appear he is always in bad shape.

Professor H.: What is the relation of the British Ministry to the British Cabinet?

Sweet Thing: The ministry preaches the word of God to the Cabinet.

They say that George Washington was an honest man; so why do they close the banks on his birthday?

Twenty-two: Oh, how tempus do fugit.

P. B. K.: What does that mean? I know less French than anybody to have gotten 93 on the course.—L. L. D.

Co.: Twice I told you not to kiss me.

Ed.: But doesn't Wooley say that two negatives make an affirmative? (Curtain)—H. B.

Fresh: One student wants to bring cows to college and graze them on the campus.

Soph.: (Looking westward) Judging from appearances about sixty students brought calves with them.

Fresh.: Sure. And some of them need grazing badly, too.

Soph.: What science are you taking?

Fresh.: Science? I ain't taking none yet.

Soph.: What are you going to take?

Fresh.: Well, I reckon I'll take a course in Economics.

#### DID HE DRINK IT?

From a Hist, 9 notebook: Balboa destroyed the Pacific Ocean.

James: You're the breath of my life.

Sarah: Hold your breath a minute. —The Acorn.

## **EXCHANGES**

#### Elizabeth W. Walker

The Acorn from Meredith has its space well divided between verse, stories, essays, and jokes. The missing features is college activities; editorials on subjects might have filled that need and at the same time supplied the editorial department, which is rather deficient. It is commendable that the contributions seem to be representative of all four college classes.

Though the verse is not unusual, it adds to the magazine; To Alethia is probably the best of the three poems.

The first story of the magazine is a Question of Hair in which the inevitable, red-headed boy wins the girl. The Frenzied Four presents a lively picture of school-girl adventure; contrary to its type, the hero turns out to be not a hero at all, but a girl who would have added more to the story if we had known a little more about her. The last and shortest of the stories, A Too-Hasty Conclusion, gives us another example of O'Henry ending.

Two of the three essays lend a serious touch to the publication. Of these Why Is Falstaff the Greatest Humorist in All Shakespeare? is the most interesting. We consider it a good presentation of the "myriad minded Falstaff, who can pinspin out enough fun from his matchless brain to make the whole world laugh. "The third essay, On Window Shopping, handles a lighter subject but is noteworthy for its originality an dits appeal to the feminine heart.

On the whole the Wake Forest Student is a well balanced magazine; the chief lack of the October issue is short stories. There are two stories of which Plain Jiggs is the better; the foster father, the narrator of the story, is the best character.

A knowledge of his character is gained, not from what the author says of him, but from what the reader finds in his conversation. Dame Fate Guides has a more or less conventional plot, and the story moves so rapidly that the plot is almost left bare. The Bandit and the Priest is no more than it claims to be, a sketch with a lesson.

The Student makes up for its lack of short stories with a number of good essays. That The Nemises of History was the winning oration in the North Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest is enough commendation for it Delusions of Human Superstition is an interesting paper on witchcraft. Christian Statesmanship and the Challenge of the Impossible are appeals for good men in politics and for ambition to accomplish different tasks, respectively; both are attractive for the spirited style of the writers.

The "Departments" round out the magazine with news items, book reviews, and editorials which call for every student to fall in line and find his place in each phase of college activity.

The verse contained in the magazine is of good quality and quantity; the number of poems is unusual since most college publications find verse difficult to obtain. If the writer of the Creed lives up to his standard, we should say that he is worthy of Kipling's compliment: "An' what is more you'll be a man my son;" at any rate he deserves credit for having set a high standard. The atmosphere created in Vanished Days is the making of the poem; one can fit his own dreams into this atmosphere. Lingering Fragrance is a pretty tribute to mother which is not to be overlooked. Her Beautiful Smile reminds one of the poetry of the Old South. There is another poem, one of the best in sentiment and well as in technique, tucked away at the end of the book under Notes and Clippings which deserves more prominence; therefore we take the liberty of quoting it here:

#### A PROTEST

"161" in the Wake Forest Student

For I'm not a king with the ladies, For taking 'em all along You never can tell till you've tried them And then you're like to be wrong.

-Kipling.

"You never can tell till you've tried 'em."
So says the poet so bold.
I think his logic defective;
I think his heart had grown cold.

Did he think, you suppose, of the women Who are pure and noble of soul? Did he think of the mother who bore him; To whom all his sorrows were told?

That gold-hearted mother who fondle Her boy, the babe, at her breast— Could you never tell till you tried her? Would you have put her to the test.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

#### K. L. Elmore

#### GOD'S MOUNTAINS

Made in Thine own great matchless way Thy pond'rous thoughts of yesterday, Thy vulcan hand did pile them high Until they whispered to the sky. Fearless and bold they lift their head, Calm, unafraid of lightning's dread, Peak list'ning to peak in peace sublime, Forgetful of distance and heedless of time, Slow, desert-like caravan in far-away haze Trailing a pathway so ancient of days, Rising and bending in unending tramp, Lifting the stars for their twilight lamp; Mute monsters from ages primeval, and proud That they bulwark the sea and cradle the cloud: Immovable sentinels guarding the earth And dreaming of ages that brought them to birth; Communing with heaven yet one with the sod, Akin to the earth and yet living with God.

-Dallas Walton Newsom.

# HELL AND MARIA OR "GET STUNG FIRST SO YOU CAN LAUGH AT THE REST"

S. M. Holton, '21

"You tell'em convict; you've been tried."

From Pork on Torts: Vol. I, pps. 503-604

"No one knows what he can do without till he tries" is a motto long ago thrown upon the junk-heap of criminal luxur-

ies; for what is the use of doing without? As a result, life has turned into an endless bargain-hunt into which big and little, rich and poor, white and black throw themselves with a fervor equal even to that of the hell-fire and the devil-takethe-hindmost evangelist. People get to take all they can; measles, whooping-cough, influenza-both Spanish and imaginary-and they do not even stop here, for appendicitis, bronchitis, tonsilitis are still with us, not to mention varied "itisis" and the like people claim to have, without number as much as without name. Nor do we stop at these; for these are now necessities which even the common people afford. As a result we must find new worlds to conquer; we must "search the Scriptures" and approach and overcome the Altar of Vain Attempt Unknown. Onward presses the struggle; "Say not the struggle naught availeth", for gradually and rapidly, slowly and lightninglike, the goal is being approached—and passed. "Your blood needs iron" has been screamed to the frightened populace from billboards, carboards, and tableboards. "Don't take your iron raw; cook it" might be the symposium of yet further ads of iron (but not of steel). But don't scramble so; this is nothing new. Don't believe all you see; we do not mean for you to steal the family hammer, axe, or saw and put them in the kitchen kettle. Get your iron elsewhere; let the "only best drug store in town" furnish you with Dr. Ironized D. String's only patented flat iron; not, however, with the laundry variety.

But whoa! while yet the ink is wet on the paper, the herd has caught up with the advance guard, and, alas, new worlds must be sought; new necessities must be found. Why does the herd follow hard on the footsteps of the advanced guard of quackery? Is there nothing that can be set aside for the Four Hundred?

A brilliant idea is evolved from the necessity-mad brainfever of the searchers; find something with an unknown name; name an article something that won't be taken because people won't recognize the name. Iron won't do; Eureka! Vitam-

ines! Found in Yeast! That's the thing. The common rabble will not now touch yeast, for it contains vitamines.

But all of a sudden everybody is taking yeast, raw yeast, for the vitamines it contains. The wise confer, and the result of their conference reveals the horrid fact that, traitors to the cause, mere get-rich-quick artists are advertising vitamines. "Vitamines? What are they? Small energy-giving substances necessary to life and found in none of our food. What is the solution? Take Fishman's Yeast containing 2, 300,000 living vitamines to the cubic centimetre." And again, "Vitamines? What does it mean? From the Latin 'Vita' meaning 'life' and 'mine' meaning 'me' or 'my', therefore "My Life" verily yours and my life, everybody's life. Give us vitamines or we perish."

So the campaign continues. Everybody is taking yeast in order to get life-sustaining vitamines without which man cannot live. But the fact is autstanding and still stands clearly forth: How did man live before he discovered Vitamines? If he for many ages has refrained from taking yeast which contains the necessary vitamines, is it not easy to prove that there is no reality? None of us is living, for we died centuries ago for the lack of the necessary vitamines.

Nor yet is the race finished. There now appear indications on the eastern horizon that we must not only take our daily iron, must not only take our necessary quota of vitamines, but we must also take two together; we must take "Vitalized Iron" or suffer the fate of our fathers and return to "the vile dust from which we sprang, unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

And still the Four Hundred press forward to the fray, sending, reaching, searching; their footsteps hounded by the train of advertisers and—what will be the outcome? The only answer is to pass the buck as did the automobile to the fence-rail when it said, "You tell'em, fance rail, you're not tired."

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# THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXIV

December, 1921

No. 3

#### MANAGER'S NOTICE

The **Tinity Archive** is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit and encourage literary endeavor among the students of the College.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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# The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., December, 1921

## Music

I hope when all our songs are ended here
And silent stands the halls and templed choirs;
When trembling dies the breath of earthly lyres
That often brought the full, unbidden tear;
When all the tongues that kept the old earth glad
And kept her pathway carefree and so bright
Through toilsome days and through the darksome night,
And brought sweet solace where the heart was sad;
I hope when music shall have quit the earth,
Her last sweet dying notes by angels borne
Shall echo back to that glad primal morn.
Where music amid the angels had her birth.

Dallas Walton Newsom.

## Driftwood

#### S. S. Farabow

"There is no such thing as happiness," the well-tailored young man remarked to his companion in the station which was packed with the usual holiday crowd, for it was Christmas Eve; and, although many heard his words, no one ventured to contradict his assertion. The newly-wedded, country couple seated in the corner directly behind him with gay Christmas bundles wellnigh smothering them; the bright-faced girl in the shabby coat suit and home-made hat and the clear-eyed young man in the cheap, mail-order clothes with the baggy trousers heard his words and silently pressed each other's hands as they shyly looked into each other's eyes. By their action they seemed to doubt the speaker's words, but neither of them had the effrontry to argue the point with him.

The brief, glorious honey-moon and Christmas vacation over, the country couple returned to the little, rented farm to begin their life together with the blind, arrogant confidence of youth. Things did not go well from the beginning. Both of them were hard workers, and neither of them was extravagant, somehow it seemed that luck was against them. The very first year there came a fire which took the barn with all the crop in it and all the stock as well. The neighbors took up a collection and bought them another horse, and the two started out anew. For a while things went better. They were gloriously happy in the little, rented house far out in the country, even though the roof did leak a little when it rained, and the hours of work were long.

Years passed. The clear, blue eyes of the girl were faded now; the man's shoulders were drooped forward and he shuffled along with a weary limp. Hard work had taken its toll from both of them, but still the woman sang at her daily tasks, and the man whistled as he came in from the fields at night when he was not too tired. Another lapse of years found them on the train; again it was Christmas Eve. Things just would not turn out right. People shook their heads sorrowfully and said that John was a fine, hard-working fellow when he was a young man, but he seemed not to be able to make enough money to lay any aside for himself and his wife in their old age, when they became too old to work. "Soft" they called him because he would always let a friend, or anyone in need, have the last cent he had in the world and would never press a neighbor for a debt; so he and his wife were on their way to the county home.

Things certainly had not turned out well. The old couple was penniless; they were alone in the world. There had been two children years ago, but both of them lay in the little cemetery behind the church. The old man was no longer able to do any work, and his wife was too feeble to do more than the lightest of tasks. There had not been money enough to pay their way to the county home, but a kind neighbor had brought them to the station in his car and had paid for their tickets.

On the seat in front of them sat two well-dressed young men, evidently going home on a visit for the holidays. The one in the checkered suit was talking to his companion, but his words could easily be heard by the aged couple on the seat behind him.

"There is no such thing as happiness," he remarked to his companion, and, although many heard his words, no one ventured to contradict his assertion. The shabby, old couple, a worn, old lady with a faded brown bonnet pulled down over her thin face and the feeble old man in the rusty, blue coat and the patched pants heard his words and softly pressed each other's hands as they looked silently into each other's eyes with the love light shining there as it had been shining since many years before when they first heard the remark and as it would shine until death came. By their action they seemed to doubt the speaker's words, but neither of them had the effrontry to argue the point with him.

# The Artistic Wasting of Time

#### Flora Meredith

To the child, time is a miracle; to the college student, time is a vague subject like the fourth dimension, the use and abuse of which is the topic of many of the Dean's lectures; to the lover, time is an infinity; to the married, time is a bore; to the aged, time is a whirl; thus we realize that time is precious. The wasting of it, generally speaking, is prohibitive, but an artistic wasting of it is easily countenanced.

Probably the greatest waste of a girl's time is in a course in Physics. What does it profit a girl to learn what the center of gravity is, when all she wants to know is how to be the center of attraction? Why should she learn about the whole molecule family when it is sufficient that she know but one member of the family—the powder molecule and the attraction between that particular molecule and her nose? Clearly, this is a waste, and yet it is an artistic waste. As a result, many girls are annually sacrificed to a course in Physics. At the end of the year they say:

"The road to fame is like the way to Heaven— Through much tribulation."

Notice the youth who is exposed to Latin. He does not like it; he cannot learn it; and yet he cannot get a diploma without it. He will open his book and stare fixedly at it for a time; then he will turn a page; sometime later he will turn another. His roommate remarks, "Tom must expect to pass out soon; he is getting so good." Tom heaves a great sigh and closes his book to all appearances reluctantly. He has duped his chum, but, when the professor asks in the morning, "Have you been over your lesson?" it would not be wise for

him to say that his book was open but that he was dreaming of the last football game; so, in order to avoid unnecessary embarrassment, he deliberately sits on his book; then he may truthfully say he has been over his lesson. Is he not an artist in his line? At the end of the year he thinks he is a martyr to the cause—one of those, you know, who is "Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Nine-tenths of the remainder of the Christian people in the world waste time by going to church. That is always artistically done. One Sunday not an eternity past, a boy was noticed in a certain church, which in itself is remarkable. wore that look of "do not talk to me I must listen" which is more remarkable. His conduct was faultless; he sang when others did; he had every appearance of being devoutly prayerful; he wore a meditative air when the choir sang; in short he seemed to be one of the very rare species, an interested and attentive church member. After the service one of us, who was apparently less attentive then he, asked him the text. With a barely perceptible start he answered, "I'm sorry, but I-I did not hear a word of that service; I was figuring out our chances of winning the football game next Saturday." It was an artistic waste of time for him to go to church when he could have gone to the gridiron and planned the game more accurately there.

# "Come, Fill The Cup"

S. M. Holton, '21

"Come, fill the cup in the fire of Spring Your winter garments of repentance fling: The bird of time has but a little way To flutter, and the bird is on the wing."

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam VII.

The past may bury its myriad dead In grave grown green by passing years! Tomorrow from the past is formed and wed To Past and Present with our tell-tale tears.

The Past is ne'er forgotten though we claim
To think today is all that's tho't and known;
While Tomorrow is with now the same
Yet with the crowning years much brighter grown.

Yet who would spend Tomorrow with Today?
Who's senseless wish that each succeeding day
Would bear resemblance to the vaguest Yesterday?
The hope of man the wish of joy sublime
Comes not with repetition vain of past and present time,
Comes with the thunder without sense of rime.

# John Talbot's Christmas Present

#### K. L. Elmore

It was Christmas Eve. Darkness had long since enfolded the silent earth, and small patches of snow lingered here and there, for the warm rays of the sun during the day had melted the snow that covered the earth the preceding night. The thickness of the gathered fog began glistening in rays of the starlit heavens, like clouds of smoke to greet the approaching holiday. Up and down the road could be seen a tall, slender figure walking leisurely carrying a gun with the bayonet attached, and occasionally stopping to change his burden from one shoulder to the other. He would walk several paces up the road, quickly make an about face, and in a carefree manner, turn his head at the faintest sound that reached his ears.

All was still. In the cool night breeze the great cantonment, stood silent to hear the sounding of taps from the tower near the headquarters division, and over the fields hovered the spirit of Christmas. A passer-by would seemingly think that all of the soldiers had been taken to France, while the camp awaited to be filled with untrained men. Truly, many of the newly built barracks were quiet, for the out-going trains during the day had been over-crowded with soldiers and workmen who were returning home to spend their Christmas vacation.

But the camp was not sleeping; a spirit of expectancy brooded beneath the veil of darkness that breathed through the shadows of the silent and idle streets. Now and then a belated soldier who had just arrived from the near-by city, Petersburg, passed, hurrying on his way. Once in a while a chugging Ford, loaded with passengers, rattled by, leaving silence behind it. Life had recently fled indoors of a neatly-built barrack from whose windows brilliant electric lights flooded their rays upon the streets; for inside a band of jolly

boys were laughing uproarously at some trifling little present. John Talbot, in his walking the post tonight, would advance to look eagerly at the soldiers opening their Christmas packages, and eating their fruits, cakes, and candies which had been sent them from home.

The sight of these dainties drove John into a deep thought. As he walked back and forth from one end of his post to the other, he began to question and to think of some of the happenings that had occurred since his arrival at camp. In the middle of his thinking he scarcely heard the bugle sound taps, and hardly became conscious of the boys having long retired until sometime after midnight. He sat down on a piece of timber, and buried his head in his hands. He thought of his unpatriotic feeling towards his country, of his recent drafting into the great army, and of his misunderstanding with his captain two days before that night. He fell into a deep reverie while a bleak figure moved stealthily over the slushy soil a few feet in front of him.

The moon had rose high above the horizon, and John still rested in the deep broad shadow of the huge water tank. It was now past two o'clock, and the thick fog began breaking while the sombre, steel post were clearly distinguished amid the deeply shadowed walls of the tank which stood out boldly against the azure sky, and gradually all over it the moon poured its flood of liquid gold.

The black figure began climbing the ladder which soon led him to the top of the gloomy looking structure. After reaching the top he stopped to catch his breath and look about Camp Lee. He drew from his pocket a large tin can, and dropping on his knees he opened the shutter on the roof to empty the contents of the can into the water.

The camp was almost completed. For two months the workmen had been working night and day. The giant electric hammer had been clattering incessantly riveting together the great steel sides. But tonight the hammer was silent; and owing to the crowding of soldiers into the camp the govern-

ment had been compelled to fill the tank with water before it was finished. The hammer was fastened to the roof with a rope which swung loosely to the ground between several non-insulated electric wires. The rivet man, today, left the tank hurriedly, forgetting to fasten the switch which withheld the electric current from the hammer. The lever rested in such a position that the slightest contact of the wires would send eleven-hundred volts through the circuit.

The occupant on the roof was bending in the act of pouring the contents of the can into the water when suddenly he lost balance and began sliding down the roof. Seeing the rope he quickly grasped it and starting struggling to save his life. But the roof was too slippery; soon the uppermost part of the tank was above him; while, with a death-like grip, he managed to swing to a scaffold built by the workmen. Realizing his dangerous position, he decided to use the rope as a means to get hold the ladder which would enable him to decend and make a quick retreat. Resolutely he swung from the scaffold toward the ladder bringing the wires in contact.

Suddenly on the cool, night breeze came the first stroke of the clattering electric hammer; then another, and still another. A moment later the whole air throbbed and swelled as the countless clangs rang out, untiring in one discordant peal.

The clanging; the sounds dissolve on the air; and the silence of the night gradually resumes its sway. A faint echo seemed to hover for a while, like the vibration of an invisible harp-string.

The lights again gleam brightly through the barracks windows; and the earth once more seemed to proclaim the old tidings: "Peace on earth; good will towards men".

The clattering of the hammer was again set in motion, and amid the echoing of the clangs rang the sound of arms and the clanking of bayonets of a band of soldiers who sallied forth to relieve the rope of its strange burden. As they reached the western side where the moon shone brightly, besides the khaki clad captain stood the fugitive with his torn clothes which were stained with spots of blood from his bleeding hands. His face betrayed the knowledge that he had occupied a very dangerous position. His eyes were wide open, watching suspiciously the movements of the soldiers who were waiting for the captain to speak.

"Private Talbot, how do you account for this man getting past your post without being halted?" The captain looked worried as the words fell from his lips, for he knew of John's carelessness about his military duties.

John lowered his head, looked wistfully around at his companions, and at length began to speak. "Sir, he must have entered the camp from the west, while I was at the other end of my post—I certainly did not see him."

"Very well," roared the captain, "you two shall have the privilege of spending the night together". "Corporal Terry, take the prisoners to the guard house at the 317, barracks, and report to me in the morning at headquarters."

The corporal made two steps forward, saluted, and turning to the soldiers, gave the command: "Right, Shoulder Arms." After stationing the two prisoners in front of the squad he again commanded: "Forward, March."

Eight men stepped off together, and with measured tread, disappeared around the corner of the nearby barrack while the silence of their footsteps was soon lost in the distance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Inside of the guardhouse were a table, a few chairs, and several Christmas packages. The corporal entered along with his two prisoners, and began to prepare a place for the prisoners to sleep. After dismissing the squad, he bade the fugitive and John occupy the adjoining room where they were peacefully to pass the night until morning.

John led the way, and immediately began to undress; while the fugitive sat on his bunk resting his elbows on his

knees. Presently the corporal appeared at the door and beckoned John to come into his room. John hastily began to dress again while he questioned in his mind what could be the corporal's intention. But he obeyed the beckon.

"John, old boy, this is serious plight you have got yourself in," said the corporal sympathetically. "Come now, tell me actual facts about this matter."

John hesitated for a moment; but as he thought, he decided to make true confession.

"Terry, I was sitting on a piece of timber near the tank when suddenly a large tin can fell on the ground not far in front of me. I was about half asleep, so the noise of the can aroused me, and I ran to pick it up when the hammer began clattering."

- "Was there anything in the can?"
- "Yes, a little bit of white powder."
- "Do you know what it was?"
- "I think it was arsenic."

"Great guns! Boy! Did you know that this villain has poisoned us? Why didn't you tell this to the captain? Why have you kept this to yourself this long?"

"I would have told the captain, but I was afraid that he would find out that I had been asleep."

"Then you will let us be poisoned? Think! Boy! Think! You are letting thirty thousand men be poisoned. What a fool you are!"

"Look here, Terry," said John, "you know I had nothing to do with that devil putting the stuff in the water. And besides it is all tomfoolishness in balling me out now. I think the best thing to do is for some one to go and cut the water off."

"That we must do. But who will do it? The captain has gone back to headquarters; the guards can't leave their post; and more than that you don't want anyone to know that you were asleep. What shall we do?"

"Well," queered John at last, "if you will go and cut the water off I'll promise you, on my honor, that I'll keep a close watch on the prisoner."

"Boy! I am almost arfaid to trust you, but to save your life, I'll go and do what I can."

"And you will not tell anyone that I was asleep if you succeed."

"No, but how are we to tell the captain about the arsenic, and let him know that the water has been cut off. He will suspect something."

"You will not have to tell him until morning. Then you can tell him that while you were out inspecting the guard early in the morning you found the can, and then tell him you cut off the water. Nobody will suffer, for no water will be used before tomorrow."

"What a beautiful Christmas lie! But I'll do it to save you from being shot. Give me my hat. I must be going. See that nothing happens. Good-bye."

Corporal Terry was rushing toward the tank while John again buried his head in his hands to think. He again became unconscious of the prisoner's pacing back and forth over the floor of the adjoining room. His thoughts wondered back to the home nestled among the mountains in Western Virginia. Blighted dreams fluttered across his brain, while he hears music—the forest soughs—he knows it well—that soughing, monotonous, musical, and powerful. He can distinguish its very tones: the language of each tree, the majestic pine, dusky and green, rustling high overhead the whispering cedars. The bright, merry birch, tossing its flexible leaves, the trembling aspern fluttering its timid, sensitive leaves. The birds sing; the bubbling stream rushes over the stony chasm; and a swarm of gibbering sparrows are soaring in the air above the pathway that lead to his mountain home. And to save him from being shot-what a good fellow Terry was-what would his mother think? He pictured himself returning home inside of a coffin. He sees the horse slowly drawing the wagon up the hilly road leading to his father's door; mother is in the yard shading her eyes with her hand, and looking mournfully down the

road; father drops his ax to dry an unrestrained tear; and sister is seated on the steps wiping her face with her apron, and trying to refrain from sobbing too bitterly. Yes, they are waiting for the mlancholy procession. But it is too late now to make amends.

Suddenly a gush of wind blew the door open; the fugitive sat up, drew a long breath, and gazed intently before him. A gleam of consciousness flashed in his eye—he beheld before him an open door. He thought: the corporal gone—the guard again asleep—such a bewitching night—what was the matter—what a good time to escape. With these thoughts in mind he tipped easily out the door and turned to see if he was discovered.

At this moment he was alone. The bleak landscape lay before him, and the wind whistled through the dry grass made him dreamy. Memories of familiar scenes passed through his mind. He seemed to see his native village in the Fatherland, Germany. The same moon shone above it; the same breeze blew over it.

Terry was now at the tank, climbing to reach the water valve. It was several feet from the ground, and to get it was no small problem. He too was ignorant of the rope being attached to the hammer in such a way that the slightest contact of the wires would set the hammer in motion. Seeing that the rope would afford a way to get to the valve, he ascended to the scaffold, and tied the rope around his body. A moment later he stood ready to swing toward the valve.

At length, John became conscious; surprise kindled his blue eyes, as though he were questioning: why was the door open?—where is the prisoner?—what is this lying before his eyes?—this gun? A moment later he turned and saw the prisoner fleeing toward the tall grass outside the guardhouse. Seizing his gun he rushed outside, running after the fleeing man. Then he raised his voice in a heart-breaking cry of terror, calling: "Pray! Man! Stop!" Suddenly all of his dreams took a definite shape, and he raised the gun to his

shoulder. Before pulling the trigger, he pitifully shut his eyes.

Suddenly, above the camp there arose a prolonged clanging clattering like the chiming of a thousand church bells. The whole sky seemed to be in an agitated commotion repeating and reverbrating the sounds as they throbbed and swelled the air. Meanwhile above the clattering of the hammer came the report of a gun followed by a faint helpless groan. For a moment all was still; and only the distant echoes of the vacant fields repeated with a sad murmur the last vibration of the shot amid the silence of terror-stricken night.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Christmas morning Captain Hand seated himself at the breakfast table and began scaning the columns of the Petersburg Herald. On the front page were the words in bold type:

#### GERMAN SPY AT LARGE

#### Believed to Be Poisoning Drinking Water of Camps

"Victor Strauss, for some time in the employment of the Chemical Department of the DuPont, DeMeuers Explosive Company, German by birth but living in America, has been bribed by the German government to promote a scheme to poison American soldiers. The Means Detective Agency of New York have been on his trail; and yesterday they located him in Hopewell, Virginia, but was too late to prevent his poisoning the drinking water of that city. Authorities learned last night that he had made his escape, and is believed to be at Camp Lee in attempt to poison soldiers there. The United States War office has offered a huge reward to any civilian, or promotion to any service man for his capture, dead or alive."

The captain immediately made preparations to go to the guard house. The thought of promotion to colonel for the capture of the fugitive was uppermost in his mind. He reach-

ed the guardhouse and found both boys in a puzzled plight of mind. On the cot lay the body of the dead man, and the captain's face betrayed curiosity to know the cause of his death.

John Talbot seemed frozen and paralyzed. The horrors of the preceeding night, and the fear that his life was fast coming to an end stupified him; but at length, he resolved to make a confession of the incident.

"And how did this happen"? queried the captain as he quickly stepped in the direction of the cot.

"I shot him," replied John.

"Shot him?"

"Yes, he made an attempt to escape while Corporal Terry went to cut off the water which we suspicioned to be poisoned, and was fairly well away when I fired the shot that ended his life."

"Very well," replied the captain as he drew from the dead man's inside coat pocket a package of letters which bore the name, Victor Strauss. "You have the man I am looking for." The next moment he threw a newspaper containing the tale on the table.

John seized the paper and read hastily while a gleam of surprise kindled in his blue eyes.

"Talbot, you have won." Captain Hand looked pleased as the words fell from his lips. "Call at headquarters at ten o'clock and I shall arrange papers for your promotion to sergeant."

John went.



## Time Turned Backward

#### By Henry Belk

Cobwebs festooned the room. The dust of years covered the exhibits and obscured the pictures of the celebrities who gazed in unconcern at the scene around them. A smell of rotting papers—dank, dark brown, sepulchre-like rose to their nostrils. Still the celebrities gazed in condescension at the conglomeration of things. Too long had they looked from the walls to be affected. The glimpse of the home life among the pioneers was old to them. The Indian relics brought no mind picture of the Red Man slipping through the forest, probably to tomahawk the frontiersmen. They saw none of the mystery, the lure of the Far East in the decayed wooden head intended to represent a cow, before which probably thousands of Orientals had bowed in supplication. The souvenirs from Spain, France, and Belgium brought to them no actuality of these countries. For these pictures on the walls of the Trinity College Historical Museum looked at the specimens in the same manner that Trinity students have locked for generations—as so much wood, so much stone, or so much paper, and nothing more. They could not see the romance of adventure, of homelife, of war, of religion, and of travel which the museum reflected.

But let us wander through the museum, looking for these things. Here is a couple of spinning wheels. How old? No one knows. Here is a loom with the tread still in place on the shuttle. Here is an old grandfather clock.

"Nothing but junk?" did you say.

But use your imagination. Here is a complete cycle. Night after night some mother of the days when America was young sat before this wheel and twirled it in monotonous repetition. Her children played at her side. The old clock ticked

off the time as the string came off the revolving wheel. Enough string, and the mother changes her occupation. The loom is set going. Can't you hear its cumbersome clank as the shuttle went through and was returned? But that was life and joy for that woman, for she worked for her loved ones.

Here is a pair of Indian moccasins. There is an arrowhead. Maybe these shoes were worn by the Indian as he slipped to surprise the home of the woman who works the loom. Move on a little farther; maybe the man of the house used that old musket there in thwarting the massacre. You can't tell, but don't you begin to see the romance in the objects?

Take a moment at these exhibits from China.

"A support for meditation. This stick was used by the priests of a famous Buddhist temple near Warsan to lean their heads upon when in deep meditation."

That is the inscription attached to a forked sticked about two feet long and worn smooth by the handling of the priests. The object was given by Rev. S. A. Stewart, a Trinity man now preaching the gospel in China. For hundreds of years, no doubt, this stick had rested the heads of the followers of Buddha. No telling what plans have been thought through as the head of the Oriental lay between the forks. Is it not possible that the last priest who bowed on the stick was contrasting the Christian religion with that of Buddha, and deciding for the first named, left the old temple carrying the stick with him, and gave it to Rev. Mr. Stewart?

Very near this meditation support lies an ordinary looking piece of wood labeled, "Ancestral tablet used by Rev. T. Kugimyas' father for hundreds of years." Think of that for a moment. For centuries the forefathers of Rev. Mr. Kugimiyas had used this tablet in performing their religious duties to their ancestors. Daily they placed upon it a little bowl of rice that the spirits of the dead might have sustenance. The tablet to them was sacred. It was an outlet for the most pro-

nounced desire of man—a source of omnipotence to which he can turn in time of trouble. But T. Kugimiyas found another source, and he broke the precedent of centuries. As millions of Chinese see it, he committed sacrilige. He not only abandoned the worship of his ancestors, but sent his ancestral tablet to be marveled at a heathen college.

Lining up with the tablet is a Chinese parchment. The note written by Rev. Mr. Stewart who gave it says it is the history of an old Chinese temple. What marvelous adventures may it not relate? Of course there must be descriptions of soft-footed Chinese shuffling to the shrines to do their homage. They may have come thousands of miles from farthest China to perform their vows. The old parchment almost talks, despite the characters in which it is written.

And here is the idol head. Originally it was properly meant as that of a cow. Set up at some cross roads in the Far Eastern country, hundreds of human beings stopped daily to bump their heads in abject submission before the piece of wood. But missionaries ventured into the country, Trinity men in the number. The Christian religion taught the folly of such homage to idols. Probably the missing nose of the cow is explained by the fact that a newly converted Chinaman, in his zeal, wielded the ax on the idol.

The exhibits, however, are not all Eastern. Carefully concealed under layers of dust and files of old newspapers are found a series of little boxes. Look at this one. "A twig from a tree planted by Robert Burns at his home in Mossingil, Scotland". When you look at it, do you not feel closer to that nature poet, who would have been better off if he had had the benefits of prohibition? Other boxes of the collection give glimpses into historic spots of France, England, Switzerland, and Italy.

Now dip further back into the centuries. See Columbus with his three little sail boats bravely headed into the unknown. All this can be done in the specimen labeled "A piece

of the flag carried by Columbus when he landed in America."

But the collections are far too numerous to be treated in their entirety. Go over to the library some day and take a stroll through the museum, looking at the objects with the idea of seeing not so much junk, but the life which is behind the junk.



# The Coming Event

#### Eliza Scott

There's a gobble, gobble, gobble, And a gobble, gobble, goo;
A turkey's in our chicken coop,
And our neighbor has one too.
They've had an awful warning
Of things soon to befall;
Oh yes, there's a meaning
In the turkey's gobble call.
And what do you suppose
I heard those turkey's say?
"Our lives are much in danger,
For 'twill soon be Christmas day."

In the kitchen there's a stirrin'
Many things are going to bake—
All the way from little cookies
To a great, big, black fruit cake.
I steal into the pantry
Just back of our old cook;
Slip a spoon of batter
Before she can even look.
The pie is just a-poppin'
I'm sure I heard it say
"I'd better be gettin' hot,
For 'twill soon be Christmas day."

## Blue Basin

#### Carroll E. Summers

Long before the Anglo-Saxon had made his first footprint on these western shores; even long before the hardy European explorers had dreamed of a new world beyond the Atlantic. there lived in lower South Carolina a young Indian princess of wonderful and almost celestial beauty. The Princess Blue Sky was the daughter of the old chief of the powerful Eutaw nation. In the middle of the tribe's central village was a small knoll upon the top of which the warriors held their peace conferences. A subterranean stream ran under this knoll and formed a deep pool where it came back to the surface of the earth on the lower side of the mound. This underground current was renowned among neighboring tribes. Generations of brave men had stood wonderingly before its entrance, but only the mink and water rat dared to plunge into its unexplored passage. The banks of the pool were covered with white, clean sand which through the ages had been brought up from the depths of the earth. The forest seemed to be held back by some invisible chain, for no tree encroached upon the shore of the basin.

Blue Sky was famous throughout the Eutaw nation for her beauty, and many warriors had tempted to win her. The chief remained unmoved by their vows of fidelity and deeds of bravery, and she did not respond to their ardent love-making.

From the long, bitter war with the hated Yemassees, two young braves returned each decked with strips of leather torn from the bodies of the enemy. These two, Laceola and Hiawassee, had distinguished themselves in the war; each had been made leader of a band of warriors. Keen competition sprung up between these young men, and now that the fighting was over they returned home to seek the hand of Blue Sky.

Their competition had now reached the point where it was no longer youthful rivalry but bitter jealousy.

The Chief was getting old, he was too feeble to go on the war path; soon it would be necessary for the tribe to select a new leader. Laceola and Hiawassee were the two bravest and most resourceful contenders for the head of the Eutaws. The nation was rapidly dividing itself into factions, the one for Laceola, the other for Hiawassee.

One evening at twilight Blue Sky sat gazing at the first evening star as it twinkled and sparkled over the tops of the tall pines, Laceola approached silently from out of the woods. A twig snapped and Blue Sky turned to see him standing near her on the shores of the basin.

"I was returning from my traps over on Great Branch," he said as an answer to her questioning look.

"The sunset is beautiful from this spot," replied Blue Sky. "I love to watch the Sun God as he rolls his great fire ball behind the tree tops and hangs out the first signal of the approaching night. I wish that I might live beside the evening star, for it seems to be happy and free from the cares of this world."

"Yes, the evening star is the light that guides us to the happy hunting ground. When I was five days old, my nurse brought me into the twilight. Crying I held out my hand for the evening star. My mother named me for it, since then it has been my protector. My totem is the evening star above the setting sun. I have prayed asking it to give me strength in war, success in the hunt, and the hand of a lovely maiden."

Blue Sky remained silent looking toward the west where the star was becoming brighter as the shadows of the trees lengthened. A whipporwill darted across the open and was lost in the dark pines.

"Blue Sky, I too have watched the evening star and longed that some day you would enter my lodge, so that together we could behold my totem sparkling in the west."

Slowly he turned and with bowed head went toward her

father's lodge, for she knew that upon her rested the unity of her people. When she entered, the Chief was seated smoking his pipe in front of the fire. Blue Sky drew her stool from the corner and seated herself facing her father. Several minutes passed silently, for each was meditating after their fashion. Blue Sky knew that she would wait for her father to speak first.

At last the old Chief said, "Hiawassee's father smoked his pipe with me this afternoon, and he asked consent for you to marry his son."

"What did you reply?" she asked anxiously.

"I told him that several days ago Laceola's father had asked for you, but I do not want to give you up. Yet, my daughter, I know that I must give a definite answer, for I can not keep you always. I am growing old; already I am too feeble to lead my people against our enemies. I see my people dividing themselves into groups, the followers of Laceola and the followers of Hiawassee. If you marry one of them, it will arouse the anger of the other; then soon the powerful Eutaw nation will be torn asunder by internal warfare."

A deep hush fell over the two, for they realized the seriousness of what had been said. Blue Sky dared not intimate if she had a preference between the two young warriors; it was for her father to choose her warrior and the future chief of their people.

Leaving the lodge to walk in the woods, the old Chief communed with his Gods. He strolled to the top of the knoll and sat there for several hours. He visualized the great deeds of the chiefs and warriors who had crossed into the happy hunting grounds. He visualized the grim past which had placed the Eutaw nation in its present state of supremacy. He consulted his ancestors for advice on the hunting problem which now threatened the nation established by their bloody victories.

At last appeared Heuwati, venrable father of the tribe, who paused for a moment, pointed to the stream below, and disappeared into the darkness.

The Chief went to the foot of the mound; there with folded

arms stood watching the water as it swirled beneath the ground. A water rat moved noiselessly along the bank, suddenly dived into the current, and vanished beneath the knoll. Lifting his arms to the heavens, with a silent prayer, the old man thanked the Gods that they had revealed to him a means of saving his people.

When he reentered his lodge, Blue Sky was still quietly seated on her stool by the smoldering embers.

"O, my daughter, Heuwati has shown me an ordeal by which I may decide the bitter rivalry between Laceola and Hiawassee. The water rat sent by the Gods, revealed it. The mound and the stream, the pride and wonder of our nation, shall be the judge. He who will dive through the stream under the knoll and come up in the pool below shall be the one to marry you" he exclaimed excitedly.

"Is there no other way?" she inquired.

"The Gods revealed this plan to me. No one has ever dared to try to dive through the mound; this will be a feat that will require powerful strength and endurance. You are worthy of the attempt. The warrior who achieves this distinction will be famous throughout the land."

The next day the chief summoned all the warriors to meet at noon on the top of the knoll. Promptly at midday the Chief seated himself in the midst of the assembly. After the pipe had been passed around, the Chief arose and told the group that two of the bravest men had asked for the hand of his daughter. He related what had been shown to him by the Gods and said that at sun down on the third day after the next moon he would take for his son-in-law the warrior who dived under the knoll and entered the pool. Laceola and Hiwassee instantly said that they would brave the dangers of the underground passage.

News of the hazardous deed that must be performed by the winner of Blue Sky scattered over the nation like fire on a windy day. When the time arrived, hundreds of warriors were standing along the banks of the stream anxiously waiting for the contest to begin. Blue Sky with her father stood on the blue shore of the basin where the champion would come back into the light.

Lots having been cast, Hiawassee stepped into the stream and prepared himself for this perilous journey. He inhaled deeply three or four times, then looked towards the setting sun. A crimson flush came over his face. Those who saw his countenance afterwards said that the Gods disclosed to him in a brief instance a picture of the future. Undaunted by the black waters, Hiawassee waved his hand, and with one long breath dived into the stream to vanish from sight.

Blue Sky and the Chief nervously watched at the mouth of the basin. The minutes slowly passed, but no head appeared above the surface of the water. Five minutes dragged by, and the spectators knew that the Gods had carried Hiwassee into the great beyond.

A tear of sorrow for Hiwassee rolled down Laceola's cheek, for even though they had been bitter rivals in life, this deed of bravery aroused the deepest admiration in his heart. Undismayed by what had befallen his opponent, he stepped into the water. The evening star was faintly shinning over the large red ball in the west. It seemed to beckon him on. He raised his arms to it as he had done when a babe. He prayed for guidance, and putting all his hopes in the hand of the evening star he dived into the water. There were seconds of painful expectancy. Would this warrior too be lost, or would the waters carry him safe through the earth and lead him to the pool?

Thinking of what Laceola had told her, Blue Sky besought the evening star to guide him through the stream and bring him unharmed to the basin and to her. She feared almost to look at the pool, but a new love turned her face towards the water. Each second brought an increased fear, but soon there appeared a dark object gradually becoming more distinct. A glistening brown body broke the surface of the water. A few strokes and Laceola was by her side.

## Our Grandfather's Christmas Customs

Fee

While we ate candy, cracked nuts, laughed and talked before the fire on Christmas Eve my grandfather told us this story: "No one knows the exact day when Christ was born, but it was hardly December 25th because the climate in Judea is too severe for the shepherds to have watched their flocks by night that time of the year. Although it is now a Christian celebration, the Christmas celebration used to be largely pagan. The Scandanavians had a feast at the beginning of the winter solstice, about Christmas time, which they called the feast of Juul in honor of their god, Thor; the early Germanic peoples feasted at this time of the year and sacrificed to the sun; our English ancestors, long before they knew of Christ, celebrated at about this time of the year in honor of their mothers and under the Druids, who worshiped the oak tree and the mistletoe, sacrificed men as well as cattle to the sylvan deities; the Romans, too, celebrated and called the holiday the Saturnalia in honor of Noah.

"There are several reasons why our forefathers feasted at this time. Christmas day was the shortest day of the year; so they considered that the turning point of the year and the beginning of the triumph of the Sun over winter. The primitive people grew very little feed for their cattle; so they kept only a very few through the winter. At about this time of the year they killed the last of their cattle that they were not going to feed through the winter, and, after this fresh meat was eaten, they had only salt meat for the remander of the winter.

We celebrate only one day now for Christmas, but with our forefathers the Christmas season extended from December 16 to February 1. On Christmas Eve especially everyone was gay and happy: bells were rung; carols were sung; everyone dressed in his best and feasted, drank, and sang around
the blazing Yule log. Christmas Eve was a sacred time even
for the animals, for then the cock crew all night; evil spirits
did not do mischief; the bees sang; and the cattle in their
stalls fell on their knees in their stables as they did in the
stable at Bethlehem around the manger in which the Christ
Child was cradled. One of Shakespeare's characters tells us
of the Christmas season:

"''Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
Na fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm.
So hallowed and so gracious is the time''

"We are burning the Yule log tonight, but it does not mean so much to us as it did to our forefathers. They respected the cermony of cutting it and building the fire greatly. The log was greatly respected even when it was being dragged in from the forest, for every one who saw it would carefully tip his hat to the huge trunk. The Yule log was lighted on Christmas Eve and was kept burning all through the Christmas season. Before its cheerful blaze all enmity was forgotten, and every one joined in the revelry and rejoicing. Before the log was entirely burned, it was carefully extinguished, and the charred fragment was stored away in the cellar to use in starting the next Yule fire, for preserving the Yule log was thought to protect the house from being struck by lightning or destroyed by fire. Our progenitors considered it an ill omen for a bare-foot person or one who was squint-eyed to come into the room while the Yule log was burning, and it was especially unfortunate for a flatfooted woman to come into the room.

"Our ancestors always burned monster candles which would last for twelve days with the Yule log, for Christmas was the feast of light since Christ is the Light of the World.

"We decorate the house today, but early Christians objected bit erly to the greens, especially to the ivy since it is Bacchus' favorite plant. The early Druids thought the sylvan deities came into the house and lived in the green folliage; the Druids also believed that, if a young man refused to help bring in the holly and mistletoe, the young ladies should steal his pants and nail them to the gate.

"The mistletoe was revered greatly by the Druids, especially if it grew upon an oak. The priests in white robes gathered the mistletoe from the oak and sacrificed men and cattle at the foot of the tree. One of the priests would climb this tree, cut the sacred branch carefully with a golden knife, and carefully drop it into the lap of another priest who stood under the tree. There is an interesting legend about the mistletoe and the Christmas tree:

"An early Christian missionary to England, Winifred, went with the Druids to gather mistletoe, and to prove that there was no power in their god, the oak and the mistletoe, cut down the mistletoe-bearing oak. He then turned and pointed to a fir standing near, saying, "This is a living tree untouched by human blood stains, and it will be the sign of your new worship;" so the Christmas tree was introduced into England.

"The Germans at a much earlier date used a decorated tree in their worship of the sun god. To them the spreading branches were symbolical of the rising sun; the candles, fruit, and candy represented the sun, moon, and stars; and the paper or tinsel figure at the top was a symbol of the sacrifice to the sun.

"Christmas presents are brought by St. Nicholas, or useing a popular expression derived from the Dutch name for the same saint, Santa Claus. St. Nicholas was the patron saint of the mariners, robbers, virgins, schoolboys, and students. Today he is the patron saint of the Russian people and there are many cathedrals in England dedicated to him. Many interesting stories are told of this good saint. In one he is represented as secretly supplying the marriage portion for three poor sisters; in another he is depicted as bringing three young boys who had been cruelly murdered and their bodies cut to pieces back to life. In Italy St. Nich puts the gifts in the shoes; in parts of Germany he leaves them at the door; in America he leaves the presents in the stockings; his methods are varied but he is everywhere the same good saint.

"Another legend accounts for Christmas presents by attributing the gifts to an old Jewish woman, Refana. This lady would not stop work to see the wise men pass on their way to carry gifts to Christ saying that she would see them when they returned, but they went back another way; so the poor old woman is said to be still watching and waiting for them. The connection between her and the gifts is not very clear, but I suppose she honors the Christ-child by favoring other children as a punishment for disrespect to the wise men.

"Christmas carols were sung by the angels when Christ was born according to the Bible, and history does not contradict the statement. It is recorded also however that our Saxon forbears sang carols when the boar's head, the chief dish at their feast at the winter solstice, was brought in.

"Mince pies are thought by some to be symbolical of the gifts of the wise men: the mixture in the pie corresponding to the gold, frankincence and myrrh. Our ancestors used to be made in the shape of a manger in honor of the Christ child. It also used to be customary for brave knights to swear over the mince pie to perform brave deeds. These facts are tradition, but we do know that the early Quakers were bitter in their condemnation of the pies and called them 'superstitious hodge podge, and devices of the devil,' and perhaps some of us may become Quakers in that respect after dinner tomorrow if we are not prudent.

"Now play some games, and you young folks remember that you are supposed to pluck off a berry every time you take advantage of the mistletoe, and that I have counted the berries."

# **EDITORIALS**

#### CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Now, as Christmas season approaches, everyone begins to look around and wonder, "What in the world am I going to give my mother, my sister, or my best girl for a Christmas present." We can offer no suggestion from our experience, but we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a sketch by an alumnus of Trinity and a past editor of the Archive. This sketch is by Isaac Erwin Avery and is entitled: The Art of Giving Presents.

"A man who is a sensible man was bothered over selecting a present for a young woman, and many men got together and discussed the right thing to do. Opinions varied. Some said jewelry, but that is too dangerous and delicate a matter to argue Others said books, and books are always safe and cheap. It is singular, however, that the woman who is certain to appreciate most highly your gift of a book is exactly the kind of a person to whom you would like to give a house and lot. As a rule, books make the greatest hit with your aged relatives, with people who are not literary, or with one particular woman who reads you between the lines. Most discussions about presents for a woman end by trying to decide whether she would prefer candy or flowers. Every woman likes candy, but the woman who prefers flowers to candy and violets to American Beauty roses—is apt to be the same curious woman who will set more store by a book than a diamond brooch. The woman to whom anything may be given in utter safety is the woman who picks up a flower, and presses it and keeps it forever. The most intimate possession of the most womanly woman shows that she is altogether crazy and perfectly delicious."

#### THE CHRISTMAS HERALD

Herald: "I come to bring a message to you and to other college students of America who know not how to be truly thankful until you have, indeed, taken a trip with me to see the students in other lands. Let us look at Europe, that continent so lately left torn, mangled, and bleeding as a result of the most cruel, heartless war in the history of mankind. It is not all in a day that nations recover from such bloodshed and devastation. You American students forget that. fact, you don't think at all. You don't know conditions. Look at the European students of today. Cold, hungry, weary, with years of bodily strain and disease, pale from insufficient food and clothing, their moral and physical reserve lowered, some of them who were midway in some of their studies and preparation for professional life when the war broke out are attempting to finish their work and put their training at the disposal of their countries. In some instances, sixteen such students are forced to stay in one room, and most of these students are crowded into dark unheated rooms without lighting facilities. Clothing is so scarce that some times two students arrange their studies so that they may both wear the same pair of shoes to class. Years of underfeeding, lack of proper sanitation, and congested living conditions have so weakened the resisting powers of many students that tuberculosis and other diseases are very prominent. Most of these students in addition to their regular curricula courses, are making some efforts at self support. So universally do students earn their living that some universities, recognizing the necessity of the system, have no classes from nine o'clock in the morning to three o'clock in the afternoon. But in obtaining manual labor the students meet a difficulty with the trade unions that oppose the admission of "intellectuals" into the class of workmen which they protect. Trade unions, however, are realizing the need of the students and are letting down the

bars so that students desiring to support themselves may be admitted. As a result, statistics show students working not only as tutors, typists, and clerks, but also as wood-cutters, mechanics, farm laborers, night watchmen, chauffeurs, street car conductors, shoemakers, musicians in restaurants and movie houses, bootblacks, waiters, etc.

"Are you a broadminded, deep thinking student if you can, with a contented heart, thank God for the blessings he has bestowed upon you without having done something at this Christmastide to help somebody else, to make somebody's life happier and more livable? As the old song goes 'Count your blessings' and then compare yourself with the students of Europe—also compare your half-hearted desire for an education with his unquestionable desire and purpose. Is this not something for you to think about?"

L. L. D.

#### A SUGGESTION

What is the most plentiful thing found on a college campus; the cheapest and least appreciated thing known to man; the article of which more is given and less is received than anything else in the world? Advice. This is not advice however; so take it.

A "bull-feast" is one of the amusing, economical, and instructive forms of amusement available to a college man. Why not have bull feasts with the men who are best able both from practice, training, and inclination to join in one. Why not talk the matter over with members of the faculty in a friendly fashion now and then. They are specialists in their line of work yet the best of the lines are wasted. By associating with them rub some of the dust of the class room off your professors and learn what they are under the surface and what they think of different current topics.

The students of other colleges and universities make friends with the professors; why not we? Get rid of those old prep school notions about "booting", etc. and make friends with your professor.

"Laugh and grow fat." Critics will probably bewail the fact that he is so much material of a humorous nature in this issue of the Archive. We regret that more material of a high literary tone which is suitable to publish, but such is the case. We venture to predict, however, that this issue will be more popular for its humorous nature than it would be if it were of a higher literary tone. We believe that the Archive needs to be popularized with the readers more than it needs to hold a standard of literary excellence, for that reason we are publishing what we believe will please the readers.

The January issue of the Archive will be the annual co-ed issue. The material for the issue will be written by the young women, and collecting and arranging the copy will be done by the young women of the staff. We are expecting a very good issue.



### WAYSIDE WARES

#### A TRAGEDY

Lou Davis Lyon

He crawled laboriously though stealthily and silently nearer to her. He arched his back and moved forward just the fraction of an inch. The movement of his body could be compared only to the rhythmical regularity of the waves as they lap the shore. He arched his back for another forward movement. Just as he attempted to push himself nearer to her, he rolled over on his side. He writhed, twisted, screwed, bent almost double, and jerked his body into every conceivable shape in an effort to regain his former upright position. Try as hard as he might, he could not succeed. Finally he made one supreme effort. He gathered all his force, and with one jerk, landed squarely on his back, almost within reach of her hand. For a moment, he lay perfectly still. The mighty struggle had robbed him of his strength. He was exhausted; he could not move. There was a sudden twitching of his muscles; then the mighty struggle was over. He was deadhis death the result of his attempt to reach her.

She sat calmly by and did not move an eyelash. There was no sorrow in her face—not even a glance of pity from her eyes. Unmoved, she gazed out beyond where he lay. She made no motion towards him; she left him as he fell.

He was a little white worm, and she was the picture of "Theda" Meredith.

L. D. L.

#### 'MID PASTURES GREEN

By Henry Belle

"Bring back my chewing gum." Like a bull in a china shop, like a burlesque show from the pulpit platform, like a

skinny woman trying to do the shimmy, the cry issued from the middle section of Aycock and went skinning its knuckles over the campus. The cry was Comanche-like in its intensity. The wind power which generated the words must have been as the oft-mentioned sou'wester.

"Bring back my chewing gum," again came the call, and the gale had increased in fury.

"Bring back my chewing gum," faintly came back the echo from Craven Memorial Hall.

There was something penetrating, something commanding, and at the same time, something pathetic in the forlorn call for the jaw-exerciser. Some would have said that it was the cry of a lost soul, begging for one more chance.

The quietness which had held the park intensified the situation appeal. As the moon peeped over the top of East Duke building, not a student was in sight. The exodus to the Orpheum had already taken place. The more studious were in their rooms. The ja-da boys were already paired off at the house on the hill. Shadows of inky blackness fell northward from the buildings. In the grass a few long-lived insects sang their swan-song before departing hence. There was not a disturbing note. "It was one grand sweet song of nature"—(who was it, said that?)

But with the call the scene changed.

The senior looked up from his books. "What the h—l?" With the second cry, he stuck his head out the window and hurled maledictions on the name of the freshman. He prayed that the sophomores might mete out justice.

In another room, a sophomore—his hand half way to the pot after having read "Take 3"—stopped, rushed to the window and bellowed, "Pipe down freshman."

The chewing gum must have been returned or else the voice of authority had its effect, for once more the mantle of peace dropped over the park. The insects sang their swansongs and the moon peeped over the East Duke building.

#### AT TRINITY

By Eliza Scott

"I don't know", the student said;
Nor does the prof think that he lied,
For "I don't know" a popular phrase,
Without it how would we spend our days
At Trinity?

It serves us well in history,
In English one or two or three,
It helps the little zeroes grow,
Pulls down our grades, and hangs 'em low
At Trinity.

For continued emptiness of our domes

Dean Wanny ships us to our homes.

If you would find someone to blame.

"I don't know" who must bear the shame

At Trinity.

#### BETWEEN SMOKES

Eunice S. Hutchins

I threw my cigarette stub into the gutter, and again glanced up at the barred windows of the third floor of the court house. For a few minutes I counted the bars in a window, and idly speculated upon the crimes probably committed by the inmates.

"Poor wretches!" I reflected. "Perhaps it was the monotony and tameness of life that drove them to crimes. After all, there isn't anything interesting or romatic left in the world. Oh, for the days of chivalry and adventure!"

I was interrupted in my soliloquy by the tap-tap of French

heels, a gurgly laugh, and a gay voice that fairly bubbled with the joy of living. Even before I raised my eyes, I knew that here was someone who did not find life entirely dead. When I saw her, my first telepathic impression of aliveness became even stronger than before, and I said to myself, "Surely beneath that surface gayety, the spirit of love and romance burns brightly."

Her lips, sweetly serious, seemed to corroborate this supposition; but her eyes, which laughed up at her companion, seemed a little too mischievous to be dwelling on thoughts of the tender passion. I comforted myself with the thought that perhaps it was happiness, and not frivolity, which made her eyes so bright, for I despise lightness in a woman.

I caught only a fleeting glance of her companion as the two passed me, but I received a rather vivid impression of a large mastiff smiling tolerantly at the antics of a playful puppy. I tried to dismiss this impression from my mind, but the comparison stuck with an annoying persistence.

The pair ascended the steps of the court house, and then it dawned upon me that the office of the Register of Deeds was located in the court house. My sentimental soul immediately devised an explanation: These two had probably eloped, and were now going to the office of the Register of Deeds to secure a license. At any rate, I decided to hang around and await developments.

A few moments later the couple emerged from the court house, the girl skipping down the steps. I decided that she was younger than I had judged and waited to see if they would pass me again. As the boy turned to say something to the girl, I recognized him as young Stanley Mortimer, whom I had once met rather casually. I hoped that he would recognize me, and perhaps introduce the girl. I tipped my hat while he was at least four feet from me, and he nodded in return. However, he did not pause as he came opposite me, for the girl was talking rapidly in a low voice, and he was intent upon her words.

As they passed, I managed to distinguish two of her low-spoken sentences: "Oh, Stanley! Isn't it wonderful? Are you sure you have the license safe in your pocket?"

Ah, then I was right! Old Stanley was going to marry her. Well, he always had been a lucky fellow—at least so I had heard.

Drawn by some irrestible impulse, I followed the two down the street, and was surprised to hear the girl say, "Oh, Stan, didn't that man you spoke to look funny when I said something to you about a license? I do hope he teases you about it. You'll never be able to make him believe it was a real estate deed you went after. Besides, you registered just the right shade of embarrassment suitable for a prospective bridegroom. I told you I'd get even with you for that awful alarm on me yesterday afternoon."

Stanley grinned good-naturedly, and threatened to beat her head upon the side-walk. They increased their pace and disappeared in the crowd.

This, then, was romance. I lit another cigarette, and threw it disgustedly into the gutter, where its glowing end sputtered and died as it struck the stagnant gutter-water.

#### DON'T

To flirt or dance is very wrong, I don't.

Wild youth chase women, wine, and song,
I don't.

I kiss no girls, not even one,
I do not know how it is done;
You wouldn't think I had much fun,
I don't.

A.X.

#### A FRESHMAN'S LETTER TO HIS GIRL By W. J. Bundy

Trinity College,
Durham, N. C.
Saturday Night.

Dearest Sally:

I reckon you think I have forgot all about you and that I won't going to write you because as you reminded me in your last letter I haven't wrote you in a considerable while. But don't get that idea in your cute little head, for I could no more forget you than I could them good biscuits that mama cooks or that pretty new mule that Pa bought just before I come off up here. Sure enough, Sally, I have been aiming to write to you for quite a spell, but I've been so busy being scared of the Sophomores, and besides I am sort of fraid to write you too soon after you had written me because I didn't know whether you wanted me to or not. I sure hope you do.

As I take my pen in hand I am as well as usual excepting being a little sore on account of the Sophomores coming round to visitate upon me last night. I hope you are the same. As for looking I just bet you look good indeed as you ever did which is some good, too good for me to try to talk about not being able to put the right word in the right place and to use words sufficient describing.

You know, Sally, there are a lot of girls up here, but somehow I don't like any of them. I like them in a way, but they are so different from you that I don't like them much. They are not bashful at all. They will tell you right out what they think of you, or what they make out like they think of you. I haven't never been used to nothing like that. I much rather be sitting with you than with all of them put together, and as the ground is around a sweet potatoe before it is dug so do my arms want to be around you, for you know that you are the apple of my eye, the subject of my dreams, that which I love like a negro loves molasses, that which keepeth me awake at night and maketh me to go to sleep in the daytime, that which draws my wandering mind homeward like tanglefoot draws a fly. So Sally dear girl, don't think you are going to lose me because there are so many girls up here, for Theodore Roosevelt once said, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Verily do I believe that he knew what he was talking about.

I am liking this place fine now, much better than I did at first. If you were only here it would be much better. I hope your Pa will let you come up here next year after you finish the high school. Then both of us together could get an education like you read about, march hand in hand along the winding path of learning.

Now don't you forget me while I am away and get to liking Bill Jenkins or some of the other boys around home. I'm sticking to you like Brer Rabbit stuck to the Tar Baby, and I'm expecting you to stick by me which I believe you will having known you since infancy. If you were to drop me I'd be like a ship without a rudder, a Ford without a crank, a mule without a pair of plough-lines. I'd be lost, aimlessly drifting, knowing not whither to go, and caring nought. I'd drown my sorrow smoking cigarettes and drinking coca-cola. As a balloon goes to pieces when it is hit hard so would my young life be wrecked.

Well, I suppose I must bring this letter to a close, but I sure hate to do it. I could write all night long and write on through breakfast, but you wouldn't want to read it. I wish I could see you though and get as near Heaven as is possible on this earth. It won't be mighty long before I'll be home Christmas, and then we can have the time of our lives riding in Pa's Ford.

Write to me soon, Sally, and I'll do like wise, and remember that though I am not with you in person I am in spirits.

"Can'st thou think, because we part
Till some brief months have flown,
That absence e'er can change a heart
Which years have made thine own."
Every bit yours,

JOSH.

Editor's note: We found a letter from Sally to Josh in Josh's trunk the other day. Read it on the next page.

#### A GIRL'S LETTER TO HER FRESHMAN

Dewberry Crossroads,

Hope County, N. C.,

The Same Day.

Mr. Josiah Berryhill,
Trinity College,
Durham, N. C.

My dearest sweetheart Josiah:

I have been wondering for two long months what was the matter with you and I was tickled to death this evening when I went to the mail box and got your letter. I went with Mi-

randy Catchum to the p. o. the other day and she got a letter and she acted so queer and tried to make me believe you were in love with her but I know now Josiah you aint and you love me in the same old way don't you?

But Josiah I don't know how much I love you and my heart has been in a fliver all day sence you told me you dont want to love any college girls but just me only. Josiah dont love any of them either cause I'll love you until water runs uphill. We had a big meeting here the other week and the minister said colledge girls was vain, vampires, wore short dresses, and didn't know how to cook a biscuit for a gentleman to eat and you know Josiah I can cook like your mother— Miss Spatter has been learning me domestic science in the high The other day I made some chocolate fudge and allowed to send you some but when I took it to the p. o. Bill Jenkins said I'd have to have it insured. I know what Bill was wanting he has been peddling insurance around here lately and pa said he was skinning everybody but I pertended Bill couldnt skin me. You ast me about going with Bill. You know I wouldn't go with him if you was here but he is so kind to me and showed me a good time and I wouldent get to go nowhere if it wasent for him for brother Charlie is out with his girl Jennie all the time in the Ford. I dropped the box and broke one of the eggs which caused the candy which was hot to run all over my organdie dress, but Aunt Nancy says it will wash out all right. But I am going to make some more tomorrow and going to flaver it with some of Pa's peanuts. You know you and me used to eat last summer in the moonlight in the swing on the front porch. Oh boy! Them was the nights but Pa did say he was afraid they wasnt enough left for seed next spring.

I hope the Sophomores don't make it hard for you. Why don't you just go on and not speak to them for a few days and then they will let you alone and want to make friends again, for you always was so kind and sweet dispositioned they would want you to be there friend. You have took to

writing poetry I see. It sure was sweet?—I bet you did you used to be good at writing songs and verse.

As sure as vines Cling around the stump, I'll be your darling SUGAR LUMP.

The same always, Sally.

P. S. Josiah you know I was just joking about them peanuts. We dident care for Pa said he reckoned they was enough left for seed anyway.

Your dearest,

Sallie.

#### THERE ARE OTHERS-DON'T YOU

A certain well-known North Carolinian stated the other day that he never reads editorials but always reads the sporting page and "Bringing up Father.")

He cares not what Wade Harris writes, Or how Josephus raves at Cam— Or classics Charley Webb indites To draw the dread Daughtery slam.

Earl Godbey's line of piercing wit He never condescends to read; When Archie Johnson throws a fit, His mind is very calm indeed.

But ah! When Jiggs puts one across And steals away to Dinty Moore's, That is no idle, driveling dross,— He turns the page and pores and pores. Ye editors who wrote last night, And did your best and cussed your worst, A headline beats you out of sight— Babe Ruth has knocked his fifty-first!

The highbrows all may criticize Our friend's consistent reading plan, And though it is not strictly wise, He'd make a jam-up college man!

-Contributor.

#### FRESHMAN "JEFF" SEES "MUTT"

Sophia Ryman

She was a Freshman, typical of the kind that is willing and anxious to learn, that is a good sport, and that realizes her insignificance. She had worried no one with unnecessary questions; she had boasted not at all of her high school achievements. She had submitted to Sophomore authority, had been duly paddled, and had shined her full quota of shoes.

When she heard that Doctor Few was to address the students at the first Y. M. C. A. meeting, she asked if Freshmen were allowed to go. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, she looked up her Junior Big Sister and duly went to the meeting.

At first she sat toward the back of the room, but when everyone else moved nearer the front, she followed like a sheep and took her seat in the middle of a bench. Presently she noticed that she was sitting beside a man. He looked like an ordinary man to her and she did not dream that he was unusual. If she had been anyone except a Freshman, she would have known him at first glance, but being green, unacquainted and unquestioning, she was not prepared for the sensation she was about to experience.

When the opening hymn was announced everyone else stood up; so she followed suit. She heard a titter behind her—then another smothered, muffled giggle. She looked around to find everyone looking at her. Her face colored crimson; she began to feel ill at ease. She wondered if there were anything wrong with her—with her hair, her dress, her general appearance. She knew that she looked like hay seed, but she did not think that people would publicly proclaim it by laughing at her during a religious service. True, she had made an idiot of herself by remarking that she wanted to see the new "Y" cabinet, since she had heard that it was very pretty. Had someone dared tell that on her in a Y. M. C. A. meeting?

She tried to sing and appear unconscious of the general amusement. Impossible; moment by moment she became more painfully aware of her being the evident cause of stifled, suppressed amusement. Suddenly, to hide her embarrassment, she looked down. She saw a pair of feet. She looked up and saw grey trousers. She continued her upward progress of investigation, and where a face usually appeared she saw an arm. Finally in despair, she bent her neck over until her head rested on her right shoulder, and there in air, almost touching the ceiling, it seemed, she caught a glimpse of a face. The cause of the merriment dawned upon her. She rapidly made a mental measurement of her height as compared with his. There must have been a difference of at least two feet. They made a veritable Mutt and Jeff. The contrast justified the mirth.

#### THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

By Montrose Bullard

Why so pale and wan, poor Freshman? Have they gone and tanned your hide? And Sophomore, pick up your feathers, Use the paddle by your side.

And you too, most worthy Junior, Why the sad and mournful sigh? While the Senior in his glory Casts about a plaintive eye. Oh you each and all are pining For the girl you left behind. But the co-eds bid you welcome Up the Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

#### MY CALLER

Helen Cantrell

He sits and looks at me. I do most of the talking; and as I talk I try to get beneath those dreamy brown eyes and see what he is thinking. I come to two conclusions: Either he is madly in love with me and cannot find words to express himself, or else he is bored to death—about to go to sleep and has glued his eyes on my face as a means of trying to register attention when he is suffering in a heroic fashion. I give him up.

#### ALL OVER

By Lota Leigh Draughon

When rushing season is over
And frolics and parties are done,
When our pocket books are empty
And we're tired of the race we're run,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it,
Sleep steady for a day or two,
Until we've regained enough energy
To get up and start anew.

Then we will put out some boneing
And try to catch up with the class,
And along with other worries
To help our Freshmen to pass.
Then we'll all go slow and easy
And recuperate the while,
And wish with our worn-out Freshmen
That rushing were out of style.



## **EXCHANGES**

The Meredith College Acorn for October is the Sophomore number and the Sophomores paused long enough from tormenting the Freshmen to do well.

Of the three poems My Bible is the best; it has an air of reverence as it reveals the little odds and ends stored between the pages of an old Bible as well as something of the value of the pages themselves. The Valentine Dance and One for the Other are stories of youth which naturally appeal to us students most of whom are youths. Strength from the Hills is of a more serious nature treating of service to humanity. The difference in type of the stories adds to the magazine. Of the three very brief essays Silent Speakers is best in unity and thought. A more scholarly type of essay, Shakespeare's Knowledge of Music is well handled and shows a thorough knowledge of the subject. The Editorial department has improved since the September number; the Ticklers are especially good.

In the fall number of the Corradi from N. C. C. W. our attention is attracted by five editorials which are short, interesting, and full of life. There are three short stories. Bill Acquires a Wife is interesting, but it could have been improved by a more careful maintenance of the coherence and by strengthening the central figure. The Flowers That Bloom in Spring is an amusing account of how flowers for a funeral and flowers for a girl got mixed in the delivery. The Spirit of Autumn is a good example for free verse which creates the desired atmosphere, but we prefer other forms of poetry. The Song of the Sea is a good presentation of the moods of the sea as its author knows them; it has an irregular meter but carried out rythm. Two humorous essays: The Most Popular

Courses in College and Dog Gone and Dog Here, with a more thoughtful essay, What Will Women Do With the Vote, round out the literary side of the magazine.

Among the editorials in the Furman Echo, Furman's Literary Magazine is especially good; it defines the college literary magazine and sets a standard which, if attained, will make a worthwhile publication. The Echo need more fiction; it has only one story and two poems. The short story, The Telephone Call holds our interests by suspense and gives a surprise at the end. The three essays in this number all show thought. Lay Down Your Arms is appropriate at this time since the disarmament conference is in session. We are glad to see the essay on the life of Louis Pasteur because too many student publications neglect science and the scientist. The book review of Queen Victoria by Lytton Strachey is further proof that the Echo keeps up with the times since that book is being and is going to be much read.

The Haverfordian has an editorial on the short story which is rather unusual; it calls for a greater literary ability in short stories.

This magazine seems to maintain a high literary standard as the current issue contains a quantity of good verse, two thoughtful essays, and two well-written short stories, both of which are tragedies. We certainly do not wish to lower the standard, but the majority of readers are just plain human beings who like something of a lighter vein. For their sake may we suggest that a humorous essay or a joke department be included in the **Haverfordian** along with its other features?

The Wake Forest Student for November is a memorial number to Dr. J. F. Lanneau, who was a professor at Wake Forest for thirty years. Outside of the departments, the magazine is made up of tributes and accounts of Dr. Lanneau's life and work. All of the account show the apprecia-

tion of Dr. Lanneau by men who knew him, loved him, and revere his memory.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Newberry Stylus, of Newberry College, and the Wofford Journal. Both of these magazines were good, and we regret that there is not sufficient space for us to review them.



## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

K. L. Elmore
AIR! AIR!
S. M. Holton, '21

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us."

Life is made by God above, but only men can make a fool. Yes, that's plagarism, but why notice it? Instead pick up the latest copy of the **Poor Fish Weekly** and swallow the table of contents. Focus the optics on the legend of "Short Stories," and "The Squeal of the Guinea Pig", "Seeing With the Eyes" (what in the deuce else would one see with) "The Dirt-Devil Killer"—but why encroach?

Take "The Dirt-Devil Killer." Consider the rather the blot: Emmanuel Chuckenhammer, a nobody, by mere dint of his manly determination—no there is no girl yet —elevates himself to the lofty position of chief field man for the advertising firm of "Wasp, Dirt-Dauber and Co." He soon reaches the level of his efficiency and is gradually settling into the rut when the girl, Sophriam Timkins, is employed as his stenographer. Commonplace, for it never happens. Sophriana, Soap for short, inspires the formerly ambitious Edmund to superhuman efforts. Success blossoms in the form of the vice-presidency, and Emmanuel blossoms into a husband, the other fraction being the aforesaid Soap. "And, you adorable chunk of humanity," our hero gurgles, as he squashes her in his arms, "I owe it all to you." And we are left to see "how the other half lives." Romantic isn't it? Fairly scintillating with the pulse of the age of chivalry? The age-old story of "the way of a man with a maid"? How sweet!

Yet the other stories mentioned contain the same blot, and the reader is none the wiser, reading one after the other as though each were a different tale whose number has never been told.

Is this life? Is the third of the great Trinity mentioned by Paul this? Does the hero always succeed through the efforts of the heroine? The answer is obvious, and it should be, but why mix hash with mush and make slop?

The novel of today is the same thing, "My love," croaked the hero, as he gathered her, like a sheaf of fodder, into his manly arms. The titles are enough to make the reader read: "My Woman in Pajamas," "The Night Before Day", but why——?

We do not find such mush in the tales of Dickens; we do not find such dissipated flowerings in the masterpieces of Poe, Maupassant, and Daudet. There we have life as it is lived, not as effeminate literas would write it to suit the asses.

Yet the stories are devoured; yet the novels are consumed by the eye of the dear public.

"A fool there was", and he was heard to say
That he could write—
And he wrote.

#### THE LEGEND OF THE HOLLY TREE

Josie Foy, '21

Out on the hills near Jerusalem a little grove of cedars raised their shapely heads from a troubled sleep. As they whispered now cautiously, now loudly and defiantly among themselves, there was a premonition of evil in the day which was slowly approaching. In the midst of this small wood of cedars a slender, strong young tree proudly lifted its head that morning to peep through the thick branches of its older

and taller neighbor to find the sun, which was accustomed to send its bright rays over the eastern ridge.

This young tree was the only one of its kind in that country, and, when asked by lovers of nature, the only one of its kind among numberless cedars, there was a longing in its heart that it knew not its parentage or its kin. The kindly cedars whispered that a bird on its way from a northern clime had dropped it at their feet, a seed from which sprang a little plant. Such was the beauty of its dark-green, wax-like leaves that the northerly cedars, adopting it as their protege, tenderly watched it grow in slenderness, beauty, and strength. Now, at this Passover time, it was much admired by the multitude, who, coming to Jerusalem for the feast, stopped to rest under the beneficent shade of the grove. The smooth, shiny leaves seemed even a deeper green now that they were adorned by clusters of milk-white berries. The gray, fine-grained bark of the strong trunk gave evidence of a wood of ivory whiteness. Never had nature borne such a rarity in that country, and the ancient and gnarled old cedars were proud of their ward.

As the murmuring of the restless neighbors and guardians came to the but half-aroused, young tree, it gave up its search for the tawny sun and inquired the reason for such agitation. The grave cedars wished to spare the child of their adoption anxiety, and only after it insisted did they tell of the conversation overheard the day before, which was the cause of their concern. Two pilgrims were talking about the trial of one named Jesus and of its probable outcome. They knew not that those old cedars loved the young teacher and that many times he had rested beneath their leafy branches. After discussing the happenings of the day, one pilgrim added sadly, "I heard the centurion order a tree to be selected from this wood for the cross of the Master since it is so evident that the Jews will crucify him."

It was this which deprived the cedars of their peaceful rest that night and caused them to await the dawn anxiously. The slender tree with its shiny leaves and white berries now for the first time felt real sorrow in its heart. It devotedly loved the young Master who was often wont to take his griefs with him away from the crowd to the shadows of the quiet grove. Often it had felt his admiring eyes as he looked lovingly at the work of His Father, the Creator. Was it he, the Savior, who was expected to be crucified and was one of their own number to be chosen for the cross? The tree shuddered at such a thought.

At that moment there was heard in the distance the clank of armor and the loud, boisterous voices of the Roman soldiers. The trees became more restless and uneasy. Could the report have been true? Yes; they stopped at the grove. "How can one of their mates be spared, and which will be cut?" The little tree hardly dares lift its head though it feels somewhat secure as it stands partly hidden from sight. But the soldiers do not choose at random: careless as they may seem in many things, in choosing a cross for Him who declares himself the Savior of the world even the brutal soldier hesitates. young tree, horrified, hears the clang of swords against the heavy armor. What if it should be the one chosen? It shuddered with humiliation and fear. Now the soldiers appear, one of them bearing an axe. They stop wonderingly before the straight trunk of the young tree whose leaves tremble as it feels their critical gaze and hears the angry swishing of its friends around it.

A soldier speaks, "Why not this one? If we are seeking the best, we have found it: look at the whiteness of its bark."

"It will do well for a holy tree. We had better give him the best since he says he is 'King of the Jews,' "his companion answered sneeringly.

The tree in terror looked appealingly at its old guardians, now standing helpless. Its humiliation seemed more than it could bear. In anguish it saw the gleam of the axe; then, as it felt the rough hands of the soldiers, every branch recoiled. In its last agony of despair the shining leaves contrasted so

that at the end of each vein a sharp thorn appeared. Its blush of shame changed the beautiful, milk-white berries to drops of red like the blood upon the Savior's brow.

The soldiers, though disconcerted at first, continued their relentless work. Since that day the "Holy tree" or, as we know it, the holly tree, has borne leaves spiked with needle-like points and berries of a crimson hue.



#### LE PRINTEMPS DE MON COEUR

Une chanson de jeunesse John H. Small, Jr., '21

Toujours c'est bien etre vivant— Le monde est heureux et riant, Le bonheur fe lambe dans ces yeux, Car tout le monde est amoureux.

Les fleurs triomphent par jeunessee, Tendrement le bois me caresse, Le vent murmure dans l'oreille Les mots d'une chanson si vielle.

Partout fuyent les papillons, Ici parmi des grapillons Les abeilles cuillent leur miel, Une grive appele du ciel.

Et meme cette ancienne ville, Comme une fillette, s'habille; Si elle semble un peu mechante, En sa naivite charmante.

Et moi, a l'aube de la vie Je me confie en ma genie Qui m'a beni de jeune ardeur— Car c'est le printemps de mon coeur.

(Editors note: The Archive republishes the above poem, originally appearing in the October issue, in view of the fact that there then appeared by inadvertence a preliminary version in which were several typographical errors.)



#### CAN'TS AND CANS

You can't cure hams with a hammer; You can't weigh grams with a grammar; Mend socks with a socket; Build docks with a docket; Or gather clams with a clamor.

You can't pick locks with a pickle;
You can't cure the sick with a sickle;
Pluck figs with a figment;
Drive pigs with a pigment;
Or make your watch tick with a tickle.

You can't make a mate of your master;
You can't get a crate from a crater;
Catch moles with a molar;
Bake rolls with a roller;
But you can get a wait from a waiter.

-Delaware.

#### AN OLD LADY?

Coma Cole (Giving a current-event talk in Athena) "I remember right after the Civil War that ......" (Laughter).

Dr. Spence: (To a freshman in chapel) "Can't you play the piano for the chapel services?"

Fresh: "Aw, go on and quit kidding me."

Sam's girl is tall and thin;
My girl is short and low;
Sam's girl wears silks and satins;
My girl wears calico.
Sam's girl is fast and speedy;
My girl is pure and good.
Do you think I'd change my girl for Sam's?
You know darn well I would.

Holmes says: "All lecturers, all professors, all schoolmasters have ruts and grooves in their minds into which the conversation is continually sliding."

Smudge says: "Now we know why Woolley quizzes; chapel cards; Latin ponies; monkey motions, folk lores; midterm exams; senior flunks. "My dear young man"

Lane: "Say, help me rustle this trunk downstairs.

Dulin: "Gon on off. Trunks don't rustle; they bang. Leaves rustle."

Lane: "Well, this trunk is leaving."

-Am. Boy.

#### TO M. R. C.

You met a little maid from Andover
Who said when you asked a kiss of her,
"Oh, you horrible man;
Do you think that I can
When your lip is covered with that bit of fur.

#### WHAT DID HE MEAN?

Dr. Cranford: "How do you know that I have a brain?"
Sprinkle: "I can't prove it, sir."

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

-Shakespeare.

Wallace: (Leisurely stropping his razor) "You're getting a bit grey, sir."

Prof Wilson: (Impatiently) "Think you'll be through before I'm bald?"

When a man goes broke,
He hasn't a red.
When a country goes broke,
It's full of "Reds".

Am. Boy.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used until they are seasoned.

Smudge says: "The more timber one cuts; the more it is seasoned; but the more classes are cut the less knowledge is seasoned."

"Ain't it funny though?"

Some women are no more genuine than their blushes; while others are as true as their freekles.—Tatler.

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# THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXIV

January-February, 1922

No. 4

#### MANAGER'S NOTICE

The Trinity Archive is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit and encourage literary endeavor among the students of the College.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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# The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., January-February, 1922

### To the Girls of '21

To the dear old girls of '21
We pledge our love tonight;
We are glad for the trail they have blazed for us,
And our path they have made so bright

To the Jennie Wren of our Senior Class Emma, the fairest of the fair, We raise our glass with a toast of praise For her winning ways and "beauty" rare.

Here's to Josie and Eugene— We'll never think of them apart; And in the years to come, we see Them loving the heathen with all their heart.

Next year we'll miss old "Dociabelle;" We'll miss her smile and friendly way For Tiny we've loved with a heart sincere, Though two years only would she stay.

We are proud of the girls from old G. C. L. Humble and H. McCrary; We wish they'd send us some more as fine To cheer our hearts and make us merry.

We're glad that Maude chose Trinity Instead of Randolph-Macon. May the honors she's won throughout this year Be but the beginning of a race well run. Another brilliant light we introduce, A Phi Beta Kappa in our midst. An adviser and friend of the truest kind. It can be none other than Irene Pitts.

She left old '20 to serve her country, The brave little Marguerite. She's a great big addition to '21 Although she's tres petite.

She came to the Frau Shack only this year— Her name was Rosa Waddell; But in our hearts she's won a place 'Cause all things she's done well.

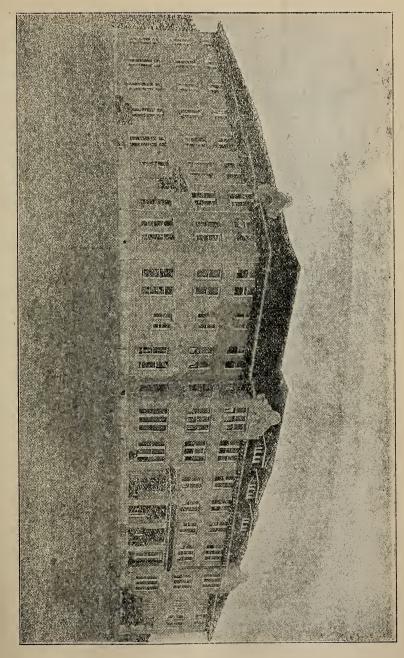
And now we come to dear old Wabble; Again we'll crown her our queen. The fragrance of the flowers she's strewn Will be sweet memories serene.

We hate to say farewell tonight To friends we love so dear But your memory e'er will be to us A golden torch of cheer.

And when the sunset bell is tolling At the close of that glad day, And the golden sun is shedding Its light upon your way,

Remember we are wishing then That like the setting of the sun, Your every life may be most golden In loving deeds well done.

Blanche and Lota Leigh.



## Southgate Memorial Building

#### Miss Fronde Kennedy, Dean of Women

Every house comes to have an individuality of its own, and there is a complexity of appeal about any dwelling which has sheltered generations of human beings and protected them through their social and moral evolutions. Many writers have attempted to express this arresting truth, most successful among them probably being Hawthorne with **The House of Seven Gables.** That individual tone and flavor which seems to belong to and to emanate from the house itself is in reality but the essence of the souls which have existed within it and made it the expression of themselves.

Like a freshly stretched canvas before the painter, a white sheet of paper before the poet, a block of marble before the sculpter, a new house offers itself as a medium of self-expression and self-perpetuation before those who are to live in it. What impress are Trinity women making on the beautiful new Southgate Memorial Building? What will be the dominant note in its appeal to those who from time to time enter it and look about it questioningly?

It comes to them not merely free from anything sinster or sordid, but already bearing the imprint of a noble life and lofty ideals stamped upon it in its very naming, for it perpetuates the memory of a big-hearted, forward-looking gentleman who during the years of his presidency of the board of trustees of Trinity College always showed his faith in the institution and in the growing activity of its women students. It comes as the tribute of the citizens of Durham to Mr. Southgate and the proof of the place in their hearts which Mr. Southgate had and which by this generous deed they have en-

É

larged to hold Trinity women. It has already begun to shed a fragrance of great-heartedness and a light of vision.

Another gracious influence has been poured into this home. Many years ago when there was a mere handful of "co-eds" at Trinity, there moved among them a lovely girl whom all in the College community admired. Her life was snapped off in its bloom, and her stricken husband turned in his mind to this spot associated with the happy girlhood of Anna Branson and provided in memory of her a spot of beauty and stately dignity under the roof of Southgate Memorial Building. To Mr. J. A. Thomas, of Durham and China, the Trinity women owe the cherished drawing-room in which they pass their happiest hours of social enjoyment.

Another gracious personality, that of Mrs. Fannie Carr Bivins, a member of the first class that graduated women and in addition the first president of the Trinity College Alumnae Association, has through the love of her fellow-alumnae been identified with this the first building for women on Trinity campus. An aura of romance and pathos clung always about Mrs. Bivins because of her long years of self-devoted work as a teacher and leader in church enterprises, following the tragedy of a honeymoon from which she returned a widow. The memory of her husband, who was her class-mate at Trinity and head master in Trinity Park School at the time of his death, is perpetuated by Bivins Hall. Mrs. Bivins, more than any other one alumnae of Trinity, had the far vision and high hopes for the future of her Alma Mater. It is fitting that the women students when they gather to worship meet in a room sacred to her memory.

Already all of these influences have begun to mold the character of this building. Seeing themselves set about by so great a cloud of witnesses, Trinity women of today and tomorrow can not aim low. It is theirs to develop in this building such an atmosphere of noble feeling and impulse that all who breathe in its air shall receive virtue. It is theirs to keep sacred the trust that is committed unto them.

## My Roommate

She's the brightest, happiest, sauciest Of all the Southgate throng; She's the baddest, cutest, prettiest (And I've been here all along!)

And she's wise although not bookish; She is cheery even when sad; She's unsurpassed when charming; When rebellious—she's not bad!

She's more eager, gladder, bolder
To seize the present joys—
Why, when most of us are grouching,
She "makes a joyful noise"!

Her lips, her eyes, her singing voice, Her goldly flaunting hair, And her nature—like good weather— Are all so "bright and fair"!

She's everything I am not
And the best things that I am;—
If I mope or pine, she rages,
If I rage, she is a "lamb".

Of mornings she's so cheery, Of evenings that way too: Sometimes I think she's crazy, But she's most delicious too! To me she came a fairy child To tint my grosser path; To teach my slow, phlegmatic soul To put on frills and laugh.

Superlative her virtues—she
Has defects too I fear;
But to me she's not too—anything
Unless she is too dear!

N. I. M.



## Old Tim

### Lota Leigh Draughon

"There's going to be some storm tonight, ain't there, Tim?" said a rough old fisherman as he hurried toward the village. Tim merely grunted and stalked on with an air of unconcern as to the presence or question of the fisherman. A few feet further on he stopped suddenly, put his hand to his mouth and gave a loud wild "whoopee" that echoed and reechoed through the rugged rocks that jutted far out over the sea, making a weird mournful sound blending with the roar of the ocean waves. This was Tim's substitute for cussing on such a night as this. He loved storms: they seemed to break the monotony of things for him. They were really the only true enjoyment that Tim ever had. They gave him a rest he said from "fool folks who was allers axing fool questions about the damned lighthouse that was built a thousand years ago". Then too the wildness, the beauty of the storm thrilled Tim as nothing else could. The wonder and the grandeur of it filled him with awe. He could understand the peaceful waves and the sunshine; he took these as a matter of course, but a storm was something unusual, something supernatural, awe-inspiring. With reverence he looked intently out at the immense breakers that rose and dashed themselves violently upon the precipitous crags. Caught in the embrace of two mammoth rocks, the water just below him whirled, eddied, and seethed in its struggle for freedom. The piercing ery of sea gulls as they hung poised and almost motionless above the troubled waters was music to Tim's ears. The wind howled and beat the waves higher and higher. Every minute the clouds were growing blacker and angrier.

With a start Tim realized that he must be on the job this night if he ever had been, and he hurried toward the light-

house. The old fisherman was mighty right; this was going to be SOME storm.

Tim had lived in that lighthouse with no companion-not even a dog-for fifty long years of his life. He was a great stalwart fellow, browned and weathered by wind and sun, unafraid of hardships, suffering, and danger. In fact he thrilled to that kind of thing; that was what made life for him worth living. He had never had a love-affair; he had never even so much as had a friend of any kind. He chose to live a solitary life with only the waves, the birds, the winds, and the lighthouse as his comrades. These alone could understand him. He hated folks. That was just the plain truth of the matter: he hated folks and he showed his displeasure by swearing, sputtering, and growling when people came to ask questions about the lighthouse. He succeeded in never having the same caller more than once. That was HIS lighthouse he maintained even if it was the oldest in the land and the only one of its kind in existence. Tim's fame as a perpetual grouch and a continual "cusser" spread abroad so that only those few who were very curious ever came near him. And Tim lived for weeks and weeks without seeing any person save when he went into the village to buy provisions. No one ever saw him in a good humor because he was always otherwise when folks were with him, but tonight as he sat in the lighthouse with the tumult and roar of the storm outside, Tim was downright happy. He delighted to watch the waves dashing and foaming in the lighthouse gleam that penetrated the darkness. For many miles out there were sandy shallows and dangerous crags. Many who had not known the dangers of that coast had been destroyed in spite of the warning from the lighthouse.

Tim worked steadily and untiringly all that night, and with the morning came peace and calm and the refreshing balm of early morning air and sunshine. He walked out the door and gave another loud, long "whoopee" that resounded

through the rocks but not so mournfully as it had the night before. "That was a powerful turrible storm not to've had no accident come from it", mused Tim. And he walked out toward the sand banks. The storm had washed much rubbish and debris upon the shore and left it there. Most of the debris consisted of sticks, shells, seaweed, but among them was a white canvas sail that immediately attracted Tim's attention. Yes, it was new and strong, but it had been torn into shreds by the winds. There was strong evidence that it had been detached from a sail boat, the night before in the storm. Tim was greatly concerned. He looked diligently along the coast for bodies that might have been washed up. About a mile from the lighthouse he found an upturned boat but no sign of a body. Before noon a life-saving crew scoured the coast for any trace of lost bodies, but all in vain. He went to the village and everything was in commotion. Everybody was talking in loud excited tones about the famous Lancaster family which had been joy-riding in their private yacht the evening before. No trace had been found of Mr. Lancaster and their two-vear old daughter. But the advent of Mrs. Lancaster was causing even more excitement than the disappearance of the other two. She had come through the streets that morning before the sun had risen. No one knew how she came to be rescued from the waves, for she did not know it herself. A beautiful proud woman she had been. Now she was a very pitiable sight, her clothes, torn and wet, her hair falling down her back and over her eyes. She frantically ran through the streets screaming, "O my baby! Where are you Lucile?" This she cried over and over again wringing her hands and pulling her hair. When she saw Tim, she ran to him, madly holding him with both her hands. "Where is my Lucile? Bring her to me! You must, you must, I say." Tim was truly frightened. He pushed her aside rudely and passed on, but she would not be put aside so easily. "You must, you must bring me my child," she screamed. "O Lucile, Lucile, my baby!" With this old Tim loosed her hold on him and

started out running in the direction of the lighthouse. This time she did not attempt to follow him.

The old lighthouse keeper was very angry as he walked back towards his home carrying a heavy load of provisions. When he had walked the two miles, however, he had grown so tired that he had almost forgotten his anger. The shades of evening were thickening. The waves sparkled in the pastel lights of the sinking sun and helped to soothe the troubled spirit of Tim. He deposited his load at the lighthouse and walked slowly down among the rocky gorges until finally he stood on a great promontory that stretched its length out over the waters. Tim always liked to stand here when the sun was sinking. He was feeling lonesome tonight; there was a longing in his heart for something he did not have—a feeling he could scarcely remember ever having before. Below him was forever sounding in his ears the eternal and insistant roar of the ocean. But the words of the strange woman were roaring in his ears with equal insistance: "Lucile, O Lucile, my baby!" He could see the big red flaming sun dropping out of sight down into the ocean, and he turned to go. He walked carefully and slowly among the rocks. Just to one side, between two huge boulders, he perceived something white. "Another piece of that rigging washed up from the storm," he muttered to himself, but he went over to pick it up. It was very dark in the cavelike enclosure and had the object not been white, he would have passed it by unnoticed. He stooped to pick it up, but just as he did a tiny something reached out and touched his boot; then the whole object moved a little closer to him. Tim was not easily frightened, but he was scared now. What could it be? Whatever it was it was alive and crawling. His first impulse was to get away as quickly as possible, but just then another little hand was placed on his boot and a baby voice called, "Daddy, zat you?" had never had quite the feeling that he experienced now. didn't know what to do; he hesitated a moment; then without saving a word he stooped down and lifted the child in his arms. The little head dropped on his shoulder and he knew from stillness and its breathing that it was asleep.

When he reached the lighthouse, he placed her on his bed and lighted a candle; then he sat down to think. He was too tired to take the child to the village that night, but what could he do with her? His thoughts were interrupted by the sudden realization that he had eaten no supper and that the child had probably had nothing to eat all day; so he hurriedly prepared some porridge and mush. How was he going to feed a kid? he asked himself, and at the thought he cursed himself for having found her. Anyway he supposed he couldn't afford to let her starve; so he went over and shook her. "Want somp'n to eat, little 'un?" he said grouchily. She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes, but when she saw Tim, she began to cry. "Here, here," cried Tim, putting a spoonful of mush in her mouth, "Eat this here and hush your squalling." She immediately stopped crying and began eating as though she were starved. She ate ravenously all the supper Tim had prepared for her; then the little eye-lids drooped. "Me sleepy. 'Oo tiss 'Cile 'night'', she said and reached out her little arms and put them closely around old Tim's neck. The rough old man took her in his arms, and, pulling down the covers of his own bed, he placed the tired sleepy little body between the sheets. As he did so he noticed a tiny gold locket suspended about her throat. Upon it was engraved the one word "Lucile."

The next morning Tim woke with a start. Why was he so cold and stiff and why for goodness sake had he slept on the floor? Then looking on the bed, he found the cause and remembered the incident of the night before. "Well, I'll be hanged if I didn't sleep on the floor for a doggone kid. Say, Tim Sawyer, air you losing yer mind?"

Tim supposed that her mother was still in the village; so he would hurry and bring her before the child should awake. Closing the door softly behind him, he hurried down to the water's edge to wash his face. As he lifted the water in his hands, he beheld on the glittering sand a beautiful jeweled pin, an amethyst set about with tiny diamonds and pearls. He picked it up, examined it closely, put it into his pocket, and sauntered off in the direction of the village.

There he inquired about the Lancasters. The proprietor of the hotel informed him that they had slept the night before there, but that Mrs. Lancaster had been taken to a sanitorium in a distant city early that morning. Mr. Lancaster had accompanied her, himself being very weakened and nervous. Tim learned also that they were doing all in their power to find the child but that no trace had yet been found. After the hotel-keeper had answered all of Tim's inquires, he turned on him roughly, "But why are you asking about those people? What interest do you have in them? Have you found any trace of the child?" Tim just then remembered the little arms that had hugged him the night before and at that very moment he felt the pin in his pocket. Tim cursed, looked a little confused. What right had this old hotel-keeper to know any of his affairs? he thought to himself. "Naw, I ain't out a-searching no kid, but I found this here breast pin, and I 'lowed as how maybe it belonged to her, and I ain't got no use fer it." He handed the pin to the man. "Can you send that to her?" and he stalked out, not caring whether she ever got it or not, inwardly cursing when he thought of "that brat" at home.

He found Lucile on the floor, playing gleefully with an old fish net. When he entered, she ran to him. "You not daddy; who you?" "I'm Tim", he answered. "And what's zis?" she asked, pulling at his boots. Soon Tim found himself laughing. He had forgotten his grouches; he had forgotten himself in fact, and was actually enjoying a real genuine laugh. Lucile soon crawled into his lap and was laughingly pulling his hair and beard. Much to Tim's own surprise, it was not making him angry.

\* \* \* \*

The winds were raging fiercely, the clouds were angrily boiling and even in the little village of Rock Tower, two miles from the coast, could be heard the tumultous roaring of the mighty ocean. A little group of men was gathered near the post office, talking excitedly. "This here is going to be just sich a storm as the one was when the Lancasters got shipwrecked about fifteen years ago on them rocks over 'crost from the lighthouse. You know old Tim sure have" . . . . Just at this point the conversation was interrupted by an elderly man with snow-white hair who inquired the way to Rock Tower lighthouse. One of the men told him, but added, "Surely you ain't er aiming to go there now is you in all this storm? It's two mile and apt as not after you git there old Tim won't let you in the lighthouse." "I must go", said the man. Thank you for your kindness", and without further delay he set off in that direction.

The storm was almost blinding now. The wind caught the dry sand in its clutches and swept it on hurricane fashion, almost blowing with it the men who struggled weakly against its brute force. He staggered on and on, scarcely knowing where he went, only knowing that the bellowing of the sea became more and more audible. The sky was now thick with blackness. He could see nothing save the rain and blackness; he could hear nothing but the wind and the sea. He struggled on, each step made with a mighty effort but each one taking him nearer his goal, knowing that the next might be the last. Finally, he stumbled and fell in the darkness; wholly exhausted he sank into unconsciousness.

When he awoke, it was morning. The sunshine was streaming in at the window, and he was lying on a comfortable cot in a small neatly furnished room. A young girl dressed in a pink calico dress was standing near the bed. Her soft yellow hair hung in short curls over her shoulders. She had not noticed that he was awake, so he closed his eyes quickly and tried to think where he was and why' he had come here. "There now, dearest Tim," exclaimed the girl, running to the

door to meet him. "You're ready for your breakfast, aren't you. I knew you'd want something hot after such a night as you've had." Then she added in an undertone, "I'd best put another poultice on his head before I give you your breakfast." She prepared it and placed it on his head. As she bent over him, he slowly opened his eyes and saw about her neck the little gold locket with the word "Lucile" engraved upon it.

"O Lucile, Lucile, my own child," he cried almost wildly, extending his arms to her. Your mother and I have spent years and years searching for you and now—O, to find you now, my child; O Lucile, my baby."

"You my Daddy?" said Lucile, bewildered.

"You're Lancaster?" said Tim coming near the bed and speaking very gravely. "Yes, Lucile, he is your father. I have been a selfish wicked old man not to tell you about your parents and not to give you to them." His voice was very broken as he said these words, and Tim turned sadly and walked toward the open door. "Goodbye, Lucile. Try to forgive old Tim and remember it was because I loved you so."

The girl's face was troubled. "You're my daddy," she said to the man on the cot as she allowed him to hold her close in his arms. "I'm mighty proud to know about you, Daddy, but he's my Tim, "and she ran and put her arms about the old man and held his wrinkled tear-stained face close to hers. "You're going to live with us always, always. I love Tim, Daddy. Tim's so good to me, and Tim loves me."

## On Reaching the Age of Twenty

### By Herminia Haynes

Today my teen years are over—
Those happy years and gay;
My golden care-free teen years
Are past and gone away.
My mind goes back to those teen days,
But there it must not stay.

Ahead is the long, long future— What, oh! what will it be? Into the far-off tomorrow No human eye can see; 'Tis only the days' unfolding Will show the plan to me.

As onward the years go rushing,
The happy years and sad,
My prayer is to be of service,
Make many others glad.
Thus daily following my Master
Make each the best I've had.

## "Helen of the Old House" By Harold Bell Wright

Reviewed by Sophia Ryan

"Helen of the Old House", Harold Bell Wright's latest novel centers about American industrial life in a small manufacturing town. Mr. Wright tells his story with the same earnest, sympathetic knowledge and understanding of human life that have made his former books "The Calling of Dan Matthews", "The Shepherd of the Hills", and "The Eyes of the World," favorites of the reading public.

In a portralit of soul struggle, one wonders who takes the cake, Theda Bara by her acting or Harold Bell Wright by his writing. When Mr. Wright chooses the present industrial unrest for the background of his story, "Helen of the Old House," we are inclined to decide in his favor. Love, romance, stirring events, and quick action catch the reader unawares, and he reads the book to the end. Then after the last page is finished and the book is closed, reader, you begin to think. You wonder if Millsburg is a typical manufacturing town. You wonder if Helen Ward is a typical twentieth century girl. You wonder if present-day materialism has wiped out the love of yesterday. You ask if Socrates was a greater philosopher then the old Interpreter. Then you parallel the struggle of Adam Ward and that of Hawthorne's Arthur Dimmesdale.

A conventional plot dealing with realism is ordinary, you say. Granted. But a conventional plot developed from Mr. Wright's pen is not ordinary. What if the atmosphere of the industrial war is somewhat superficial? A superficial atmosphere eleverly created and eleverly enlivened with the human interest that comes from Mr. Wright's sympathetic knowledge and understanding of the average man's problems has more

interest for the everyday man than the most profound treatise on the science of industry.

Mr. Wright makes his characters live; he makes them have the same instincts, the same emotions, the same interests that the man of today has. From them come the same thoughts, ideas, and opinions that come from the average man. The everyday types of human beings are met in them as are met in the contact of man with man. The struggle of the characters against external and internal forces represents the struggle for mastery over present day conditions. Just as the philosophy of the novelist, Lagrange, in "The Eyes of the World" expresses the workings of the artist's mind in his struggle to be true to himself and please the public, the philosophy of the old basket-maker, the Interpreter, in "Helen of the Old House" expresses man's struggle with his own environment and his part in the eternal "oneness of things".



## To Endangered Careers

"There is one oustanding objection,"
He said to co-ed soph',
"To having you girls on the campus",
As he gave his green cap a slight doff.
"What's that"? she replied with resentment,
And gave him a sophomore gaze,
At which he but straightened up bolder
Like a male bantam just from his cage.

"It's like this," said the young hero
Avoiding her all searching looks,
"You bother us boys in our study
And keep us awake from our books".
"Last night I took one to the movies;
And just night before filled a date,
And the teacher just told me this morning,
That he feared I was waking up late."

Poor little masculine dolly,
How easy to manage and rule!
What a pity his ma didn't keep him
Away from a co-ed school!
Do you think, boys, we are in college
To help or hinder your class?
Do you think we are here just to look at,
Or help you your leisure to pass?

We are here for a definite purpose, A cause that is tested and true, And we chose for our own reasons, TRINITY, And we have as much right here as you. And if you desire to discharge us— Well just desire on—I should say, But I think you will find in the long run, That vain wishing never did pay!

There may be a few in our number, Who are taking the course of a vamp, As for them I will keep my opinion, Those maids with a false burning lamp. But to you whose career is endangered, Who without us such wonders would do, If these are the cause of your trouble, Then—the Lord have mercy on you!

V. L. S.



## Bread Upon the Waters

#### Hattie Herndon

Mules!

Six of them, galloping gaily about what had once been a field of tender young corn. But now it looked like a battle-field after a busy day on which the joyous mules were triumphantly victorious. At the edge of the field stood two farmers breathing heavily and glowering at each other. The younger, red headed one was almost snorting. The older of the two, farmer Pope, a man with white hair and mild blue eyes, who ordinarily wore an expression of unusual mildness and gentleness, now stared angrily at his companion. But one could detect a gleam of humor in his eyes as he glanced from the mules to the man.

The other was a youth barely out of college. He was a scientific farmer, or had been, until this terrible hour. Jack Benson had firey red hair and deep blue eyes, and was usually a pleasant chap. But now—his red hair gleamed and his blue eyes sparkled. His corn—his beautiful corn which only yesterday had stood so proudly, flaunting its silken tassels and streaming banners in the wind, like knights in proud array; today it was ruined; and by mules. If his corn must be destroyed why couldn't there have been a storm, or sleet, or hail, or fire from Heaven, or anything but mules?

- "Mules!" he half sobbed the word.
- "Did you say anything" asked Mr. Pope.
- "Oh no, certainly not. Why should I say anything? There's no occasion to say anything—none whatsoever."
- "Well, to tell the truth, I don't see anything to talk about either," blandly ignoring the sarcasm. "Them mules—I didn't know they would do it so thorough. But, young man, you've only got yourself to blame. I put up that fence be-

tween your land and mine. I put it up, and it was up to you to keep it up. I can't help it if my mules come through a hole in my fence if you didn't patch it. I'm sorry they ruint your corn, but they sure did do it thorough." He turned and once more surveyed the field as if unwilling to lose a single detail of the sight.

"Oh-I-you-mules," gasped Jack as he watched the old man slowly head the mules from the field. He did it deliberately, and tenderly patted the mules as they went through the gap in the fence. If he had not known otherwise, Jack would have declared that the old man was laughing.

As he sat by his lonely fire that night, sighing and growling "Mules-corn-field-mules", the red headed young man suddenly sprang from his seat as if a brilliant idea had seized him. Then he gave an unexpected and rather original performance of the Highland Fling.

Midnight. 'Tis the next night and all the land is bathed in a milky radiance. But what is this mysterious figure which moves silently across Farmer Pope's field! Only the eye of the moon watched him seek out his neighbor's choicest low-grounds. His attitude and motions were those of a man who sowed grain. If the moon had had ears it would have heard this mysterious mower mutter, "There's food for your mules." Only the moon watched him as, his labor finished, he entered the home of Jack Benson, carrying with him a bag labelled Johnson's Indestructible Wild Grass Seed."

In time the wild grass came up and flourished after the manner of wild grass. In time also came Martha Pope home from college. She was fair and twenty, with two bewitching dimples and curly black hair. She had also a pair of soft brown eyes, which had a habit of gazing at one in a sophisticated innocent way.

Small wonder that Jack "fell for her". Forgotten were corn and mules. Forgotten also was Johnson's Indestructable Wild Grass. Jack bought a mandolin, a new tie and called up memories of how he had done it in his college days. He was a scientific person, and so one doesn't wonder that he was soon able to persuade Miss Pope that Martha Benson was a more attractive name than Martha Pope.

Farmer Pope, always generous and kindhearted, gave them his choicest low grounds for a wedding present.

Jack, being a scientific farmer, has figured it out that if he hired twelve men, and they each worked twenty-four hours a day, they would clear the low grounds in two years and six days.



## Divided They Fall

#### Blanche Barringer

The "pep" meeting was in full swing; now there could be heard the fifteen rahs, and T-r-i-n-i-t-y; now there came the notes of "Trinity",—each filled with all the enthusiasm that five hundred students could command. How I wanted to be there! But toothache couldn't be reasoned with—I just had to stay right on that bed and only listen.

Suddenly the noise ceased, and for several minutes there was a calm. Then I heard a creeching kind of noise, seemingly coming from the door, for the doors in Southgate seem to have a propensity for squeaking, especially when everything else is quiet. But no, it could not be the door—that was securely shut. Again the same noise was clearly heard, and what should I see as I turned my head but a procession of four rats coming out from under the strong box in the corner. I lay very still so that I might observe all that those rats were going to do. And what a revelation I received! The procession came out to the center of the room, and then after the last three had come to the position of attention the leader of the group stood up to deliver his opening address. Although I had spent several years of my life in the study of foreign languages, and although I had spent many moments of anguish trying to translate Professor Webb's French conversation on French 5 class, I found it even more difficult to understand the speech that was being made. However, as I caught a word here and there, I became aware of the fact that I was silently observing a frat meeting carried on with all the ceremony and ritualistic procedure that national Pan-Hellenic fraternities are supposed to make a part of their meetings. Really it was such a temptation to get an insight into other fraternity life and

ideals that I was forced to listen more closely. A weighty matter had come up for discussion and consideration. Although the group there represented was of a high type, and, to say the least, exclusive, there was some splendid material within their reach. The number of flies (not Flaes of course) was gradually increasing, and the rat order feared that if they did not ally themselves with the flies the latter would soon overrun them. Should they not take in the most prominent ones and thus be more able to carry on their proposed work during the year? After a very heated discussion of the merits and qualities of each proposed candidate, the group came to the conclusion that "United we stand; divided we fall", and just as a motion for their acceptance was being made, crash! The "pep" meeting was over. The loud vells of an enthusiastic crowd had frightened the rats away. They, without even adjourning the seemingly formal meeting, ran in every direction, and judging from the fact that both rats and flies are now in the minority at Southgate. I am convinced that divided they fell, and we shall have perfect peace.

## The Passing of the Mentzers

#### Flora Meredith

It was in God's country in the days when men's souls had been tried and were recovering from the strain of the trial. The matchless beauty of Maryland was at its zenith. Crescote silently gave evidence of its pre-war origin, majestically beautiful even in its dilapidation. Its walls were guarded closely by ivy as if the vines would smother any secrets which the walls would tell. Crescote was surrounded by what was once a garden but is now a green enclosure used for drying clothes. At the foot of erstwhile garden flows the historic Antietam.

Jeanne Mentzer loved Crescote as an aged man loves his youthful reminiscences. Of course she loved old Uncle John, too. He was all that was left to her now on this side of the Atlantic, he and Crescote that is.

"Mis' Jeanne," came Uncle John's rasping voice, "de boy done lef' dis lettah for you. It looks like somethin' big. Mus' be from some one neah as big as de President 'cause a boy brung it, an' it's on yellah paper. He done tole one to write mah name 'fore he would give it to me."

Jeanne snatched the telegram. Could it be that George was coming home? Why it had been scarcely two weeks since the Armistice was signed. John hobbled off painfully when Jeanne became so absorbed. John muttered, "Ah'll go get them paper flowers for Mis' Sue's grave."

Jeanne gasped strangely. A breeze stirred the cypress trees desolately. The sun darkened perceptibly. A bell in the distance chimed hollowly, but Jeanne remained motionless, dumb. All at once the dear walls of Crescote seemed to crowd about her, oppressing her, imprisoning her, reminding her of the good times, now gone forever.

She fled. Running through the garden she cast a glance at the new grave, her mother's, with its red clay; it spoke a language of its own. "Brother knows now," she reflected. On and on she went until she was ankle-deep in the Antietam, then knee-deep, then waist-deep; then, with a welcoming swish, the waters closed over the bright head.

Her body has never been found. It may be that her enfranchised spirit has found the solace it craved in heaven, while her lonely body is carried by the current past Sharpsburg where her grandfather sleeps, onward, either to join that of her father who lies among the sea-weed near Cuba, or that of her brother who rests in Flanders. Be that as it may, Uncle John has ever with him the memory of her gleeful smile, the only reminder of the Mentzers.



## **EDITORIALS**

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

The material in this issue of the Archive was all collected by the lady members of the staff and was all written by the young women of the College. We hope that the co-ed issue of the Archive will be enjoyed by all and will serve as a source of inspiration for the men of the College to submit something for the regular March issue.

THE EDITOR.

#### GUIDE POSTS ALONG THE WAY

At the beginning of the new year, at the starting point of a new road may we place a stronger emphasis on our newly formed Brotherhood in Christ, and strive to make it truly a vital thing in the lives of every student at Trinity. First of all our Brotherhood must be a reality to us-not merely an ideal. Jesus realized that it was difficult for people to be loyal to an ideal or a principle. He gave them something definite, something concrete. He promised them membership in His Kingdom which was at hand. He ministered to their concrete needs. He asked his disciples to do something which they could in a measure understand. They were fishermen, and he called them to be fishers of men. He knew it was far easier to be loyal to a person than to an ideal. So he summoned his disciples to be his friends and said "Follow me." Just so our Brotherhood in Christ summons us to be loyal, not to be an ideal of friendship which we do not put into practice, but it is a challenge to actually put that ideal into practice in our daily living and to prove ourselves friendly even to the most unfriendly brother on the campus. It is a heart-searching challenge to every member of our college community.

Can you be a brother to every person at Trinity? Are you making an honest effort to find those who are a wee bit lonely and to take them some of the sunshine of your life? Are you trying to prove yourself friendly to those who have never actually experienced friendship? Are you telling them of the greatest friend of all? In our hurry and bustle of life at Trinity do we not so often forget the cheery good morning greetings, the happy smiles, the little things we may do in a friendly sort of way to make life happier and more livable for those about us? For, after all, is not happiness the goal toward which all men everywhere are striving?

An old adage says that there is "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip". To change the imagery, there is many a person loses his way between start and finish. It is not enough to know the goal of our Brotherhood, it is not sufficient to get started in that direction, it is not enough to make New Year's resolutions concerning it. It is easier to talk around a subject than to get at the heart of it. It is easier to talk about Christian brotherhood than it is to live it. We learn to live by living. We learn the ideals by following them. There are depths and heights of Christian truth which we can never comprehend until we have begun to translate them into daily experience. Our Brotherhood must be a steady gradual plodding; it's goal and perfection cannot be reached by a single great effort, but there must be guide posts along the way and we must follow them and get our bearing from mile to mile.

"So many gods, so many creeds,
So many roads that wind and wind
When only learning to be kind
Is all this sad world needs."

Truly, kindness is one of the guide posts on the road to Brotherhood. Kindness in our criticisms of others, in remembering always the good things about people and forgetting the bad ones. The mean, hateful little things we say about people do more than almost anything else to tear down the true spirit of brotherhood. You may change a person's whole attitude toward a certain boy or girl by some cutting thing you say or by some piece of gossip you repeat.

"If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud,
Would cause his proud heart to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

"If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it."

The guide posts must point in the direction of self-discipline. We must consider ourselves, we must search our own hearts and our own lives, lest we condemn in others those things which are conspicuous in our lives. We must always find ourselves guided by a spirit of sympathy, thoughtful consideration, and forgiveness to others. It is not enough to be just. The day may come—indeed for most of us it has often come—when we need the leniency of forgiving love. Let us not forget to show such love to others.

Always the road must lead toward ever deepening genuineness and sincerity. In character, in our relation toward our brother, in our religious ceremonies, in our prayer to God, may we lay aside all hypocrisy, sham, and pretense.

Above all, we must see that the arrows along the way always point toward the great Christ-man Himself into whose likeness we, as brothers of his, are striving to grow.

L. L. D.

#### INFERIOR OR SUPERIOR?

Please, won't you write something for the Archive?" Thus plead the members of the staff. Those of whom we beg, one and all begin to make excuses. Such a state of affairs should not exist; something is wrong. Students ought to be eager to get something into Trinity's literary magazine. So large a number should write that there would be much material to choose from. Then it would be a greater honor to see an article in the Archive, and our magazine would get the best that the students can give, in that way maintaining a high standard.

Why is this not true? Do Trinity students feel inferior when it comes to writing? Do they think that they cannot write anything worth while? Or is it that they lack ambition and do not aspire to literary honors? Let us hope not, for if the students have no ambition, Trinity is indeed poor.

On the other hand, it may be that our men and women have assumed an attitude of superiority. Perhaps, they feel that they must not waste their talents by writing for the school paper. Or, if they are going to write, they want their egotism fed on the pleas and persuasions of the editors for their articles. If this be true, we sincerely hope that people of such an attitude will take their heads from the clouds before they stump their toes.

Don't put on an air of inferiority or of superiority. Strive to work up if you are not as good in writing as you could wish to be, or be loyal to Trinity and give of your best if you really are talented.

E. S. W.

#### DRAMATICS AS THEY ARE AT TRINITY

There has always been felt a need for dramatics at Trinity, a need for the girls to give expression to themselves. At present there is a club composed of some forty members who are working earnestly to make, by its efforts, a name for Trinity.

In the beginning the Club was nothing more than a Committee as it were, or small club, of the Athena Literary Society content to be allowed occasionally to justify its existence by entertaining the society for an hour with a program of recitations and songs—using only those girls who already had been trained along these lines.

In the fall of 1920, the Committee became quite daring and after satisfying the old tradition of giving its one program before the society began to sit up and take notice of just what the word "Dramatics" meant. For a time they groped about in the dark until, led by the guiding hand of their Dean, they began to see the light.

In the spring of 1921 the little Club presented in the name of Athena, two Irish folk plays: The Land of Heart's Desire by W. B. Yeats and Spreading the News by Lady Gregory. They were given as a part of the May Day Festivities for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. and the Club was proud to have cleared about \$100.00. They owe their success for these plays to Mrs. Paul Gross and Mrs. Joseph Speed who gave themselves so unstintingly "to the good of the cause."

With this success as an inspiration, the Club decided that it was quite large enough to stand on its own feet. In May 1921 Athena was divided into two literary societies allowing the Club to become a separate organization. A real Dramatic Club was then organized with quite efficient machinery.

In October, 1921, the Club, from formal applications took in 25 new members and went to work. As a means of finding out prospective material in the Club and getting the Committees in proper working order, the Club held try-outs for and presented in November a little Pierrot and Pierrette playlett, The Maker of Dreams by Oliphant Down. The play was given as part of a tea given for the faculty wives. The play was coached by Mrs. Paul Gross.

The Club has made quite elaborate plans for the coming spring. Monsieur Beaucaire by Booth Tarkington has been

chosen as the play on which it is to work, and try-outs for the cast of twenty have been thrown open to the whole school. An unusual amount of enthusiasm has been shown by the girls, nearly all of them either "trying out" for the play or offering their services to the committee on production. With Mrs. Gross as coach and Mrs. Speed as advisor of committees the girls feel confident that they will be able to successfully make what they hope will be but a beginning of "Greater Dramatics" at Trinity.

H. C.



## WAYSIDE WARES

#### CLOTHES OF THE TIMES

#### Eliza Scott

"Tempus fugit". Nay, you are mistaken. "There ain't no such animal" to "fugit", for if there were, I could use it. "But—" you protest, "Where are the 24 hours a day or at least the 16 hours a day, leaving 8 hours for sleep?" Eight hours for sleep! Since when have I slept eight hours? As for the hours in which I do not sleep, I can't imagine what becomes of them. Anybody can see that time is missing by looking into my life and seeing the many things neglected for a lack of it. Not the least of these neglected things is my wardrobe.

Alas! My wardrobe proves without a doubt that I simply have no time. I jump up on Monday morning with a limited amount of the said element in which to dress and get to an 8:30 class. What shall I wear? The pleats are out of that middy skirt because I got caught in the rain. The garnet dress has something spilled down the front as a result of Jane's knocking the remnants of her breakfast into my lap when she jumped up from the table in a mad rush. The pocket of the brown dress has been torn half off by a malicious door knob which tried to delay me when I was hurrying to catch up with "time". But there has been no time for pressing, cleaning, or sewing, and there is none now. I say "Eny, meeny, miny, moe" and put on the first thing "moe" comes out on.

Nor are dresses the worst problem—there are hose. Between the short length of skirts and the short-life of silk I have a nightmare of darning which is absolutely necessary if I am going to cover the territory ranging from slippers to skirts. Railroads! Oh my! If they were just the practical kind, I'd soon be a multi-millionaire—even at the present much complained of rates.

Now just consider dresses—dresses and hose are only two essentials of the wardrobe; there are coats, hats, sweaters, and ever so many more. If lack of time puts the first two in such a state of disrepair—?!?—well, "nuff said". I grab up anything that is still holding together, and put it on with the hopes that professors are too absent-minded to notice, that girls will understand, and that boys will be interested in athletics. As for the general public, I just steer clear of it.

Preachers protest against the clothes of the times, but they are mistaken. It is clothes of the lack of time.

#### HER RISK

#### Montrose Ballard

She stood by the window and pondered deeply. Thus she mused: "I've simply got to decide before eight o'clock. Oh what shall I do? How can I keep it a secret? No one must know. And suppose the Dean finds it out? Oh, for someone to talk to. It's such a risk, and yet it costs such a little on my part, but it means so much to him. He told me tonight that I was the sweetest, dearest girl on earth; and if I decide to do this, he'll think me far sweeter than ever before.

"Let me consider. My roommate is out for supper. She won't be back before eight, and by then all will be over. The Dean is on the other side of the building; so there's not much danger from her. I can lock my door and tack up a sign 'Asleep'. That's what I'll do. Have I got everything ready? Oh suppose I need to borrow something at the last minute? But I'll manage. I can't fail now; I'm so determined, and Oh, what happiness it will bring Jack. I'm so glad I decided to, but won't the girls be mad when they find out."

You see, the next day was Jack's birthday, and the fair co-ed was trying to make a box of fudge for him. He never got boxes from home, and she wanted him to have the whole two pounds—absolutely every piece of it. She didn't want the girls to get a single piece.

#### "USE YOUR BRAIN"

#### Rosamond Clark

Five o'clock! I grabbed up my books and started out of that library. The library is the quietest place—it's just so quiet it gets on my nerves. I couldn't stand it in there a minute longer. I hate Math. and I loathe old geometry. I don't see why Freshmen ever have to take such courses. I had spent the afternoon working on two originals and hadn't gotten either of them, so no wonder I was mad. I hurried on over to the dormitory and went upstairs to my room. I roomed on the second floor with two upperclassmen. One of them was good in Math., so I might get some help and, as I opened the room door, I sang out:

"Say Anne, please tell me how—" Just then I caught a glimpse of Anne's face and I stopped. She had one finger on her lip and with the other hand was making strange motions in the air, signing me to be quiet. Elizabeth, my other roommate, lay on her bed and Anne was bending over her.

"What's the matter?" I whispered. "Lizabeth got the toothache again?"

Anne raised up. "Sh-h, 'Lizabeth's awful sick. Her tooth's poisoned her, I think. Anyway, she got sick after you left. She's unconscious now. Miss Keene came up here and she says it must be her tooth. The doctor'll be here in a little bit and Miss Keene said she thought her father and mother ought to be sent for. I don't know whether she's going to send for them or not."

Elizabeth was as pale as a sheet. The shades were pulled down and the light was dim in the room but I could see that her lips were white, too. Her eyes were shut and there were big circles around them like she had been crying, just like they were that time when she cried all day because her new necklace had been stolen—the same one that she found in the back of her top bureau drawer where she had put it away and forgotten about it.

"Oh Anne!" I gasped, "Look at this room. Did Miss Keene see it-"

The room was a perfect mess. We had had a feast early in the afternoon and there were peanut hulls and apple pealings everywhere. Some dirty dishes and a chafing dish were in the corner where we had been making fudge. Books were scattered all over the study table. Elizabeth's Cosmopolitan that she always kept hidden in the top drawer of her trunk was lying cover side up on a chair, and Anne's new hat was in a band box in the middle of the floor with the box lid and wrapping paper lying all around it, for she had torn it open as soon as it came because she was in a big hurry to try it on.

"No, I don't think she noticed it," Anne whispered, "but you'd better clean it up before the doctor comes, I'd help you but I'm afraid to leave 'Lizabeth. Every time I let go her hand she moans."

"Oh Anne, let me go get Miss Keene. We ought not to be up here with her by ourselves. She might die or something."

"Goose! Miss Keene can't do anything. I told you the doctor was coming. He'll be here any minute. You better clean up this room."

I set to work. It usually takes me forever to clean up our room because I despise it so. I spend a half hour dreading it and then about an hour more dragging things around and getting ready before I even start to clean up. But that afternoon I actually cleaned that room up in fifteen minutes and I didn't make any fuss either, because I was afraid I'd disturb Elizabeth.

Poor Elizabeth I never thought how hard I was working because I was thinking about her all the time. I remembered the time she took my new blue coat out of the closet and wore it without saying "beans" to me and how mad I got when she came in with it on. I hadn't known she had it and she had counted on slipping it back without my knowing it. What did an old coat matter?

"Oh if Elizabeth will only get well, she can wear it all the time if she wants to," I thought. Then I remembered how good she had always been to me and how she had brought me nice things to eat that time I had tonsilitis and all at once a tight feeling came in my throat and my eyes got all blurry so that I could hardly see the dust in the corners, but I grabbed the broom tighter and worked harder than ever. There was a peck of dust behind the door where Anne had left it that morning. It was her week to clean up the room, but she had had four "straights" that morning so she just had time to give it a "lick and a promise." Mrs. Jones, the inspector, was a kind old soul, who was so near-sighted that she couldn't see any farther than her nose, but Miss Keene's eyes were sharper and so I concluded that I had better get that dust out and I did.

At last I finished and if I do say it that room certainly did look good. There wasn't a speck of dust anywhere. I put the dust pan away and started to wash my hands.

Anne was still sitting by Elizabeth. As I reached the door, I heard a choking sound from the bed. Elizabeth might be dying. Oh, why didn't that doctor come? I looked round and there was Elizabeth sitting up in bed and killing herself laughing. She wasn't any more sick than I was. She laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. Her face was streaked all over. She had put powder on it an inch thick to make it ghastly and rubbed perfume around her eyes to make them red.

"Oh Freshman!" she gasped, as soon as she could get her breath, "Oh Freshman! You sure can clean up. Why don't you hire out by the day? Use your brain, like we do, and let other folks do your work."

That was all, but it was a plenty. If those girls ever get me to clean up our room again, when it's not my time—even if they are a-dying—they'll know it.

#### MOI AUSSI

#### Aura Holton

Did you ever sit down with theme, paper and pen And your thoughts whirling madly, just so, And find your pen empty, and get up again, And fill it, and come back and sit down, and then Wonder, "Where in the world did my ideas go?" Say you have? What's that? You respond with a sigh; Don't think you alone have such luck, So have I.

Have you taken a course with a prof. you could spot And studied the man, his pet rule
Instead of the course? Did you then take a shot At a quiz, and find that your knowledge was not Of the sort that could pass you in prep school? How's that?
What say?
There's ill-will in your eye;
Don't think you alone flunked the course,
So did I.

## **EXCHANGES**

Since this is the Co-ed edition of the Archive, we have decided to be consistent and let the women have the whole magazine. Therefore this month's exchanges concern women's college magazines.

Judging from the November and December issues, Hollins Magazine is one of the best that we have seen. It has as many departments as any magazine and within the departments there is greater variety than is usually found; especially is this true of the literary department. Most college magazines neglect the drama entirely, but in the December number Hollins has a one act play: Fra Angelo's Picture which is well constructed and has an interesting story. We also find two old fairy stories modernized, A Modern Alice in Wonderful in the November number and a Twentieth Century Version of Little Red Riding Hood in the December number. Though these are not necessarily improvements over the original and probably are not intended to be, they are interesting as a variation from the usual contributions. Hollins' essays take up subjects of interest, for example The New Movement in Poetry. The editorial, A Concentrated Christmas is the best which we have read.

The three poems in the Chicora Magazine are good. November is an excellent personification of that month. Enchantment and Absence are love poems which fortunately do not sentimentalize but which give us something pleasing. It Pays to Advertise is an interesting little story which proves its subject in a humorous way.

The November issue of Voices of Peace has the Hallowe'en spirit all through it. Hallowe'en and the Ghost of Peace are poems with the spooky atmosphere, and the Ghost of an Old Violin, a short story, carries out the Hallowe'en idea in anoth-

er way. Mammy Delia finds a response in the hearts of all who have had a "black mammy".

The Tattler from Randolph-Macon has three short stories, all of which are good. It is a treat to find three original short stories when it seems that college magazines suffer from a scarcity of them. Though it is hard to choose, we believe The Portrait of Great-Aunt Agatha is the best. The Moon and Anticipation are both good poems. The former gets away from the usual treatment of the moon as the delight of lovers; the latter deals with the stage metaphor which we find so often in Shakespeare. Among the humorous articles in the dialogue, Apparent vs. Actual we recognize many college girls. The author of Worriendum Est probably has the sympathy of other editors as she rejoices over "a story in the manuscript box".

The Acorn is up to its usual high and well-balanced standard. Just folks is a poem with universal appeal because it tells about "people" and "the every day life you live". To the Ship of State is a translation of one of Horace's odes; the author has been very successful in a task which few of us ever attempt. Another of the Shakespeare essays appear; we have grown to expect them and hope that others will add as much to our knowledge of that great poet as have the three we have seen so far. Short stories are not lacking either in the Acorn's usual number or quality.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Davidson College Magazine, The Furman Echo, The Wake Forest Student, and The Emory Phoenix; as these were magazines from men's colleges we did not put them into the feminine atmosphere of this month's Archive.



A wise old owl'lived in an oak; The more he heard, the less he spoke; The less he spoke, the more he heard: Why can't we all be like that bird?

-Selected.

There was a Co-ed Who worried her head About getting a plan To catch her a man But do not think that She's at the Fraushack.

Monday morning we have brains; Tuesday brains and grits; Wednesday morning eggs and brains, Then we all have fits. Thursday brings a dish of fish, Friday we have rice; Saturday's worse than all the rest, But Sunday's rather nice.

The night was dark,
The stars were dim:
She kissed the man;
She thought was him—
He weren't.

Dr. Laprade—What do we want to get out of that chapter of Magna Carta, Mr. Ware?

Ware-The meaning.

Professor Cannon in Bible 1 had explained that the burial of Sarah was told to bring out the details of the first Biblical real estate deal. At the next class he tested the memory of a student by asking—Why is the burial of Sarah brought in here?

Student-Because she died.

Dr. Cranford—What is one thing that aids in remembering?

Gray-Rhythm.

Dr. C.—Yes; explain.

Gray-Well, when you read blank verse, the rhyme-(Laughter).

Senior at head of table—What part of the chicken do you like?

Hortense—"I like the meat, please," answered the Freshman, passing her plate.

"Oh," exclaimed Irma," if the Lord had only made me a man."

"Perhaps he did, dear," replied Alice, "but you just haven't found him yet."

Rube—Have you forgotten that \$5 you owe me? Dick Bundy—No—give me time and I will.

#### EXAMINATIONS AS WE WOULD LIKE THEM

#### Montrose Ballard

#### **Physics**

(Answer any Three)

- 1. Do you consider this an important subject.
- 2. What is the formula for water? (answer graphically.)
- 3. Do you like Physics? Why?
- 4. Do you think it should be a required subject?

  (Answer any Four)

#### English I

- 1. Who wrote Gray's Elegy?
- 2. In which one of Shakespeare's plays does Hamlet appear?
- 3. Do you consider Hamlet insane? (Answer yes or no. Give no reasons).
  - 4. Why did Shelly write his Ode to Keats?
  - 5. Who is your favorite English author?

#### Geometry

#### (Answer Four)

- 1. Why are you taking geometry? (Do not go into detail).
  - 2. How many sides has a triangle?
- 3. Who wrote the theorem of Pythagoras? (Last name only).
- 4. Do you think this is a good theorem? (Yes or no. Give no reasons.)
- 5. What is a square. (Give one figure to illustrate your answer.)

#### French Two

#### (Answer Four)

- 1. Who is the principal character in Gil Blas?
- 2. Whom do you consider the best French professor on the Park? (Be frank).
  - 3. What is the hardest verb you have found in the course?
- 4. Choose any verb and conjugate in the simple tenses. (Omit subjunctive and imperative moods).
- 5. Translate and explain thoroughly the following sentences:

Pourquoi est-ce que je suis un fou?

#### Bible I

(Tell all you know and then some)

- 1. Who created the world? How many days did it take? What happened the seventh day?
- 2. If man is superior to the lower animals why was man created last?
  - 3. Was Jonah swallowed up or down?
- 4. What is your favorite Psalm? (Quote beginning and end).
- 5. Why is it you cannot read the first three verses of Psalm 117 without crying?
- 6. Who and what were: Eve, Noah, Garden of Eden, The Ark.

#### A-MEN OR A-MAN

Have you gazed in eyes so tender that they caught your heart and held it,

Have you looked in depths that thrilled you through and through?

Have you watched their every flicker, learned their language from their changes?

Then an "S. P." holds you fast—to torture you.

By S. R.

#### Answer

Yes I've lost my heart entirely,
There's no hope for my sad case,
And I sometimes wonder if I'll live it through.
Every time I see him near me,—
Look into his Heavenly face
I've the same experience that is killing you.

By V. S.



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## THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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No. 5

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# The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., March, 1922

#### DANTE

#### Chesley Martin Hutchins

Your world of law symmetric, sphere on sphere,
Is jetsam in our vortex limitless.
And that stern face of yours . . . did you fore-guess
Your Empire vanished, Papal throne each year
More shadow-frail? Eternal . . . here
Your age shares exile with you; centuries press
Between; your talk of stars and righteousness
Is vague dream—murmur in our alien ear.

But, by what hidden steps you found the way
Into the soul of beauty, which is love,
Though all you loved has ceased, this shall not cease:
The beauty you bequeathed to ages gray.
You found the Truth that makes the heavens move
And so found peace, for His will is our Peace.

### THE AMBROSIAL DRAUGHT

#### W. J. Bundy

I cannot for my soul see why people wonder at the great number of weddings which take place in June and There are very few elopements in fall and winter. son is that people do not love in winter. They like to shut themselves in from the elements, to sit by a grate-fire reading stories and novels, to talk about the stock-market and the prospects of snow. Winter deadens love; spring revives it. When spring, like a mantle held by invisible strings, slowly and almost imperceptibly falls upon the earth, bringing with it the beautiful verdure of nature, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." When it is no longer necessary to have a fire, when the warm, golden sun-rays steal into one's room, one wants to get out into the open to see nature. When the sun shines bright and warm during the day. and the moon casts a beautiful, soft halo at night, men, and women, too, becomes imbued with the spirit of romance. All are affected; young people, middle-aged people, and even old people.

Even the animals feel better: the hog grunts with pleasure in his pen; the dog lies basking all day long in the sunshine, wagging his tail in perfect contentment; the cat gives the mice some peace and takes up her abode on the doorstep. Men forget some of their troubles, smile at their wives, give their children candy, and are punctilious in tipping their hats to ladies. Men crave the companionship of women, and women that of men. Husbands take their wives to church and to the moving-picture show and kiss them twice a day. Old people look on with mingled emotions and sigh for the return of their youth.

Daniel Bloomer, by far the richest man in the village of Bloomerville, suffered with the rheumatism. Big Dan, as the villagers called him behind his back, was a pretty good sort of an old chap when not suffering with his bone-stiffening malady. He was fifty years old. He lived in a big palatial residence which his ancestors had occupied before him. Since the death of his wife, ten years previous to this story, his sister Julia, several years his junior, had filled the position of housekeeper in his household. Big Dan, his sister, and Jim Barton, the man of all work, who occupied one room of the house, comprised the entire household.

When it was cold or damp, Big Dan's rheumatism troubled him much. He was sometimes laid up for days and at other times was forced to resort to the aid of crutches in getting about. Recently his ailment had been troubling him more than usual. He was forced to take to the bed, and a trained nurse was summoned to wait upon him. After remaining in bed several days, he began to improve slowly until about the middle of April he could sit in a rolling chair and be wheeled around.

It was an unusually beautiful spring. The crops were growing well; the grass was green; and the birds chirped merrily among the green branches of the old oaks around the Bloomer mansion. As Big Dan gazed upon the beauty of nature from his seat in the rolling chair on the spacious veranda, he felt an intense longing to get well and to get out and walk. Nature's stothing balm is the best of tonics, and Big Dan felt its effects.

Now Miss Flora Caston, the nurse who had attended him for some time, was not so bad to look upon for a woman in her thirties. She was of the size known as pleasantly plump, and her cneeks still retained some of the bloom of youth. In her immaculate white and blue uniform she was enough to please the eye of any middle-aged bachelor or widower. She was of an amiable disposition and performed her professional duties with a smile and apparent enjoyment therein. When feeling

bad, Big Dan was a little grouchy and sour, but it did not disturb Miss Caston's placidity. She knew her work and understood her patient, which knowledge and understanding, added to her natural disposition, prevented Big Dan's periodic acerbity from disturbing her in the least. All of which Big Dan could not help but notice.

As has been said, the spring atmosphere made Big Dan feel better. Like a powerful restorative, the air was working its magical effects upon him. He seldom felt grouchy, and his nurse had an easy time. The Fountain of Youth, for which Ponce De Leon so diligently sought in vain, was in the very air.

One morning as Miss Caston rolled Big Dan out on the porch and was arranging his chair so as to afford him a good view of the surroundings, her hand brushed Big Dan's. The spirit of springtime was in him; so instead of allowing the hand to pass on he grasped it gently and looked up into the face of the nurse, who was somewhat amazed.

"Miss Caston, I have been a bad patient and have caused you more trouble than was necessary. Won't you just ascribe it to an old man's whimsicality and forgive me?"

"Why certainly, Mr. Bloomer. I didn't mind it a bit. And really, you were not so bad after all. I have seen worse patients than you."

Yes, but I wasn't so good, I know," he continued.

Allowing her hand to slip from his own, and still more forgetting his age, the old man made bold to say: "You know, Miss Caston, this air makes one feel young and sort of believe in things again, doesn't it?"

Miss Caston knew not what to make of his sudden turn of mind, but she managed to convey to him that she was in perfect accord with what he was saying.

Things went on this way for some days. Big Dan steadily improved and delighted in talking to his nurse. Now his sister, Julia, was a prim and prudish old maid and did not look

with favor on the growing intimacy between her brother and his nurse.

Came a day when the lord of Bloomer mansion again grasped the hand of his nurse and said, "Miss Flora, this air is getting the best of me, and er-you know, I'm not so infernally old after all, and, if you could agree to adorn the house of an old irascible man with the rheumatism, I have an idea that I'd get well altogether."

"Why, Mr. Bloomer, you don't mean to say that you would think of marrying me, a poor nurse, do you?" blushingly inquired the uniformed lady."

"That's just what I mean," said the old man, as he gently caused her to sit upon the arm of his chair. His sister unexpectedly stepped out upon the porch, and, upon seeing them, stiffened and said, "Oh excuse my interruption, but here is some mail for you, Dan," after which she immediately retraced her footsteps into the house.

It rained that night, and the next day was one of those cold days in April. Mr. Bloomer forgot that he was trying to get young and was grouchy all day. As she knew his temperament, the nurse remained away from him as much as possible until it became warm again. It remained cold two or three days, during which time Big Dan did not think of Miss Caston or of love, but, when it turned warm again, the blood began to run warm in the old man's veins. One afternoon he came out boldly and asked the nurse to become his wife. She hesitated in acquiescing because of Big Dan's sister. After he had urged her a little, she asked him, "But Mr. Bloomer, what will Miss Julia say?"

Whereupon Bloomer, leaning back in his rolling chair, laughed long and loud, and said, "Don't let that trouble you. The spirit of springtime got into her too, and the cook informed me this morning that Julia eloped last night with Jim Barton, my man of all work."

#### THE SUMMONS

#### Mary Westcott

O little house beside the hill,
O ships upon the sea,
Now why is it that each of you
Must beckon unto me?
I who would gladly bide at home
With open door flung wide
And watch the great ships put to sea
With each swift moving tide;
Or who when evening shadows fall
Would tread my flowered way
And place a lighted lamp to guide
The ships across the bay.

—The tall ships sail across the seas

To every port we know,

The little house keeps by the hill

Where quiet breezes blow—

O tall ships, O tall ships,
With creaking anchor chain,
I have come here from out the world
To find my peace again.
O tall ships, O tall ships,
O little house, close fast your door,
Why must you beckon me?
I must away to sea.

## A HARLEQUIN MASQUERADE

(After Lamb)

John H. Small, Jr.

"Fools are my theme, let satire by my song."

Faith, but 'tis a merry company of fools I see gathering at the door. How well an honest man, though a fool, knows his own company. In truth, "fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce." From hither and you they come, veritably Xerxes' army remobilized. Forsooth, no nation has a corner on buffoons. The dolt is international. Stultorum plena sunt omnia. Touchtone will have company tonight.

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool, a miserable world! As I do live by food, I met a fool.

The first of April, and a masquerade of fools; what a happy idea, this, of Punch. Let the world see its aggregate of fools and profit by it. Let the fools see themselves as in a glass brightly; no man but plumes himself at his own image. Though we love not always those whom we admire, unfailingly we love those who admire us. Ergo, on with the parade of our virtues as dunderheads.

What, ho, my friend, my alter ego, and thou art here with me among the lesser fools, a minor star bedecked to witness the parade of brighter constellations. Nay, do not mock my presence. It is not meet that chuckleheads should scorn their equals.

> O noble fool! A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Make merry, my man, begone with false pride; such a lesser fool as thou wilt not be discovered before the unmasking. Make merry, let us have a bit of foolery. If thy heart be heavy think on 't how has progressed the art of being an ignoramus. What simpletons were the dolts of yesterday. Scarce fools at all, to compare them with the guests of the evening. Let not your rejoicing be less that we have learned to out-dunder the dunderheads. For us today did Persius say, "Quantum est in rebus inane."

In a bowl to sea went wise men three,
On a brilliant night in June:
They carried a net and their hearts were set
On fishing up the moon.

Ah, the company is complete; the band strikes an air, Marche Fantastique. The grand march is on. And we shall see what we shall see.

What! The dapper major-domo of the occasion, the leader of the celebrities, not in masquerade! And I to such trouble for this modest costumery. I beg your pardon, friend! So that is it. He is a big enough fool in his natural state. Faith, and let us observe this champion scaramouch. He can be no zany. He approaches. Why, 'tis none other than Harvey, the ambasseditor, the maker of kings, and their unmaker (his version)-Cardinal Richelieu reincarnated. How were it possible not to have known it? When a puny man takes advantage of fortune, she retaliates by making him a fool, the more puny the greater the fool. How big a dome to house so meager a mind. He steps fastidiously, and yet I perceive inner astonishment at his success concealed beneath the smirk of conceit. My friend, I wonder that he should be permitted in America to attend here tonight. Confidential information tells me that we have offered England half our navy to make him a lord and Britisher!

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But, hold, what is this lordly epiphany of self-reflected glory who comes striding haughtily as if in anger that he should not have been judged fool paramount? Assuredly he can be no less important than the commander-in-chief of the Haitian army.—Is there such a force?—Epaulets, braid, gilded buttons, carmine stripes! Alas, 'tis no more than the hero of Fiume,

Seeking the bubble reputation Even in the cannon's mouth.

By my troth, a worthy poet become an ill soldier. Asinus ad lyrem. But folly loves the martyrdom of fame, says the poet, and the world must putter on, d'Annunzio, though your mind become the dupe of the heart. What say you, Gabriel, is your reason forever lost amid the billows of your liver, an ocean of conceit? Is 't your creed, perforce,

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it, If folly grow romantic, I must paint it,

And mix the pigments with your own fingers, I might add. Yet we must have poets, and perchance the pudding tastes as well beneath the crust.

But, Gabriel, I would fain forgive thee thy discontented manner now that I observe thy companion non compos who proceeds behind in such weird attire. Hath not a fool pride? Hath not a fool honor?

Ye gads, such a costume. A reeking, shuddersome gallows! Is their picture part and parcel of thy soul of mud, Senator? Alack, we sometimes see a fool possessed of talent, but never of judgment. Is 't possible that the hand which penned tomes of learned history owns a torso in common with that mouth which spat upon sacrifice and cried, "Crucify the dead?" Watson—I call you not friend—, "doth the moon come for the barking of a dog!" Let this be my hymn to ignorance, "Why, oh sovereign state, art thou so careless of thy honour? How

long, oh populace, how long will you say, 'We are well pleased in him?'' Wiser than I hath remarked, "A cow is a very good animal in the fields, but we turn her out of a garden."

Here, we have truly a balm for tired eyes: "the scholar in politics" prudishly arrayed as a family tree. How sober a mein for so fantastic a garb. Verily this Cabotian tree has as many limbs as a wild briar. And note, my friend, what hangs there from the top-most branch. As I live, the immigrant ship Mayflower. Strange, is it not, that voyagers of modern steerage space scarce reach so high esteem.

You have a pompus tread, Henry. Your hoary whiskers and forky beard accouter well such a very good hater. "What a little foolery governs the whole world." But, methinks, man, thou art deserving of great sympathy. What a life to live—a chapter of accidents. If you have not 'complished victory, 'tis yet revenge. Grow sleek on it, thou scavenger. And how thy age belies the proverb, "A useless life, an early death." Or perhaps you have the very great skill to hide your ability. How well you've out-politicked the politicians, out-coveted Judas. Where is your silver? "Sir, for a quart d'ecu you would sell the fee simple of your salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut the entail from all remainders." What are these gifts you now bring, this Trojan horse of diplomatic triumph? Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

What is this unseemly fuss? How bold an interruption upon the evening. Two lesser fools near unto blows. I must see the cause. So they squabble as to which is the champion ninny-hammer in Congress. I wot they have competition. You say they are Blanton and Herring—a pious fraud and a sentimental dotterel. Lesser fools, indeed; rather great fools of no consequence. Flip a coin for the honor. If their balloters would be gulled, let them be gulled. But let's be on.

Pussyfoot, you are here, and rightly come as Tartuffe. Be not so busy at your trade, else you talk yourself out of the position. Work is not so pleasant. Wine, I know, was made to drink; exclaim no more against it. Damnas quod non in-

telligis. Know you your own medicine? "This lemonade is weak, like your soul—try it." The monotony of your song o'ercomes me,

Thou shalt abstain, Renounce, refrain.

Let me compete with thee, and I would have the world in my hands, for all thy "forty-parson power." Who cares for health by such a diet? Where is my flute? I too will pipe through Hamlin,

He who loves not wine, woman, and song Remains a fool his whole life long.

Back, cohorts, I must have air to breathe.

Good morrow, de Valera, how happy in your grievance. Saint Patrick come to chase the snacky English out of Ireland.

Your company is well taken with the red terror, for both clever in your way—too clever. But your remedies are worse than the disease. How goes the experiment, Lenine? You have been four years upon a project to reduce the size of the human appetite and feed it upon manna extracted from the air. Is 't nourishing? I fear we must close the doors upon you that you may play the fool nowhere but in your own house. But where is your brother witling? With Trotsky you have done well with the patient.

See one physician, like a sculler plies, The patient lingers, and by inches dies; But two physicians, like a pair of oars, Waft him more swiftly to the Stygian shores.

"Tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in the streets of Ascalon," but here amidst the fools I find the Admiral of our

Navy. Admirable Indiscretion. Twittering and complaining, the English sparrow preens his feathers for a mighty flight into the front pages. Strange things can come to pass when a sparrow sees himself as a bird of paradise. Conceit, my dear Sims, is your motive force, and I doubt not you have your profession to blame for it. Yet let not your cosmos be all ego. "Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up." Believe us, no hard feelings—we thank you for your services. Even you must now and then be right by chance.

Ha! Now we have the literati—scribbling wiseacres. What an omelet of wisdom and drollery. More's the pity all your buffoonery were not concentrated in one colossal clodpate.

Mystery surrounds this unknown mirrorer of Washington, but my Ultra-Crepidarean, my dullard who thinks that criticism consists in spotting mistakes, I judge there was little opposition to your invitation.

And you, Doctor Crane, who do not know that, "Even wit's a burden when it talks too long." Welcome.

Now, for myself, I am surprised at your presence, Shaw. Scarce a fool, to my notion. Perchance the secret lies in your dress, for I see you are come as a book, conspicuous in its brazen words, "Preface." What boots is that one never reads the tale therein; so one sops up Shaw in the preface. At the worst your satire springs from vanity and is but a counterpoison for custom's bile to be shaken and taken cum grano salis.

And you, Ben Hecht, I see that you have soon muddied your fine dress—word pictures of cleverness. How ill-pleased in his son must be your father of realists. Desist, I pray you, in your vain peddling of slime; can one foot, dirtier than the rest, muddy the ocean of noveldom? Renounce your purpose ere you vulgarize the day of judgment.

By the irony of life, I see in company with this ultra-realist a preacher-turned-novelist, a man's man—so they say. How ill he hears his reputation hero, a sans culotte. I wot not but 'tis a shame that one so well-intentioned should negative himself into the company of buffoons, for in truth his drollery lies not so much in what he is as in what he isn't. Harold Bell, to give even your due—a strain upon the conscience—, you are consistent in the commonplace. 'Tis true you say nothing but what has been said, think nothing but what the world has thought; 'tis true "you adopt the opinions of others like a monk in the Sorbonne." But the more fool we to feed on masticated hash. Minerva being unwilling, what is a body to do ad captandum vulgus! There is bread to be bought and shoes. Nine million of us are fooled by you, and most of the rest of us forgive you. Yet, mark you, good intentions are but poor cobblestones.

See the fools on parade—a cosmopolitan horde of charlatans, hypocrites, demi-gods, and speudo-great; the elite of the kingdom of Oaf; worshippers at the shrine of the moon-calf. Right merry do you seem, my comrades, and proud of your estate. And yet extol your virtues as you may,

By outward show let's not be cheated, An ass should like an ass be treated.

The procession nears an end until we reach its lonely burden bearer—a heart bowed down as if it were the receptacle of the griefs of eternity. Borah, the misanthrope, wends his way alone, a sad face in a sad vestment of sack-cloth and ashes. There is a solemn luxury in grief, and I doubt not you have a pride in having reduced unhappiness to a fine art. How happy you would be were it not for the pleasant things of life. What a malady you have made of imaginary ills and fancied tortures. Obtain you no comfort from the commiseration of the world? "See the wretch that long has tost on the stormy bed of pain." Or it may be you have a literary turn and charge yourself with grief to compose an Iliad of Woes.

Midnight approaches and we shall be unmasked. Come, my alter ego, let us begone. Our presence has not been so readily detected as have the fools of high degree. And perchance among the lesser dolts we should uncover too many of our friends. Let us be gone.

La comedia e finita.



### THE VOICE OF THE HEART

By V. L. S.

Oh God, if Thou hast given me
Some sacred charge to keep,
Awake my soul from negligence
That duty may not sleep.
Show me the way that Thou wouldst have
The chosen task applied,
And give me will and wisdom, Lord,
That Thou be not denied.

I feel that there is somewhere,
In a field as yet unknown,
A task that will without my touch
Be ever left undone.
Yet, like a wanderer in the dark
That craves the light of day,
I fear to miss the destined mark,
I cannot see my way.

I know that life is changing fast;
The gray mile-posts of time
Are ever swiftly going past.
What do they leave behind?
Each morn the sun doth rise on hopes
That vie with it in gleam—
Each night the same sun sets to find
Them banished like a dream.

Protect, oh Power that ruleth powers, The trust Thou gavest me, That in my youth's uncertain hours
It may not squandered be.
Show me the door that open leads
To fields where I can see
Some way to help a struggling world—
To do a bit for Thee.



### THE WASTED HOUR

(A Psychological Study)

#### By a Youth

Scene: A room in any dormitory. Two young men lounging lazily in rockers with their feet upon the table which is strewn with books, papers, tobacco, everything.

Time: Late evening. The hush of the campus is broken only by the occasional grinding of a passing car.

Characters: YOUTH, ROMANCE, and REALITY.

YOUTH: (Musingly, after a long stillness broken only by an occasional puff of smoke.) But what is it all about any way? The preachers tell us that we are put here to carry out God's plan and that we must not question His judgment, but why is sin? Why was not man made a sinless being?

ROMANCE: It does seem as if we would have been made perfect, if, as they say, our sole duty in this world is to glorify God. But then our characters must be developed by resisting temptation.

YOUTH: Character. What is that? Aren't we born with character?

ROMANCE: Character, like muscles, must be developed. God could create us, but God could not make us with wills and brains of our own, and, at the same time, make us sinless.

YOUTH: The Bible says that God is omnipotent. Sin, then, according to your statement, is the result of character and brains?

ROMANCE: No, sin is the result of knowledge. When we knew no wrong, we were sinless:

"Of man's first disobedience and the fruit Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste Brought death into the world and all our woe..."

YOUTH: So..."Ignorance is bliss" after all? ROMANCE: But "Knowledge is power."

YOUTH: We study, then, to gain power that we may mould a little pedestal of clay upon which we may stand and gaze down upon our less fortunate mates like the gods on Olympus. In our pride and glory we often forget that just around the corner waits the madhouse or the grave.

ROMANCE: No one wants to be ignorant.

YOUTH: I do sometimes. I am sure that I should have been happy and content with much less six years ago than I would be satisfied with now.

ROMANCE: Yes?

YOUTH: Why, then I was working for sixty dollars a month, and that was all I needed or wanted. I was having a good time and had nothing to worry me. Do you know why I came to college?

ROMANCE: Why?

YOUTH: Because I could not go to a moving-picture show.

ROMANCE: (Aghast) What?

YOUTH: It's the truth. I wanted to go to a show; the boss would not let me; so I jumped my job and came to college.

ROMANCE: "God moves in a mysterious way . "

YOUTH: (Interrupting) Oh H——. What is the greatest thing in life?

ROMANCE: Love. Love is all of life.

"The night has a thousand eyes and the day but one; Yet the light of the whole world dies with set of sun. The mind has a thousand eyes and the heart but one; Yet the light of the whole life dies when love is done." YOUTH: Very good, but is love? ROMANCE: What do you mean?

YOUTH: Is there any such thing as a real, eternal, blissful love which alone will make life perfect no matter what may go wrong?

ROMANCE: Yes, there is bound to be; life would not be worth living without that to look forward to.

YOUTH: But, is there? Can you name one couple among all the married people you know of whose case you would be willing to say, "Here is perfect love?"

ROMANCE: (After a long silence) Er-r-r, I don't remember one just now.

YOUTH: What is perfect love, or, in other words, what is a soul-mate if you can interpret a commonplace newspaper word in its original sense?

ROMANCE: When two harps are tuned perfectly together, a string plucked on one will produce a sympathetic vibration in the same key and of the same volume and intensity upon the other. Perfect love attunes two hearts and souls so that the emotion felt by one is experienced in the same way by the other. That, my friend, is perfect love.

"Two minds with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one,"

as is weakly expressed by the poet.

YOUTH: (Visibly impressed) Has such love ever been known, and is it possible that I may ever experience such love?

ROMANCE: The Brownings experienced a love like that, I believe. The chances are that you and I will not; however no greater joy could come to either of us, and we may only hope and pray that such love will some day bless us. Most lives are like two harps imperfectly tuned: by striking some few notes upon one of the harps, a sympathetic stir may be produced from the strings of the other, but the second heart is dead to many of the emotions which stir the first. Other lives

are like a piano and a drunken pianist: at times he may produce harmony, but frightful discord is more apt to result. And, in all too many cases, one of the lovers regards the other as a silly little hand organ upon which he or she may grind out a tune at will.

REALITY: (Sticking his head in the door) Say, you birds quit sitting there mooning over your girls and go to bed.

Curtain (Darkness, both physical and intellectual).



### A TREE

Thurman D. Martin, '20

A tree, a lofty tree
Of waving green,
Dancing, waving leaves
Of color silver sheen,

Looking always up
To God above,
To him we all adore
With infinite love!

Proud! Long it has stood A magnificent tree, Wrapt in its glory, Towering to the breeze.

A tree, God's making
As he made land and sea,
An immortal handiwork
It will forever be!

## DANGERS OF THE MODERN COM-MERCIAL PICTURE SHOW

By an Imitator of the Inimitable S. S. Farabow

What is this world coming to? When a motley mob of freshmen write bitter disillusioned denunciations of picture shows, pointing out their evils and calamity-howling like garrulous old men, we must indeed think with the poet that "the world is too much with us late and soon." Honest to goodness, freshmen, do you really feel that way about the matter and don't you like to go to pictures? If there is one man in the freshman class who likes to go to the movies and is willing to confess as much to the world, I should like for him to hand his name and his picture to some member of the Archive staff, and we will use our influence to get his picture in the annual free of charge under the caption: "The most unusual and unsophisticated man in Trinity College."

Fellow students, did you ever have the pleasure of reading a series of dry, trite, bitter, iconoclastic themes on the unmitigated evils attendant upon going to a picture show? There is undoubtedly something the matter with our freshmen: either they are the most brazen liars and hypocrites with whom it has ever been our pleasure to associate so far, or they are a bunch of reformers and calamity-howlers of unepualled energy and pugnacity. If such is the case, they will undoubtedly make a mark in the world, but we fear that it will be a black mark and that the world will drape itself in crape for the dead youth of the land.

Imagine, if you can, a class of green freshmen, most of whom are just in from the wilds as we were not many years ago, unanimously denouncing picture shows as ruinous to the moral, physical, and intellectual life of the nation, and you will have in your mind a situation apparently parallel to that at Trinity.

What can be the matter? Is youth expected to be serious-minded and worldly wise? If such is indeed the case, the Dean is a useless ornament. When I was a wee, weary freshie, I used to go to the pictures three times a week and to quarrel because my parents contended I went too often, as indeed I did, but what may one expect of a fellow who had not been used to going at all? Now apparently such is not the case with the twenty-fivers if their themes may be taken as any guide to their feelings and actions, for I found only one theme in a batch of forty which said one word in favor of the movies. I gave him ninety, of course. "Variety is the spice, etc."

"Gather rosebuds while you may," is of course an extreme attitude, but we would a great deal rather see more young men writing and living as if they were getting some joy out of life than existing in the company of a gang of dyspeptic Elijahs, dry-eyed Jobs, sun-dried sophists, and calamity-howlers of twenty whose main pleasure in life is derived from gloatingly stirring the occasional filth found in some of our pictures. The pictures and the administration are blamed for everything except the weather, which exception exists probably on account of a conflict of interests. Perk up, freshmen, the world was not built in a day, nor is it apt to be destroyed by mortal hands soon; besides the profs. are not as serious behind their class-room masks as they appear to be.

I am going to the movies; work, morals, extravagance, all be hanged.

"God's in his heaven;
All's right with the world."

## REMEMBERING

#### Mary Westcott

Too long has winter caused us care and fret, We would have mirth and cheer—

Go, call your fellows hither, Jacquinette, the springtime of the year

Is with us now, and birds and flowers are gay.

This is no time for tears and vain regret, but song and roundelay.

Now will we seek our old haunts in the glen And raise our roistering tune.

Fantime shall come, and laughing Columbine, Fleurette and Pantaloon,

And all the crew that laughed with us awhile,
Blithe Harlequin his richest jests shall bring,
And Pierrot with his smile—

What, Pierrot gone? Why he was here but now And laughed our tears away.

Pierrot not here with springtime in the air, Not here when it is May;

Pierrot—I dream, the lad is gone indeed, In far off France is lying still and cold,

Pierrot is dead. We are no longer gay.

Alas, the world grows old.

## THE BOY AND THE GIRL

(A Fable)

#### By the Boy

Once upon a time there was a Boy. And the Boy loved life and beauty and work. He loved friends and the company of friends. These friends thought that the boy was indifferent and loved not Love. But while the Boy was playing among them in hours of leisure, they did not know that his mind and his heart were, in fact, journeying into a far country on a great quest. He sought the Girl. But the friends did not know and remained but friends to him. Perhaps the Boy was partly responsible, for he amused himself with an occasional mask of cynicism and appeared impartial among his companions. Yet the Boy was not cynical. More than anything in all the world he loved Love, and he believed in the people of the world.

The prize the Boy sought was the great prize of life. Though the quest was difficult, he never lost faith. Through the years of his youth he had dreamed of the Girl until she was to him a reality. Each by each he knew the characteristics of this Girl of his fancy. She was a close companion to him, but he had not yet found her in the flesh. There were times indeed when he said to himself, "Perhaps that is she." And the quest was so great a prize that the Boy would go to see if perchance he had found her. But always before he had journeyed far, it proved that she was not the Girl. Once, when the Boy was young, he did journey into a far country, and he said, "You are the Girl." But she answered, "No."

Hope did not leave the Boy; his zeal sharpened. He said, "Some day, I shall find her." There were some friends of the Boy who observed his quest, and they gave ill advice, "You

ask too much of life. Do not seek the Girl, but be content with those you see about you." Yet the Boy answered not.

There came a day when the Boy had been many days upon the pursuit of happiness and his eyes were searching the distant hills for the Girl. He was busy in a far country upon his quest, but he laughed and played among his friends who did not know what was in his heart. Youth cannot be sad, and the Boy was young.

Then came the Girl.

For a time the Boy did not know that it was she. So often the search had been vain. Nor did the Girl know, who had come from a far country over the hills where rested the eyes of the Boy. He continued to gaze into the distance, the while he played. But his heart saw and loved. Said the heart, "This is the Girl." But the mind heard not, for it dwelt among the hills.

The days passed, and the trustful appealing eyes of the Girl burned into the heart of the Boy. Her warm voice arrested the eyes searching in the distance. And the Girl herself startled the mind which was forever seeking afar off.

The Boy looked and saw at his side, the Girl.

And his heart was glad.

## COLLEGE SLANG

#### A. Clodhopper

Doubtless college students use more slang than any other separate group of people. The use of slang has become a chronic habit among students; students universally have the habit in varying degrees. The more rough and uncouth fellows may curse profanely; while the fair and most delicate damsel always finds room in at least every other sentence to use milder forms of expression. By-words are perhaps the most common form of slang; these by-words, at first used to express intense feeling, have lost their original meaning, and with their special significance has gone their merely occasional and apt usage. Damn, hell, swear have become so standardized by customary usage among boys that they are now used constantly in almost every expression. It does not matter whether these decorative words can have any possible relation to the context; their use has become necessary in all speech as a sort of stamp of legality and truth. Even those damn nice girls, as college boys would express it, manage to say golly Moses and doggone it with ease, dignity, and grace.

The situation is both humorous and pitiful. Viewed in an abstract way, such a very ordinary expression as the following is amusing because of its very simple, incoherent, ignorant, child-like construction: "Damn it; what in hell did you say?"

"I said that damn English exam, is the damnedest exam. I've ever seen; I swear and be damned."

"What did you do?"

"Damn 'f I know; shot a line of bull." And so it goes—the laziest of thought, the poorest of expression!

But the pitiful part of this habit of slang is that it is regarded as a sort of accomplishment; the freshman looks up to

the senior who can use damn in every sentence, with elaborate ease. This use of slang becomes a distinguishing sign of a regular guy who knows the ropes in college. There is even a tendency to regard those few fellows who do decline to use the worst college slang as being goody-goodies, and as such they are partially tabooed by the common herd of students.

This is a most lamentable state of affairs. It seems almost a crime to take a tender, innocent freshman and to warp his speech with this college slang. The rose bud is torn cruelly under the crushing heel of demoralizing slang; the soft youngster absorbs deep impressions and sometimes forms wrong ideals from the sophisticated, careless, hardened speech of upper-classmen. But the same delicate rosebud will imitate his older companions, and a year hence he too will be regular guy, shocking with this traditional college slang some other youth direct from home influences.

When a student goes home for the various holidays, he almost invariably leaves this slang at college. Why should we use slang in college that we are ashamed for our fathers, brothers, sisters, and mothers to hear? But several reasons render this college slang less harmful than it may appear to be. It is true that students as a body do not really mean to use profane language, and seldom is God's name taken in vain. College slang is wholly habit and custom; the student rarely thinks of the meaning of slang though he may use it constantly.

Other milder forms of slang have become the established traditional heritage to be upheld and kept alive by college students. Hot air, bull, shooting a line, the stuff, and similar expressions are heard hourly. Now it is conceded that there may be some reason in these latter slang expressions; students are just at that age when it is natural to use slang, and it is conceded that students certainly understand each other better in this common vernacular than they might in more elegant speech; these distinct forms of slang are the common language of a select group, and as such they are cherished. But the

question is, Is the preservation of the traditional use of this slang and its convenience worth the price?

Slang becomes too convenient to use. It requires little effort and thought to spit out an old, trite expression which will give some idea of the general meaning intended; but the highest and noblest thought, with its subtle shades of meaning, cannot be expressed adequately in slang; the truth is that the best literary expressions which any language affords are found to be all too inadequate at times to clothe the noblest thought. Slang has a tendency to kill literary expressions; it deadens original thought. College students should do their utmost to increase their vocabulary and their ability to express their thought in clear, select, appropriate speech; the leisure and opportunities of college life could afford the best atmosphere for this development if the opportunity was taken advantage of, if such obstacles as college slang did not impede the progressive development.

Do you personally think that this habitual usage of slang among college students has a tendency to aid or to hinder the development of a clear English expression? Consider the facts and pass judgment on yourself; in so far as we know you are the one person in college who does not use slang; self-judgment is worth ten times another's criticism. Arrived at a decision, remember that the only way to better the general situation is to control your personal actions; you certainly cannot control the other fellow's.

## ANCHORED TO A TOMB

#### S. S. Farabow

"Of course I do not believe in ghosts," young Henry Baynes sneered scoffingly when some one asked him what he thought of supernatural visitors. "I should just as soon stay in a graveyard at night as to stay anywhere else in this old town."

"Well," spoke up one of his companions coldly, "since you are so sure that you do not believe in ghosts, I will bet you ten dollars that you will not go out to the Maplewood Cemetery tonight and stay there in the dark alone from twelve o'clock until two-thirty."

"I have something else to do tonight or I would go in a minute," Henry declared quickly, and, at his words, all the other boys howled with glee, for he had a reputation for being a big bluffer, and the boys enjoyed seeing some one call his bluff.

He colored angrily at this, and, turning to the boy who had offered to make the wager, snarled, "All right, put up or shut up. I will go out there with you at twelve o'clock, and you can handcuff me to the iron ring in the door of that big tomb in the center of the cemetery so as to make sure that I stay there until the time is up."

The wager was completed, and at twelve o'clock that night several of the boys went with them to see if Henry would stand by his bet. While on the way to the cemetery, Henry's companions made a number of light remarks to the effect that it was very easy for him to talk about staying in the graveyard while he was in the light, but, when he got into the dark, Henry would be out about ten dollars. If Henry had any idea of refusing to be chained to the huge door of the mausoleum,

these cutting remarks made him change his mind, for he walked up to the door of the silent tomb, and, after getting an old box and placing it so that he would have something on which to sit, presented his arm and allowed himself to be locked securely to the huge iron ring in the door.

The boys left him there at midnight.

For a few moments after his companions left, he sat perfectly motionless, rather inclined to laugh at the ease with which he would redeem his reputation and win his wager. The night was very still; not a breath of air was stirring, and it was insufferably hot. The moon, like a cake of glowing wax, was dipping to rest behind the low-hanging clouds which glowered along the skyline, and the stars were veiled in a dank, murky mist which seemed to stifle all sound of the nearby city. The laughing voices of the departing comrades soon blended into the uncanny stillness of the night.

The quiet became nerve-racking and menacing; Henry felt a mad impulse to shuffle his feet, to clap his hands, or to shout mocking words after his companions, anything to break the silence. He shifted his feet uneasily, but he seemed to hear them scrape the stone floor in a strange impersonal way as if they belonged to someone else. He spoke to himself in a conversational tone, but his own voice startled him; so he decided to remain silent. Again he felt the desire to move, but stirring only made him more nervous.

His thoughts began racing. One ghastly, bloodcurdling, ghost story after another shot through his mind. "This will not do at all," he thought; he felt in his pocket with his free hand and got out a pencil. He began to write upon the stone panel of the door. The scratching of the lead against the marble sounded to him like someone sharpening a knife or like an enormous rat gnawing a dry bone. He shivered involuntarily, and, gazing apprehensively over his shoulder, paused for a moment; his thoughts began racing again.

He caught himself staring fixedly at a tall, white object which seemed only a few yards from the door of his tomb. He

assured himself again and again that it was the headstone of some grave, but he could not take his eyes off it without being shaken by a thrill of abject terror.

"It moved," he told himself; then he cursed himself strongly, profanely, and in what he tried to make a convincing manner, as a coward and a fool. He began to plead with himself: "Don't be a fool. This won't do. You'll go crazy if you don't watch out." He shook himself desperately and shuffled his feet upon the floor. The sliding scrape of his feet reminded him of a butcher sawing a bone. He started violently to his feet; the handcuff clanked hollowly against the door of the tomb; he shivered in abject terror; his blood chilled.

He began writing again; he became more calm and sat down. The box groaned dismally as he dropped wearily into his seat. The prisoner shuddered and allowed the bit of pencil to fall from his nerveless fingers. As he leaned over to recover the pencil, the box protested with a groan. "I must have that pencil," he muttered distractedly to himself as he bent over and fumbled about his feet. Out of the corner of his eye he glimpsed the tall, white object outside, and this time it seemed to be much nearer the door of the tomb.

"I will watch it closely to see whether it really moves," he promised himself, but every time his eyelashes fluttered, the ghostly figure seemed to edge a bit nearer. His eyes became unnaturally large; the pupils dilated; he stared, and his eyes became glassy, while his thoughts rushed madly from one bloody tale to another. He tried repeatedly to control his thoughts, but in vain.

The prisoner began to mutter incoherently, "I must watch it closely."...."God help me; I am going"...."Mad"...
"It moved then; I saw it."...."Going mad"...."What a fool"...."Ten dollars and crazy."...."Crazy"...."God"....
The words became an unintelligible shriek. For the thousandth time he tried to wrest his arm free, but the cuff only wounded his arm. He shouted; an echo, a hollow resonance

from the tomb, answered him. He began to chatter wildly, senselessly, frantically.

He tried again to free himself, jerking furiously at the iron ring which held his arm, but it made an ugly gash in his flesh. The ring was bolted in six-inch granite. He was helpless. He began to mumble mad gibberish, and the bare stone wall of the tomb seemed to echo mockingly, "Crazy"....
"Crazy"...." Crazy"....

The boys found him there at two o'clock, but he did not know them.



## **EDITORIALS**

#### WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY

It's a rolling stone that gathers nobody two in the bush. That is, as I was about to say, when the shower of Irish confetti came up, and we had to run under the wheel barrow, it's a long lane that shouldn't throw stones.

Or, in other words, this number of the Archive may come out on time, maintaining the usual unusually high standard of excellence an' everything or it may not. For just as we were fixing to begin to start to commence to get the copy ready to send off, the busy and enthusiastic wielder of the master pen, none other than our high and mighty editor-in-chief himself, was sent away on a business trip to points north and east. So please bear in mind that

"When the editor's away the staff will play."

M. R. C.

#### THE COURAGE TO BE IGNORANT

This is no plea for a state of ignorance; on the contrary, it is our wholehearted wish that true knowledge may supplant the prevalent and universal ignorance of mankind. But this is a plea for an acknowledgement of ignorance. That the world as a whole is ignorant of truth and knowledge every one readily admits, but it is a hard task to find some individual who is willing to admit that he is one of that ignorant body; it is always the other fellow who is ignorant.

The truth is that all of us are ignorant in varying degrees, most in the superlative degree. It is also true that generally we want to oust this ignorance by means of the acquisition of wisdom. Mankind naturally searches for knowledge, and college students are perhaps the leaders in that search.

But college students mislead themselves by trying to believe that they possess wisdom; puffed up with false pride of their position as college students, they boast of their learning and condescendingly point out the errors of the mass of humanity.

Socrates held that an acknowledgement of ignorance was the fundamental basis of the acquirement of wisdom, and the principle contains great truth. A wise man is full of wisdom; he can learn no more. An ignorant man is full of ignorance; he has plenty of room for more learning.

As college students, why carry the farce, the pretense of wisdom, any further? To pretend wisdom is to cheat ourselves of the opportunity to acquire wisdom. Why not be frank and freely confess our present ignorance and then do our utmost to gain wisdom?

Ignorance of some truths may be a disgrace, but it is a mistaken idea that the acknowledgement of ignorance is a disgrace; rather it is a virtue, for it does require some disregard of public opinion and a high regard for truth to confess ignorance. People like to be thought wise, but most of present wisdom is not real; it is all glamour and show; the inner mind is empty.

If we college students have the courage to face public opinion, to disregard custom, to temporarily surprise and disappoint the world with our present ignorance, in the end we may be honored by becoming learned in reality as we now are in pretense, and afterwards as world-leaders we may make the world a better place in which to live. And, incidentally, if we acknowledged our true ignorance as seen by the practical world, perhaps that world would respect us more and would more readily make a place in its true ranks for us.

P. H. E.

#### AT LAST

Hip! Hip! Hooray! What do you say? What do you say? The much wished for day, The long-heralded day, Has at last come our way.

Ye alumni of Trinity who are rotting away in your tombs, turn over in your graves and give one long sepulchral shout; ye alumni who are still alive, whether married or happy, come back to the spot where you spent your happiest days, for glad tidings await you; ye men and women of Trinity who have despaired of ever seeing this day, let joy enter your hearts; ye, all of ye sons and daughters of this old institution of liberal arts and learning, whatever ye be doing, or wherever ye be, cease your toil or pleasure, let your cup of joy run over, let your hearts be filled with ecstacy and uncontrollable delight, and rise and give one long, reverberating shout, for at last, after innumerable years of waiting, hoping, despairing, the much bespoken, the long-heralded, the advertised in the pictorial catalogue of the college, the vision of Cap Card, and the misty dream of all of us, is about to become a reality. Trinity is to have a new gymnasium! "I've heard that before," you will say. Doubtless you have heard it time and time again, since the time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." But now it is to be. Ye sons and daughters of Trinity who think you are poets, invoke the aid of the Muse, and commemorate the occasion with inspiring song.

It sounds fishy, but it is so. On Friday morning, February 23, President Few officially announced to the few students who gathered at chapel that day that Mr. Angier Duke, and his sister, Mrs. Biddle, had recently deposited \$25,000 in the Fidelity Bank of this city, to be used in the building of this gymnasium. Praise their name, and give shouts of joy. Work

will soon begin on the long-heralded dream of Cap Card, and the barn which has hitherto borne the name of Angier Duke, will be razed to the ground or disposed of in some other way. Doubtless Mr. Duke became tired of having his name used in connection with the ramshackle, obsolete, rapidly rotting structure masquerading under the appellation of the Angier Duke Gymnasium.

There are in readiness more funds to be used in the erection of the above-mentioned structure, and it is very probable that in the very near future the campus will be beautified, and the students blessed by the presence of a modern gymnasium. Then we will not be ashamed to show our gymnasium to visitors on the campus but will take an immeasurable amount of pride in doing so. No more will we rant and rave and curse because we do not have a decent place to play monkey in; no more shall we apologize for our gymnasium; no more shall Cap Card lose sleep hoping for one; no more shall we long for one. We have one, or practically so. It is to be a memorial to those sons of Trinity who gave their lives that the "world might be made safe for democracy;" and it shall be a fitting one.

Hip! Hip! Hooray! We have it at last! At last we have it.

W. J. B.

## WAYSIDE WARES

#### A DREAMER'S TALE

H. Seedy, '23

Last night I fell asleep And dreamed a dream of Things that may or may Not come to pass. You'll Be surprised when I tell It to you, but here it is.

I dreamed that Reube Waggoner Hailed me on the campus The other day, and Coming up to me with Outstretched hands said: "Friend allow me to pay back The two bits I borrowed from you Three years ago". My heart quit For a moment I thought— But on with my dream. I Dreamed that Houck got To English V on time and Surprised us all. And then I thought I saw Tom Banks Come smiling into the room. What is the news Tom?" I asked. "Oh nothing much," says he. Made 70 on a theme last week." The crowd started cheering, but A Prof. came in—but again I Dreamed that a big, tall, man Came walking into the room.

"Who's that?" says I. "Belk," says a freshman, "B. B. Belk." "Why the B. B.?" Says I. Barnum and Bailey's Belk. He's theirs. He Bridles all their giraffes." I dreamed on and thought I Was at a pep meeting. Someone Got up and said, "Where is the bull?" "What bull?" "Dick Bundy's 'bull'," Said a freshie. "He tied it to a Tree outside", was the reply. And then we all laughed a little. I kept on dreaming. I thought That I was in the Dope Shop Waiting for a dope. Ten Minutes passed, then twenty; thirty. At the end of an Hour the cool, sparkling Dope was handed over to me. I was surprised at being served so Promptly. O Fatal Surprise! It was the end of my Dream. I awoke.

#### JOSH'S LETTER

W. J. Bundy

Trinity College, Thursday, P. M.

Dear Ma and Pa:

It has been some time since I writ you and I would have wrote sooner but I have been so busy studying that I haven't had time. I do declare the professors work us unmightily. They don't seem to realize that we are taking any other course but theirs and that we have anything else to do at all.

I had a hard time during exams. but i passed them all except English composition, as you will see when my report goes home. I don't see why i didn't pass that too, for i got good grades on it in high school. You can see by this letter that I know enough about it to pass, for my puntuation and sentence structure is good.

I wish i could have been home when you killed hogs. Them pigs feet and the hog liver—um! I would have destroyed them like Uncle John destroys molasses cake. I sure did enjoy that backbone and them pigs feet that you sent to me. The other boys helped me to eat it all up in a little of no time at all.

There was a valentine box party here Saturday night over at the girls dormitory. I used to go to all the box parties at the crossroads schoolhouse near home, so I thought I would go to this one, which i did. It was some box party, let me tell you. More pretty girls, all of them having boxies all filled up nice and pretty. Two of the boys here with mustaches and high hats on acted as auctioneers. The boxes sold at from one dollar to three dollars. After they were all sold we sat down to eat them, i mean what was in them. There was one box i wanted and some of the boys knew I wanted it, so they framed up on me and run me up to three dollars which was the limit. I was figuring on getting it for about a dollar and a half.

They served something that they called punch, and some of the boys played upon their banjos and mandolins. All the box parties that i ever went to before always turned into a square dance afterwards. But there was nothing like that here. It was rumored that President Few, whose house is near the girls' building, had the toothache, and that it would disturb him. I was mighty disappointed for i wanted to show all of them how i could call figures. What the girl whose box I bought didn't eat I made away with. That girl liked to talk me to death. Every chew I made she said a word, and I was chewing fast. I don't know what to make of those educated girls nohow. It seems that the educateder they get the more

they can talk, and this one was just a freshman. We had to leave about eleven o'clock, after the boxes had become empty.

Spring is coming on now and it makes me homesick. I keep thinking that I ought to have a plowline in each hand and a mule in front of me, not that I especially want to but it just seems natural. I know Brother Jasper wishes he were here now; so he wouldn't have so much plowing to do. Tell him not to worry that I'll be with him this summer, and if he'll listen to me I'll learn him something. He was always so hardheaded that he wouldn't listen to those what know more than he does, and try to fill up the empty places in his head.

The lowest grade i got besides the composition was 75 on math. I didn't know very much about it. When i asked the professor how much I made he said that he didn't know how much i made, but that he gave me 75, for which i thanked him.

Baseball practice has begun, and I am trying out for the team. When we boys used to play on Saturday evening I used to knock one over the ditch every game i played in. These pitchers here make the ball curve somehow, and its hard to hit. You can't tell where its coming. I am going to try to make the team anyhow. I caught a hot one in my naked hand the other day, and the coach said it was a good catch. So I think i have a good chance.

No especial news to write this time so i will close. As I lay down my pen I am as well as usual, and hope you all the same.

Your dear son,

Joshua.

#### HOME EATS

L. V. Harris

I long for a sight of my mother
And a meal of her toothsome eats,
I'm tired of boarding-house cooking
And the smell of boarding-house meats.

Oh, if I could get some sausage
As good as my mother can make,
And chicken with gravy and dressing
And pickles and cocoanut cake.

My mother can cook, you bet,
As good as ever you've seen,
But I am denied the privilege
Of eating these wholesome things.

I long for the life in the country
Away from the noise and din,
Away from the clang of the street car,
Away from the semblance of sin.

I long to breathe in freedom

The scent of the valleys and hills,
And forget about study and worry,
And think of the brooks and rills.

Oh for my boat and my fish pole
And the river I used to adore,
I'd forget about English and science,
I'd return to those days of yore.

I'd tramp through forest and valleys,
Through meadows and across the dell,
In the joy of living in the country
I'd say to my books, "Farewell."

I'd take my gun from the rack
That is placed just over the door,
And whistle for Rover to follow me
As I started across the moor.

And when we'd reached the old field Which is just beyond the gin, Rover would discover our game, And then our fun would begin.

# THE HIGH ROAD TO SUCCESS THROUGH TRINITY COLLEGE—THIRTEEN MILESTONES

By One Who Has Traveled the Way.

- 1. Trust no one. True friends are scaree as the snakes of Ireland or the ships of the Swiss navy.
- 2. Use no initiative. Older and wiser men will lead you. Such is their duty; yours is to follow.
- 3. Boot all profs, excepting none. Flattery and assumed interest will, like a snort of good whiskey, often open the heart and weaken the brain of the most august, learned ones.
- 4. Under no circumstances be fool enough to visit Southgate. Read Kipling or Service instead.
- 5. Spend at least twice your allowance. Your generosity will make you popular with the students, and if your parents are broad-minded, they will doubtlessly approve.
- 6. Attend Y. M. C. A., Sunday school, chapel, and church. Remember the motto of the college.
- 7. Report everything you know and all you suspect to the Dean. Other students will be delighted at your charming precocity and sense of honor, and you will be their popular and adored idol. Such action may also be of aid during the exam. holidays.
- 8. Attend some of the athletic events, but never applaud or cheer loudly, as it is ungentlemanly. However, you should talk regretfully of the lack of the "old pep."
- 9. Never go out for any team. Why should you? Let George do it.

- 10. Join a literary society. It is inexpensive and will add to your list of honors.
- 11. Never cut physical training. Your regret should be that you have but one body to offer to your college.
- 12. Pay all library fines. Many gentlemen have been graduated owing large sums to the library, thereby impoverishing it to a marked extent.
- 13. Learn the names of the President and other officers of the college. This information may be of use to you in later years.

#### A TRAGEDY

By F. J. Stough.

Reuben was shaving when a little gust of wind came along and blew down his mirror. This excited him so much that he made a slip and cut off his nose. This in turn excited him so much that he dropped his razor and cut off one of his toes. He had heard that an extracted part of the body, immediately put back, would grow back there. Reuben grabbed for his nose first, but got his toe instead, and stuck it on his face. He then stuck his nose on his foot, and, when he wanted to sneeze, he had to take off his shoe.

#### WILD AND WOOLLY

Anon.

His face was moist and ghastly white. His jaws were tense. His eyes narrowed and his lips became a thin hard line. His nostrils slightly distended. Suddenly he raised his right hand and there was a flash of steel in the early hall light. For a moment he held the bright blue blade poised in the air. Then he brought his hand down, steady as a rock, and calmly began to shave his chin.

#### CHINCHY

#### Anon.

An old negro was much exercised because he could find no relief from the little organisms that exercised on him every night. Finally he bought a solution and was delighted to find it successful.

"All yuh got tuh do," he said, showing a double row of alligator teeth, "is tuh ketch 'em and put it on 'em. I cotched two las' night en poad it on um. Den I shet 'em up in a book so's I could see how it wukked. Den I sot two plow points on de book so's dey couldn't 'scape and lef' 'em. Dis mornin' when I looked dey wuz stone dead and stretched out flattern a fried aig. I's on my way tuh buy mo' uh dat s'lution stuff."

#### TO MY "OLE LADY"

Hash Slinger, '23.

I am not one who holds to be mere toys
The things with which at Trinity we treat,
Nor do I grind to fill a scholar's seat;
By far I'd rather join the fun and noise,
Smoke cigarettes and be among the boys;
I'd know them all and speak to all I meet
And have with them in vict'ry and defeat
That fellowship which sweetens college joys.
But first among all things in school I rate,
More sweet to me than "Climax" or "Fish-hook,"
More prized than love of any lady fair,
More dear than aught between the lids of book
Is that friendship with one with whom I share
All things, my truest friend, my own room-mate.

#### MY LOVES

By Henry Belk.

I've loved with the love of desire; I've loved with the love of content; I've loved with the love of burning fire; I've loved with the love of lament.

I've loved with a love of acceptance; I've loved with a love of the spurned; I've loved with the love of repentance; I've loved with a love that yearned.

I've loved with the love of possessor; I've loved with the love of caress; I've loved with the love of aggressor; I've loved the love of the blest.

I've known I could not change. But ever I've gone and forgotten, And lived and loved again.

#### UNDERSTAND MEN?

If you try to please a man he decides you are in love with him, And if you don't try to please him he says you are disagreeable.

If you talk about yourself he is bored,
And if you talk about him he gets nervous.
If you believe all he says he thinks you are a simpleton.
And if you don't he calls you a cynic.
If you are jealous of him he vows you are narrow-minded,
And if you are not, he fumes because you don't like him enough to care.

If you have other sweethearts he accuses you of being a Theda Bara,

And if you let them all go but him, he loses interest immediately.

If you wear narrow skirts and rakish hats he laughs at you, And if you adopt dress reforms, he elopes with a chorus girl. UNDERSTAND MEN?

Say, do you think I'm the eighth wonder of the world?

-Exchange.

#### IF YOU ARE WISE-

You will never patronize the Dope Shop except from philanthropic motives.

You will, after dancing with Miss Russell, refrain from boasting of your record in weight-lifting.

You will—if you are a shapely co-ed—never fail to occupy the front row of seats while enduring the professor's lectures.

You will, having aspirations for literary fame, never allow any of your productions to appear in the Archive.

You will, being a male freshman, never allow yourself to be the sole fellow in the vamping-parlors of the Frau Shack.

You will never darken the door of the President's office except on a friendly errand for an enemy, an enemy over whose hard luck you would rejoice.

You will indulge in hilarious and boisterous laughter when Dr. Gilbert rubs the dust and corrosion from one of his oldest stories—regardless of the usual lack of point.

You will, if you wish to enjoy unmolested your cards, bones, and chimpanzee rum, occupy every day in chapel a seat conspicuous from the usual judgment-seat of the Dean.

You will never approach Dean Mordecai on the subject of Pompey's nationality and religious affiliation unless you are in a mood to withstand a volley of words having high horse-power.

N. M. W.

#### "FLUNKED"

#### I. R. Theflunker.

When once I stood an exam, I thought I'd let myself be damned; Because I know I knew so little there That I'd lose myself—I didn't care where.

'Twas on English 3 I mean, You'd have known it had you seen, The snow was still on the campus ground, And, still, on my face, sweat was flowing down.

Dr. Brown with his legs crossed high, Pricked his nose, his ear, and his eye; The Doctor was reading, but reading what? He could see on our papers the minutest dot.

I leaned over far and took my pen; I started to write and it spelt amen. I know very little as the reader can tell, And in English 3 my grade surely fell.

As I covered the desk with my elbows And looked at Doc Brown, ask him—he knows, The time was slipping I knew too well, And the English 3 grade had certainly "fell!"

But I chanced to be happy; I smiled like a "batty," And clapped my name in jet-black ink, Which meant no more than an eye's quick blink.

"Alas, 'tis eighteen till twelve," cried Brown, "And you've only a few minutes more time,

Up-broop, up-broop," he cried,
"I see right now some of you've died."

"For I told you," he said,
"When I saw the kid's sled,
You'll flunk if you don't watch out,
You better read Chambers and stay from without."

I closed my eyes as I thought awhile; I knew that I'd flunked, and I couldn't smile. So I bid English 3 farewell forever, With all its relations I did sever.

And in the end "Bull" looked at me, "I told you so, you didn't read Lee; Someone's going to flunk,—up-broop." You can imagine my chagrined look.

And when the night had come,
And darkness found me alone,
I felt like dying and dying again,
For my course in English 3 was a sad amen.

## **EXCHANGES**

Emory is fortunate in having some poets as it evidenced by the December number of the **Phoenix**, for that is the poetry number. We seldom find such a quantity of good verse among students. Though some of it is mediocre, most of the poems in this magazine are good. "The Eternal Christmas" is worthy both in thought and form of its position in the front of the book. "The Evening Star" and "Darkness" are also good; "Darkness" gives words to a feeling familiar to many of us—

Darkness still has an awful power

To startle and thrill in the midnight hour.

"Fisher" is a poem of lighter tone; it reminds one of the subjects and style of James Whitcomb Riley. "Black Mammy" and "Dixie Land" appeal to the lovers of poems in the negro dialect.

The January-February number of the Emory Phoenix is also interesting. The author of "Imported Exports" certainly gives us something to think about. We agree with him that it is time America is learning to appreciate her sons and daughters of literary ability without waiting for approval from abroad. The Phoenix rather over-emphasizes the "short" in its short stories; they need greater expansion for full development of the plot.

The December Pine and Thistle from Flora MacDonald College is very interesting. It lays aside the Christmas note to give us something about Scotland. The whole magazine is given over to instructive stories, essays, and poems of Scotland and her heroine, Flora MacDonald. That wit is one of the characteristics of the Scotch is proved in a very pleasant way both by the editorial on that subject and by jokes.

The Morris Harvey Comet has one department which we have not yet found in any other college magazine; it is the

Post Script, which is a criticism of the rest of the magazine. If the Comet takes notice of and follows the advice of its own critics, it will do well. We agree with the critic that it is hard to classify the paper. "It makes somewhat of the Literary Magazine, the News Paper, and the Year Book." The Comet might make an improvement by deciding whether it is "fish or fowl or good red herring."

The Erothesian has both serious and light poems and essays, which are of merit. "How Tennyson Delights in Motion" is an example of the more scholarly type of essay. "On Chewing Gum" is a humorous essay which presents the uses of that promoter of the nearest approach to perpetual motion. The Erothesian's chief lack is short stories. We find no attempt at one in this number of the magazine.

The January number of the Wofford College Journal does not contain poetry of as high quality as former numbers of the Journal have had. The essay on "Naturalness" is an appeal for a quality of great value which seems to be growing scarce. In "Possums" one recognizes a character familiar in real life, the old man who loves to tell stories—the more incredulous the story, the better he loves to tell it. "A Buckeye in France" is a story which shows the influence of superstition on character.

We wish to acknowledge having received the Wake Forest Student, Hollins Magazine, The Tattler, The Furman Echo, The Coraddi, The Acorn, The Chicora Magazine, and The Haverfordian.



#### PHILOSOPHY IV

Deep, deep, deep, deep,

Old Bull-Eye's line's too deep for mortal man; Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,

I need it and I'll take it while I can.

-Anon.

Cigar Salesman: You say you are at Trinity? That's fine. I know some of the professors there.

Student: What professors do you know?

Salesman: Well, er, I know Professor Hunt; I sell him eigars for the dope shop.

'25: Why do they always put up the hymn number before chapel?

'24: To keep the students from betting whether it will be odd or even.

'23: Why is that Senior's mustache like a baseball game?

'22: Dunno.

'23: Because there are nine on a side and a few rooters in the middle.

#### Heard at the Glee Club Concert.

Fresh: I can't tell one Craven from another.

Soph.: That's J. B. Craven.

Fresh: Is he Craven Memorial's son?

#### ENGLISH V

Dull, dull, dull,

I wonder whether I am still alive;

Bull, bull, bull,

And that's all we get in English five.

Freshman to Lab Instructor: "Mr. Elmore, please get me a rubber cork."

#### Heard at Breakfast, Southgate Hall.

"Cat": "Good. We've got apples for breakfast."

Anne: "They taste like they were stewed in gasoline. Why don't they serve us decent food, and why don't the cooks prepare the food well?"

Helen: "There you go blaming it on the cooks again. It's not the cook's fault. Don't you know how those apples got gasoliney? A knowledge of modern science would at once cause you to arrive at the right conclusion.

"Those apples got gasoliney before they ever went to the kitchen. They were hanging on the trees, and the wind blew the exhausted gasoline vapor, from passing automobiles of course, into the orchard; so the apples breathed in gasoline vapor, and we have gasoliney apples. Learn science, my dear; learn science."

Wife: Dear, I find it dreadfully hard to make both ends meet with my allowance.

Hubby: Why, what have we for supper? Wife: Beef tongue and ox-tail soup.

The next number on program, ladies and gentlemen, will be a song entitled, "I Call Her Oleomargarine, for I Haven't Any But Her." Herald Solicitor (while canvassing dormitory): I suppose you will want to take a good, live paper during the baseball season? We will publish all the news and—

Studious Freshman: But I am taking one paper.

H. S.: What paper are you taking? S. F.: I subscribe for the Chronicle.



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## THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXIV

APRIL, 1922

No. 6

#### MANAGER'S NOTICE

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# The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1922

### **SPRING**

Dallas Walton Newsom

Warm zephyrs blow across the fields
And violets and daffodils
Leap up to feel the breath that steals
Across the slowly waking hills.
The birds make love in every tree,
The kine leap merry o'er the bars,
The sunshine fills the day with glee
And night kindles her brilliant stars.

# TILL THE OLD MILL GRINDS NO MORE

A. Clodhopper

"Sawyaa, sawyaa, sawyaa," groaned the old White Oak water-mill as it ground corn into soft, white meal. The grinding, jarring labor of the mill shook its massive, primitive-built structure, but the trembling could be felt only. To the eye the old weatherbeaten, water-colored mill-house stood solidly, immovable, a haughty, forbidding, mysterious house built of thick, rough-hewn timbers. All round the mill spread out a cypress swamp, with rivulets roaming hither and thither over the miry bog. Above the mill-house stretched a level sheet of muddy, still water: the pond. Wide and deep was the pond, with a few small imitation islands in the upper portion; on the other side of these islands lay the hidden sources of water. Below the mill-house the churning water rushed from the halfopen gates and, with a rollicking laugh at regained freedom, scurried down the mill-tail, which immediately lost itself in the dark shadows of the swamp.

"Sawyaa, saaa, grr, grroow, saaya," groaned the hoarse mill-stone as Bill Dennis, the operator, pryed the gates a bit higher and increased the speed of the stone. Fine meal Bill wanted, and, after adjusting the flow of corn into the hopper, he nimbly swung himself into the hole to feel the quality of the ground product. Bill was always swinging himself about; folks said that he was too reckless, but Bill "allowed as how a young feller, twenty years old, strong and active as a mule, oughta be able to take his feet off the ground without gittin' hurt. You see, I ain't no baby; didn't I hold that steer when he got outer the pasture and was about to gore Joan? Ain't I as good a miller as Dad ever was, or nearbout? Cain't I ride a mule bareback and row a boat faster 'an anybody else in

this neighborhood? Cain't I ketch more fish in an hour 'an anybody else? I ain't no weakling." Bill let the fine, soft meal run through his fingers; he rubbed it and chuckled with satisfaction at its quality. Bill prided himself on making good meal, but he took particular pains to get this pot 'jest right'.

Bill chuckled again as he mused: "Joan brought this corn down here this morning to be ground, saw I wuz busy, left it here and said she'd come back for it this evenin' bout five o'clock. Course I'm goin' to make Joan the best meal I can; the best meal ain't good enough fer Joan. She's a good girl; wish she'd have me, but I ain't good enough fer her. But I want to make Joan happy; she was adopted; ain't got nothing but herself, but that's something; sweetest disposition ever saw; she's always got a smile for everybody; sympathetic, and wants to be always doing things for other folks; knows how to work; always doing something.

"And good looking—" Bill, whistled softly as he pictured Joan. "She's really beautiful: got wavy, brown hair, tan complexion; Joan ain't scared she'll get her face hurt by letting the sun kiss it; wish I wuz the sun sometimes; I'd give all I got or ever will have for one kiss from Joan; I been goin' with her nearly four years; thought she was a heavenly, airy goddess like a fairy the first year; next year I loved her and been lovin' her every since; told her I did last year, but Joan just smiled at me so sweetly, looked far off out the mill-house window, and said, 'You're right sure you do, Bill?' She looked out that window foe 'bout an hour, that window right yonder," and Bill glanced up past the hopper to the window which opened toward the pond. With a sigh he forced himself out of the reverie and began filling the sack, Joan's sack, the sack Joan had made with her own fingers.

Joan Winthrop tripped up the long plank that led to the mill-house door and stood in the doorway. She was half an hour early, but that time was her's, she reasoned, to lavish on Bill. Of course Bill expected her to stay a while with him, but she had a way of making Bill feel that every moment she

was with him was an accident. Bill was out of sight in the box; so she scanned the whole interior for him. Large rafters and cobwebs strewed the upper part of the house; in the center ran the open space through which projected the gates. Round the three hoppers bags of corn and meal leaned against each other. Bill had cleaned up on the side of the house next to the pond and had furnished the big, cozy corner with a homemade hammock in which he could lie and gaze out the window at the pond. Joan noticed that Bill had departed from custom in that two pillows lay in the hammock; she blushed as she thought of the reason.

"Oh, Bill", she called in a clear, mellow voice. Immediately Bill glanced up, saw Joan, and called cheerily:

"Hello, there, Joan; just finishing up your meal; what you been doin' this evenin'?"

"Sewing; I brought it with me," she replied as she motioned to a small kit bag that dangled carelessly from her arm. Bill had given her the bag as a birthday present. Bill tied the bag of meal and threw it to one side; then he leaped lightly to the floor of the mill-house. "Isn't that my meal, Bill? Don't treat it so rough," remonstrated the girl. But Bill laughingly stood up straight before Joan and countered:

"Never mind about the meal, Joan; if the bag splits I'll buy the corn and grind you twice as much; but the bag won't split; I know who made it. Say, Joan, isn't this a fine view from this window this evenin'? Want to sit in the swing and sew? Well, you can't do it, for I've got our plans all mapped out. You're goin' with me for a little while this lazy hour. Yes, you can sew; I'm goin' to look at you, at every stitch you make. Maybe I'll learn how.

"But it's nice and cool here in the swing, Bill, and I haven't but just a few minutes to look at the pond and to feel the cool breeze. I've got to——"

"No you haven't; not this time Joan," he answered in a gentler tone. Come on; I've got a little trip all mapped out," and, before Joan could reply, Bill grasped her firmly by the

hand and ran with her out of the mill-house. But Joan did not resist; she usually did what Bill said.

Into a canoe and away over toward the far side of the pond Bill carried Joan. Seated in the stern, with Joan in the bow facing him, he stopped the canoe in the cool shadows of some overhanging trees. "Now sew as much as you please," snapped Bill.

Joan sewed, occasionally gazing off toward the mill-house or stopping to splash the water with her hand, but Bill had one occupation, that of gazing at Joan; he did not see a stitch that she took; her whole self occupied his mind.

Gradually the silence, the lowering sun, the peaceful scene, the satisfaction of knowing that he accomplished useful work in the distant mill-house, and, most of all, the presence of Joan caused Bill to feel very happy. He thought Joan breathed beauty; a compelling desire to protect, comfort, and care for her enthralled him. "If Joan only cared—; did she?"

Bill took one quick step and sank on his knees at Joan's feet. He grasped her hands in his; his heart leaped, for Joan did not draw them away; instead she gazed out of bright, happy eyes toward the old mill. "Joan", whispered Bill, "I want you." He gazed passionately at her, but Joan was still looking dreamily toward the mill-house. Bill waited patiently.

A few minutes later Joan gently turned her head, looked straight in Bill's eyes—Bill felt that she was searching his soul—and then whispered faintly, "Take me." Bill took her; he pressed her hard to his bossom, but it required all his strength to do it; somehow it was different from what Bill had dreamed. He felt queer, and even tears came to his eyes and fell on Joan's hair as he kissed it. But Bill was not ashamed; he was happy.

"There goes my sewing," cried Joan some moments later, and Bill reluctantly let her go to catch the bothersome sewing-bag from the water. Holding her by the shoulders and looking into her burning eyes, Bill spoke in a clear tone, "Do you, will you love me always, Joan?" Without flinching or shifting

her gaze, Joan answered in the same clear tone, "Yes, Bill, 'till——," and then she broke into a little querulous laugh and turned with radiant eyes toward the mill-house before finishing the sentence—" 'till the old mill grinds no more." To Joan the mill was eternal; it had always been.

Bill was not crying now; he was the same man as before; but his shining eyes voiced perfect happiness. Gently drawing Joan toward him, he kissed her lips gently, reverently.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

Five years passed quickly and happily for Joan and Bill, who had been married four years now. Bill had built a little cottage on a hill in sight of the mill-house, and there Joan sewed and cooked and, singing with a light heart, cleaned house while her proud mate ground meal in the old mill. That mill could not stop, for their love had been sworn to last as long as the mill ground. Another fact, a very live fact, filled their home with happiness and sunshine: Margie, their two-year-old daughter, laughed and chattered incessantly in her innocence as she became wise to the realities of life, and Bill and Joan could see or hear nothing but her.

It was fall and the annual fall freshet was on. This fall, however, the rain had descended in torrents; it had rained continuously for two weeks, and now the old pond was filled to the brim with the muddy flood. Logs, leaves, and underbrush, picked up in the swamps above the mill by the widening hand of the rising waters, floated down and lodged against the mill-house. The mill had ceased its soothing, fruitful toil; the waters were too high to grind, and for a week Bill had let the flood rushed through fully-opened gates into the tail on the opposite side of the mill-house. In spite of the passing of all water possible through high-propped gates, the water in the pond rose higher and higher. The dam was in danger of breaking; the old mill was liable to be hurled from its old foundations at any time. Fretted by the powerful push of the

flood, the mill, jarred by the massive influx of water through its gates, rocked and shook.

Bill hardly ever left the aged, failing mill-house now. The mill resembled an aged man with white beard and white hair; in his youth he had stood solid, an impregnable wall of strength, but now in his old age the forces of nature were too strong, and he leaned for aid on his children: Bill served to aid the mill in its hoary days, and he vied with any attendant child in earing for the feeble and aged.

It was almost suppertime, and Margie and her mother waited patiently on the front porch of the cottage for the appearance of "Daddy." Bill had not eaten any dinner, but he had promised to come to supper. Joan sat snugly in a rocker and held Margie in her arms. She gazed in hushed awe at the powerful flood, so peaceful and dormant in the late evening glow. From the mill rose to her ears the dull roar of the waters pouring through the gates. Even the water in the milltail was so high that Joan could see the white foam of the boiling flood seething in miniature waves as the current bore it out of sight in the dreary forest beyond.

"Margie," spoke Joan in low tones, "Isn't it a wonderful scene? Do you see the foaming water, the old mill, and the pond brimming over? I always loved this scene and that pond especially. Do you see that group of trees on that island over on the other side of the pond? That spot will ever live brightly in my memory; I love it," and Joan unconsciously stopped talking as she began a reverie of her youthful days and experiences with Bill—days which were not so very long ago and which had been made fresh every day since her marriage. To Bill and Joan marriage had been the real beginning of life, the making of realities out of mere dreams and air-castles, not the consummation of youth and love and the beginning of decay.

Perhaps Margie had carefully followed her mother's musings; perhaps she had not. Whatever the case, she saw Daddy the minute he emerged from the mill-house door. "Oh, Daddy's coming, Mother," she cried, and, jumping from her Mother's arms, she ran to meet him. Joan smiled; she was satisfied and happy; what real woman would not be? Bill caught up Margie in his arms, kissed her, and sat her upon his shoulder while walking rapidly toward the cottage.

"How's my baby and Mother this evening?" he inquired of Margie. "What you been doing? Supper ready?" Bill put down Margie as he neared the steps, and Joan rose. Joan smiled again, or rather her present smile took on a new complexion; content was written over her features. Joan always smiled when Bill came in. Bill said that he came back to the house for something he had forgotten whenever he grouched into a worry, for Bill knew his reception and the value of that smile.

"Hello, little woman," greeted Bill; "Margie says you have been lazy and that supper isn't ready. All right; I'll eat anything I can find; I could eat the pan that the eggs were cooked in last week, or have you robbed someone's chicken coop? Good; are they on the table? Honest, you look good this evening, Joan; I'm going to punish you for it," and he gently kissed her.

Joan did not yet understand why Bill sometimes played with her roughly and at others was so reverently tender, but she liked it any way. And another thing she could not understand was why he at times passed her by apparently unnoticed and again stopped, even when he was in a hurry, as on this evening, to talk to and to caress her. But she liked this last also.

"I'm in a hurry; let's eat," snapped Bill, briskly changing his manner and striding toward the kitchen without more ado.

Bill ate fast. "Daddy, you are eatin' like you told me not to," Margie informed him, but her Daddy chuckled and went on talking to Joan: "You see, the water is rising rapidly tonight," he explained, "and I must stay at the mill. I'm going to saw out some of the top boards on the dam and to try to let some more water out. If I can just keep the pressure from increasing 'till noon tomorrow, I think the highest point will be reached. Don't worry about me; I'll be all right," he soothed as he saw a dark, worried expression flash across his wife's face. "You and Margie go to bed early and get up soon in the morning and get me a hot breakfast," advised Bill as he gulped down a final glass of water, wiped his mouth on his handkerchief, kissed Margie and then Joan, and hastened from the room.

As he kissed Joan, she whispered, "Do be careful, Bill," and there were hot tears in her eyes which rolled down her anxious face. Bill laughed at her tender-hearted fear and returned,

"I'll be all right." Men always feel secure and belittle a woman's forebodings.

It was night. Joan awoke with a start; it was very dark. How long she had slept she did not know, but she felt certain she had heard some loud noise; she felt that something was happening; then she heard someone shouting. Quickly and fearfully she dressed and left the cottage. As she opened the front door, the sound of roaring and deafening rush of water struck her ears. Timbers grated and jarred. Planks cracked and broke; branches of trees yielded to the onward pressure and broke with loud reports. The varied jumble of noises awoke echoes which threw the whole into a confused roar, and above other noises sounded the steady roar of water.

Joan stood still, speechless on her front cottage steps, attempting to fathom the sudden confusion. Someone passing yelled above the roar that the dam had broken and that the mill had been washed down stream. Some great dam up the country had broken and let loose a flood, which, added to the already high water, was carrying everything before it. There swept down the flooded stream a monster of destruction which ate up all that it met.

Becoming aware of the situation from hearsay reports, Joan rushed down toward the mill site with one thought in mind: where was Bill? Was he safe? Had he been swept down with the mill? Near the mill dam she found a small group of excited men; Bill was not among them, and they did not know where he was. There was nothing but yawning blackness before them where the old mill had stood. The roar of the rampant waters made it necessary for them to yell at the top of their voices to be heard, but the roarings and crackings gradually subsided as the flood demolished the mill and dam and left the way clear for the mighty current to pass on unhindered.

As Joan stood there, white-faced trembling, a cry rose above the roar from the direction of the black destructive current. All stood still with bated breath, and again the cry for aid sounded faintly from the inky coat of death. "It's Bill calling for help," yelled Joan, who immediately became electrified with action. "Get a rope and a boat," she commanded, but all present shook their heads. It was impossible. To face that raging, racing current which was laden with floating matter meant no less than meeting death, and Bill appeared too far away to give him any aid from the shore.

They did what they could; ropes were thrown far into the racing stream, and the rescurers yelled encouragement from the banks.

One of the rescurers was soon known to be missing. No one knew where she had gone, but Joan was absent; the methods employed has been too passive for her fiery zeal; she could never hear Bill call for help and endure the agony of seeing him suffer without at least an attempt to aid him. The most she could do for him would net him too little a reward. When Bill called, it meant that her life and soul was in trouble; she could not resist the act of going to him if she had tried. The truth was that Joan had slipped off, unhitched a small canoe, and, paddling awkwardly in the eddying water, had set out

to the rescue of her husband. She was not afraid to risk death for Bill if others were.

The next morning at dawn Bill, who was clinging desperately to a small tree as the strong current pulled him down stream and towards death, saw about ten feet nearer the bank a part of the mill which had become lodged between two trees. Against this obstacle much rubbish had piled up, and among the trash and loose boards Bill clearly distinguished an upturned canoe and the floating body of a woman, of—could it be true—Joan! Her face was upturned; she faced him. The sight, the thought of her motive, of her sacrifice, banished the last ounce of his failing strength; he loosed his hold on the tree and went under.

The old mill, through the agency of its attendant waters, had claimed its own!



### LONELINESS

By June

Night,—
And across the wide sphere of the sky
A robe of blue embroidered with gold,—
Bright stars, each set among many companions,
Yet distant and alone;
And there burned in the heart of the watcher
A loneliness as of one who lives among many,
Yet apart and alone.

# **SKELETONS**

### Sophia Ryman

One morning when I was about six years old, I threw my reader down with a bang and looked into the face of my startled tutor who was trying to teach a spoiled darling how to manipulate the king's English.

"I isn't going to read no more first reader," I told her. "It is ever so much nicer to talk about skeletons."

"Skeletons!" she uttered.

"I heard Miss Ella tell mother that the Blacks had a skeleton in their closet," I recounted.

"But, dear, you must not talk about skeletons. You don't even know what they are," she reasoned with me.

"I do; I do; I do." I contradicted her. "They're grinning things—all white bones without no meat on them."

And so they are. All skeletons are white bones, "without no meat on them"—the literal vertebrate skeletons and the figurative invertebrate skeletons of probable scandal. What closet is there without some skeleton? How flimsy and decidedly cartilaginous is the substance of which some of them are composed. In fact, if the real truth were known about some of the skeletons which, in our imagination, loom up to grin at us, if we were to stop for a while and view them in the candle-light of a little common sense, they would fade into darkness, vanish with the fairies, or melt into the ether. The skeletons themselves would magically turn from hard bone into cartilage, and from cartilage into rainbow mists. There would be less than nothing left to them.

A young girl who had just married met, by chance, a former flame. She and her husband happened to stop at the same hotel with the imagined dejected lover. A chance meeting in the corridor, a furtive glance, and a passing nod made the young bride's life miserable. With no explanation, she begged

her husband to leave. He was a sensible man who did not believe in opposing his wife but equally did not cherish the thoughts of humoring her every whim and of allowing himself to become henpecked. He asked her why she wanted to leave. Like an idiot she refused to tell him. Strained relations resulted, but there was no quarrel. (The training of each had been in channels through which there flowed no under-current of back biting.)

The girl became more miserable. Her nights were filled with horrible dreams in which her husband and her former lover fought duels, threw fire at each other, and vied one with the other in tormenting her. Finally, she had hysteria and her nerves gave away completely. Between her sobs and nervous twitchings, she begged and implored her husband to forgive her. The poor, dear man, bearing all too patiently with such feminine foolishness, learned, piece by piece, what she feared,—learned that James, the innocent cause of her deep misery, had threatened to shoot on sight, any man, other than himself, who married her.

That was her skeleton,—her flimsy, web-like skeleton which collapsed as soon as she took its bones out of the closet and found that they not only had nothing on them but were nothing in themselves. I dare say that the rejected lover's first skeleton when he married was made up of the lies he had told her, or rather of the lies he had told to women in general.

Most of our skeletons are mere films that break and collapse with a touch. Most of them are only cobwebs in our brains—cobwebs which need to be swept down and out into the north wind which will carry them away to the horn of the moon and hang them there for us to wink at.

# LIGHTLY TRIPPED A LASS

John H. Small, Jr.

Lightly tripped a lass to me Amid an idle glen; Hearts were young, hearts were free, And life was love again.

So debonair a miss Was she my heart beat high; Ah, surely one to kiss, And yet, withal, so shy.

Like moonlight on a river, Her eyes laughed into mine And set my heart aquiver To worship at her shrine.

"I love you, dear," I said. But on a dancing beam Of light the lass had sped, The shadow of a dream.

# PICKING A WALLFLOWER

### Eliza Scott

Ella Hamlin sat apart from the gayly dancing crowd. In fact that very sentence would be descriptive of Ella on many occasions of a similar nature. At almost all of the parties to which she was invited Ella danced the first dance with her escort and perhaps the next one with a "new man" to whom he had introduced her. After that, she "sat apart" and tried her best to melt in with the decorations and look happy. The first she usually accomplished with success; but, when it came to looking as if she enjoyed the affair, her effort usually resulted in a smile which seemed to be painted on an otherwise unsmiling face.

Ella was a wallflower, and she was very well aware of the fact. She never tried to make others believe anything else. Yet in spite of the fact that she told herself frankly that parties bored her, she kept on going from force of habit. Perhaps way down in her heart Ella hoped some day to cease being the variety of flower and to become something like a favored rose. There was no very good reason why she should not change her horticultural specie, for she was not ugly; she dressed well; and she could carry on a very interesting conversation. On the other hand she was not pretty. She had black hair, which was her greatest asset; eyes which changed from gray to green according to her mood; a Roman nose; and lips rather too thin to shape themselves into a fascinating curve. Moreover she was studious—not so much by nature as by habit.

But let us get back to our story where "Ella sat apart", etc. She was becoming more and more bored. Just as her smile was about to turn into a yawn, a young man threw himself into a chair near her. Upon seeing Ella, he said, "Why, how are you, Miss Hamlin? Having a fine time?"

Ella recognized Edward Lee with whom she had danced the above-mentioned second dance at the preceding party. Now Ella was generally very pleasant to young men, but this one had intruded just as she was about to indulge in a yawn, and she was not at all glad to see him; therefore instead of hiding her thoughts under some pleasantry, she expressed them, "A fine time? Gracious me, I'm bored to death."

Mr. Lee looked as if she had suddenly thrown ice water into his face; then he laughed, "My, but you are realistic."

His humor was contagious; Ella laughed, too, and explained, "I suppose I was rather horrid to answer you in such a manner, but one gets so tired of being an eternal hypocrite. Just think; when I leave tonight, I'll have to tell Mrs. Bryan that I had a lovely time. She knows it is not true, and I know it, and everyone else who knows me at all knows it. I wonder why we spend half our time in this world acting."

"You are the most philosophical person I have met tonight," said Edward by way of an answer.

"Well, it would be a wonder if I weren't. I have time enough in which to think things out, but then I shouldn't tell my thoughts to other people, I suppose. I really did not mean to be unpleasant. In fact the whole business of being a wall-flower amuses me."

"A wallflower!" exclaimed Edward in an astonished tone. Ella smiled, "Don't pretend that you didn't know it. There is no need to act now; since I have been so frank, you may be too. I'm not appealing for your sympathy,—in fact it is the last thing I want,—but, there I go again talking to you about something in which you are totally uninterested. I must be leaving," said Ella rising.

Edward jumped up and motioned her to her seat, "Shucks, don't go. This is the most interesting conversation I have had tonight. I've been fawned over, and my opinion has been asked upon every subject from how a young lady should arrange her hair to how I would have acted in Hughes' place at the Disarmament Conference." Seeing her expression at his

last remark, he added, "Now you are thinking I am insufferably conceited, but I don't mean it in that way. I know all about the fal-de-rol, all these girls' smiles and so on mean nothing. It is just the natural manner which they employ to add another to their string—not that they are particularly fond of the latest fish, but it is nice to have a big catch. Oh, I enjoy it all and have my fun too, but the point is: you are the first girl I have ever found who would even admit that she was a wallflower, much less deliberately say it. I want to hear more. Stay on, won't you?"

Ella took her seat, "Oh, well, I'll stay, but I don't know just what more you want."

"Why, anything as long as you continue leaving off the hypocritical mask. I was hoping you might explain why you, and the rest of us for that matter, attend these things when you don't enjoy them. Or is it that you are enjoying this particular one?"

"No, indeed; it's all of them. I don't know exactly why I come. I'm not sure that I enjoy dancing much better than sitting still. I'm always wondering what my partner is really thinking of. I'm so used to doing one way and thinking another at parties that I think everyone else does. But coming breaks the monotony; I enjoy an evening at home all the more right after a party."

"You know sometimes during a dance I think how awfully silly the whole thing is and what foolishness I talk. The flattery, the knowing tone of conversation, and all the types of party talk seem extraordinarily foolish when you think of them the next day."

At this point Mrs. Bryant passed by and called to Ella, "Having a good time, dearie?"

"Yes, indeed, but I was just telling Mr. Lee that I must look you up and then go. The party has been delightful," answered Ella, blushing as she realized the contrast between this speech and what she had been saying to Edward.

When Mrs. Bryan had gone on, Edward asked, "If you must go now, may I have the pleasure of taking you home?"

Ella smiled and looked at him as if to say, "Have you put your mask back on too? but she really said, "I'd be glad to have you, but, even though Harry Lorton, who brought me, isn't wild to take me back, I could hardly be so rude to leave him now."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I did not know that Lorton was with you," said Edward.

"Well, speaking literally, he isn't, but goodnight," she said and slipped into the room where she had left her wraps.

Edward started after her and turned away laughing, "I didn't know they grew like that—those wallflowers," he said half aloud.

After that Edward Lee saw Ella frequently at parties, and almost always he spent some time with her. He learned to like her cynicism, a small portion of which tinged her happier philosophy. He found that she could talk "sensibly" (as he said) on a number of subjects. When he grew tired of flirting and weary of flippancy, he went to Ella. One of the girls undertook to tease him a bit, but he replied that he liked Ella Hamlin for her levelheadedness; the girl stopped her teasing.

Two months after his "wallflower" conversation with Ella, the popular Mr. Edward Lee found himself without a girl to take to the rose festival which was an annual affair given in a most elaborate manner by Mrs. Perry. In this unusual situation Edward telephoned his cousin, Blanche Harper.

"I'm sorry, Ed," said Blanche, "but I don't know a single girl who hasn't a date. I thought you were going with Louise."

"So I was, my dear," said Edward, "but if you halfway kept up with your friends, you would know that she was sent to the hospital this morning with an acute attack of appendicitis."

"Oh, mercy, I'm so sorry," said Blanche. Then, after inquiring after Louise, she added, "but, Ed, you simply must come to the festival. Let me see. Well, I remember hearing someone say that Ella Hamlin is out because Harry Lorton has been called out of town on business, and no one knows how long he will have to stay. But then I don't suppose you'd care to take her. She has too much sense about other things to be interesting at a party."

"Yes, I would like to take her. Thanks for the tip."

"Ed, I had noticed that you are with her sometimes, but I didn't believe what some of the girls said about you having up a flirtation with her."

"Well, you are quite right; I haven't" was the rather short reply.

"You needn't be cross about it, but I might tell you that I think a great deal of Ella in a way, and I hope you won't go and get her to depending on you and hurt her feelings. You know you have a dangerous tendency sometimes."

"Huh, I think Miss Hamlin can take care of herself, but don't worry. Thanks for letting me know she is free for that night. I'll call her."

That is how it happened that Ella had an engagement with one of the most popular young men in town for one of the most delightful occasions during the summer months. She had argued the whole matter out from a practical point of view and had refused to allow herself to become "thrilled". She had linked Louise Homer's sickness with the fact that Edward had asked her for the engagement, thus putting down any egotism that might have arisen within her.

At the festival Ella found herself almost swept into the party attitude of the other girls. She realized how delightful a party might be under the right circumstances. She did not sit apart tonight but was one of the gayly whirling dancers. Her spirits were high, and her wits were sharpened so that many wondered what had come over the quiet little Hamlin girl. As the night went on, Edward came to claim a dance;

he had already had quite a number with her. As she was tired and worn, Edward led her out into the garden. Mrs. Perry's garden was always beautiful; tonight the fragrance of the roses, the shadows, the lights, all were woven together like a wonderful spell. The moon hung in the sky just as it should; not a single pale beam was out of harmony with the atmosphere of the place. On such a night, in such a place, with a girl there was but one thing Edward Lee could have been expected to do.

He now guided Ella to a bush of red roses, and, plucking one, he placed it in her hair. "The roses seems very willing to be picked to lend happiness to folks," he said. "If women were only as willing to bless the lives of men..."

"Some women are," said Ella simply.

"Ella, my rose, will you let me pick you from your bush and make my life glad?"

Ella raised her face, and the moonlight fell upon it and revealed her irritatingly laughing green eyes. "Ed," she said, "you have your horticulture terribly mixed, I'm no rose; I'm a wallflower. Come, let's leave this dreamland and go into a saner atmosphere before you pick a flower of the wrong specie."

# EARLY MORN: A SCENE ON THE OLD PLANTATION

R. P. H.

The squirrel's in the hick'ry,
The dove's on the wing;
The lark's in the hay-field,
His matin to sing;
The cat bird's in the pear-tree,
The sparrow's on the rail;
The rabbit's in the cotton patch—
The hounds are on his trail:
Across the cotton fields they go
With merry chanted lay;
The sun's just rising in the east—
A glorious day!

# ARTHUR MERVEILLE OR PAINFUL RECOLLECTIONS OF A BORE

(Offered as an introduction to the novels of Charles Brockden Brown)

By R. C.

I was resident in this burg during the year 19....... Many were the motives that caused me to live in this town, for I could not find anywhere else to live. It is not my purpose to enumerate these motives, nor to dwell on the fact that I was cranking my Ford on a certain momentous evening because I could not afford a more expensive car to crank. I shall rather concern myself with the narration of a chain of incidents which grew out of my performing this exertion at this particular time.

I was accosted by a youth of languid mien who inquired the way to the best hotel in town. His garb was loud and elegant. It could be heard for a block. He wore a diamond scarf pin, a red tie, a pale green hat, a black frock coat, grey trousers, and tan shoes. He had all the appearance of an escaped lunatic. I scarcely ever beheld an object which so excited my curiosity and amazement at first glimpse. From the sneezes which he emitted at frequent intervals, I guessed he was about to succumb to that disease with which divers persons were afflicted during the winter and have indeed been afflicted for many succeeding winters: namely, Spanish influenza.

Reaching hastily into the tonneau of my car, I procured my atomizer, and, having sprayed my throat, I hurriedly swallowed an aspirin, adjusted my gauze mask, drew on my rubber gloves, and approached. "You are, sick," said I, in as natural a tone as I could through the gauze mask which interfered with my speech. "I pray you get into my car and let me drive you to the emergency hospital."

At this address he fixed me with haughty stare.

"What would you have?" said he. "I am very well as I am. I may have influenza, 'tis true, but emergency hospital or no, I will never consent to ride in a tin Lizzie. I prefer to walk."

"Then walk you shall," I replied with great good humor, for indeed the Ford had as yet failed to respond to my utmost exertions. "Pluck up courage and come along with me." I then accompanied the youth to the emergency hospital where he was fed broth and oranges until the dread disease had run its course.

Two weeks later the youth appeared at my front door. Though somewhat weak and emaciated, he was still able to wear his loud clothes.

"I have approached your door with a desire for deep and darksome vengeance," said he. "I came to you when I was friendless and alone, asking you to direct me to a comfortable hostelry where I might have steam heat, palatable food and 'something to drink.' Instead you conducted me to an emergency hospital where I drank nothing stronger than grape juice. I have not had a square meal since I saw you last. Laboring under the delusion that my 'cold' was influenza, the doctors did their best to lay me out, but in spite of their doses I survived. I now demand that you invite me to dinner and claim the right to bore you with the tale of my life."

Having no weapon handy, I made no resistance but invited the youth in to dinner, being the more reconciled to the thought of his tale by reason of the fact that the Victrola spring was broken, that the movies were closed down on account of the epidemic, that the Saturday Evening Post missed that week's issue on account of the printer's strike, and that my cards were misplaced so that I could not play solitaire. Therefore I had absolutely nothing to do.

The youth whose name was Arthur Merveille partook of the delicious dinner, and, dinner being over, drank a cup of very strong coffee. Becoming hilariously intoxicated, he began.

### VOLUME II.

My natal soil is Alexander county. From my earliest childhood I have been able to sing. In fact I possess a voice that Caruso might have envied. Alas! he never heard it. He will never know what he missed. On account of my voice and my proficiency in the shoe maker's art, my father did his best to keep me on the farm. He installed all the modern conveniences, including Delco lights and a hot air heating system, but he refused to purchase a Franklin sedan, declaring that a Dodge was good enough for him, and likewise for me. Accordingly we quarreled. I rose one morning at nine o'clock, three hours before my usual time, and without asking or bestowing any blessings, sallied forth onto the Tarvia which led to the great and wicked city. I set out with all the high hopes of youth. My heart would have been joyous had it not been for my aching corns. "Ah!" said I to myself, "I am about to become a man of the world. I will build a name and a fortune for myself by dishonest methods, and I shall be sure to succeed. Have I not read in the newspapers that the public is gullible? I will forge a few checks and thus acquire an income." Here my soliloquies were interrupted by the honk of a Packard limousine, recklessly driven by a beautiful maiden. As I leapt aside to avoid a collision, the car came to an abrupt stop, and the fair chauffeur invited me to have a lift. With a furiously beating heart I climbed into the car. I saw the eyes of the beautiful girl. I knew that she had fallen in love with me. How could she help it? I really do not see. Was I not handsomer than the manliest of the handsome heroes of Harold Bell Wright? In truth I was. Here was the solution

to my future. Here was Romance. Here was also the prospect for a rich father-in-law. I would be able to avoid work. But alas for love's young dream! The car came to a halt when we reached the city and I was deposited on the street corner. When I endeavored to speak further with the fair damsel, she stepped on the gas and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Having determined upon a lurid career, I immediately forged a check for \$4,000 which I cashed without unnecessary delay at the Merchants and Farmers Bank. Having always been accustomed to doing business on credit, I had never known how much bother a great quantity of cash can be, and I had great difficulty in spending it. By night I had spent only seventy-five cents.

At nightfall a Suave Stranger, whom I at once recognized as the proverbial "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," accosted me and implored me to spend the night at his home. I knew the trap. He was determined to rob me. Here was Adventure. I sallied forth to meet it with a stout heart. I would show the old codger the stuff that country youth was made of. I tasted lightly of the sumptuous supper. I drank none of the iced buttermilk, for I knew that it was heavily drugged. The Suave Stranger conducted me to my room. It was well furnished. I left the door unlocked. I did not put my money under the mattress. With a pistol under my pillow, I retired to rest. I slept soundly all night. in the morning when I awoke I found the money was still in my pocket. Patiently I counted it—\$3,999.25. Not a cent had been stolen. I was furiously angry. Moreover I was bitterly disappointed. Tears of chagrin coursed down my cheeks. In the heat of my anger I sought out the Suave Stranger who had disappointed me. I was determined that never again should he cheat a lad out of Adventure for which he looks and longs in a great city. Without a word I shot the Stranger with the intention of puncturing his heart. Alas! Fate was not on my side. The bullet pierced the sole instead.

As I pursued my way up the main thoroughfare, I saw at some distance, an unusual phenomenon—a man (he was no gentleman) arguing with a lady. As I approached the fellow turned on his heel and left his companion somewhat abruptly. As he passed me, he was pocketing some object and, under his breath, was, I regret to say, indulging in profanity. As I drew near the lady, she stepped directly in my path, and, as she thus intercepted me, she raised her beautiful eyes to my face. What was my surprise when I recognized that she was none other than the damsel of the Packard limousine! Seldom have I beheld optical organs so filled with exquisite and imploring entreaty.

"Be still, my heart," quoth I to myself. "Here is a chance for you to do a knightly deed. This damsel is truly in much distress."

"Maiden," said I, "cheer up. The worst is yet to come. Here am I at your service. I wait to do your bidding. Shall I pursue yonder criminal and wreak vengeance upon him? What will you have me do?"

"Sir" she replied, "I really do not know what you mean, but can't I sell you a ticket to the Merry Maids Minstrels? Without doubt, it is the cleverest show of the season and the proceeds go to a worthy cause. . . . the building of an apartment house where business and professional women can live at cost. Only \$3.50 each and a dollar extra for reserved seats."

Personally, I do not care for minstrels, but, being very courteous in temperament and of a most chivalrous disposition, I could not refuse the fair maid, and I planked down the coin.

I then went up the street to hunt a job. I did not really want work, but I felt that it was the correct thing to search for it. It is usually done, you know. At every place I inquired, the proprietors were eager for my services. They fell over themselves in their haste to employ me. Money was no object. I was offered any salary. Indeed the directors of the

leading bank begged me with tears in their eyes to accept the presidency of the institution. It broke my heart to refuse them, but I was compelled to. It was too much like work.

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I left the bank and pursued my way down the street. It was as I was crossing the street that I suffered the greatest indignity I had yet experienced in the great city. I was knocked down by a Ford truck. Picture my humiliation and distress. My feelings cannot be uttered, I was unhurt, but would that I had died. It would have been much easier than to go on living after such an experience.

(ARTHUR'S STORY GOES ON AD INFINITUM)



# **SPRING**

S. M. Holton, '21

When the wind grows fierce with its freshening breath, Then 'tis spring. When the violets peep from their leafy deep,

When the violets peep from their leary deep,
And the birds return from their long sojourn,
While the sun shines bright with a quiet light
Through the boggy atmosphere;
While the dull gray trees in the sun and the breeze
Grow green with the grass on the ground,
The earth is bright, and the year's just right,
For spring is here.

# **EDITORIALS**

#### PATCHING PANTS WITH A SHEEPSKIN

Several seniors were chatting together when one casually asked another, "What are you going to do next year?" The other replied he considered that a very tactless question, and he was sure he did not know. His reply expresses the feelings and position of most members of the graduating class here and throughout the country, at any rate of those students who took what is generally known as the straight, cultural, A. B. course, and their condition is not their fault. What have they to offer their prospective employers? Wherein are they better fitted to make their way in the world than they were four years ago, and have their four years in college been wasted? Will their A. B.'s help them earn their daily bread? modern tendency is to discount the value of a liberal education; the demand is apparently for some direct and absolutely concrete connection between the college course and the future occupation. This tendency is undoubtedly largely excusable and is perfectly natural, but at the same time it may have a lamentable effect.

Most people will concede that the dollar value of a liberal education is not so great as is that of a business education. Let us consider the items involved: four of the best years of a young man's life and several thousand dollars in cash. In return we have nothing concrete to which we may point and say, "I am especially well fitted to fill the position you have open," when we apply for a job. Two years in a good business college would give us much more in this line.

"Mental training!" did I hear some one say? Certainly we get a certain amount of mental training, but we pay dearly in time and money for that development. The "mental development" theory alone does not justify the literary course.

Where must we turn next, or must we agree with Mr. Edi-

son that a college education is not worth what it costs. We believe that Mr. Edison made a perfectly natural mistake and at the same time branded himself as not being a college man and not realizing what a college education really is and what it carries with it. In the final analysis we believe that matter reverts to the old question of materialism versus aestheticism, of matter versus soul. Would a rose called by some other name be as sweet; is nectar as exhilarating taken from a rude earthen crock as from a Grecian chalice? Do not affirm that either is the case too hastily. Think of the millions spent by the people of the world in gratifying their aesthetic wants.

It seems to us that the same principle lies at the heart of the question as to the value of a liberal education. Such a course enables one to associate with intelligent, cultured people with a certain amount of leisure to devote to the higher and finer things of life: literature, art, music, the social graces. One learns to appreciate man's attempts to express and record his nobler feelings and finer emotions.

After all the question of the value of a liberal education is one which must be answered by each man and woman individually. Its value cannot be measured materially any more than one can measure the length of eternity, the depth of love, the power of prayer, or the force of the Omnipotent. We have heard college men say, "I believe that one year in college would be worth every penny it costs if a man did not pass one hour's work while he was in school there," and we are not sure but that we agree. Certainly one who takes a reasonable advantage of his opportunities has no reason to begrudge either the time or the money.

### ERECTING INDIA RUBBER BUILDINGS

If college buildings could be constructed of India rubber so that they could be stretched and warped to fit future needs, there would be no necessity for giving any thought to anything save the present when planning a new building, but, needless to say, such is not the case. The money for the new memorial gymnasium is now in sight, and the tendency is for all concerned to heave a sigh of relief and forget about it until it appears, but such lapses of memory are dangerous. It may be well for those concerned to ask themselves the question: Is the building we are planning going to be suitable for use ten, twenty-five, forty years from now? Trinity College has trebled its student body in the past decade; it has merely begun to grow.

Let us urge that those in charge plan the new gym with an eye upon the future, that they use their imagination, and that they try to picture in their minds what Trinity College will be fifty years hence. Here are a few questions which seem to us to be pertinent at this time: Are ample seating arrangements going to be provided for spectators? Is the building going to be so planned that it will be a suitable and convenient place in which receptions, banquets, alumni meetings, speakings, etc., may be held? We do not mean can it be made to do, but will it be a nice place conveniently arranged insofar as possible? Local and foreign dramatics! The Craven Hall is a very poor place in which to stage a play. Can't some arrangement be made so that the gymnasium will provide a suitable place for dramatics, giving ample stage room, dressing rooms, curtains, and other requisites?

### TRYING TO BE NAUGHTY

We read a number of different college magazines and humorous papers, and it is interesting to note to what great lengths many of them are willing to go in order to create the impression that they are naughty and almost indecent. Apparently anything which is sufficiently risque, suggestive, and naughty will pass for humor no matter how old or overworked the source may be.

Let us glance for a moment at some of the more common sources of humor. By far the most prolific joke-mine is the

subject of woman's dress, especially short skirts and bobbed hair; then we find next in order jokes about booze and jokes about marriage. 'All of these jokes are written in a vein which would lead a reader who is ignorant of conditions in colleges to believe that college students are a licentious set of libertines who have absolutely no respect for womankind, for the law, or for any of the proper conventions of society. One might easily get the impression that students are rowdies, drunks, and moral reprobates. Let us have a little more clean fun and a little less apparently conscious effort on the part of college men to create the impression that they are what is commonly called 'rounders.'

#### AFTER THE SHOW

The Woman's Dramatic Club presented Monsieur Beaucaire in Craven Hall, March 28; their performance would have done credit to any professional troupe that ordinarily comes South; yet they made little more than their expenses. Why was this? The young women spent a great deal of time and work getting up their play, and they have the consolation of knowing that their work was well done and that they are blazing the trail for dramatics and play-writing at Trinity.

We hope that it is only a question of time until the young men of the college will shake themselves from their lethargy and will organize a dramatic club and ask the young women for the privilege of working by their side in this field, for indeed it will be a privilege and an honor for us to have a part in staging productions in the manner and with the success in which Monsieur Beaucaire was presented. The Archive wishes to thank the Woman's Dramatic Club in the name of the College, in the name of the student body, and personally for a highly creditable performance, for their laudatory efforts, and for giving us a very pleasant evening.

# WAYSIDE WARES

### THROUGH THE BACK DOOR

S. M. Holton, '21

The price of ham is troublesome; The cost of eggs is high; Your income tax is bothersome; And all perhaps is dry.

The world is growing evil; The wolf is at the door; Man's going to the devil; And it surely makes you sore.

Cheer up before the tempests break,
And while yet 'tis morn awake,
While the songsters yet are singing loud, be brave;
For no difference will it make,
And no trouble will it take,
When the grass is growing green upon your grave.

### AS IN YE OLDEN DAYS

W. J. Bundy

Freshman Willie is a romantic soul; so is his girl, Freshwoman Sarah. One afternoon Willie took Sarah to the *Paris*, where they saw a picture which was to the liking of these knowledge-chasing and love-befogged students. It was a story of adventure, romance, undying love, and all the unhappiness attending thereupon. It smacked of the days of chivalry, and was richly flavored with the spice and twang of old Spanish romance. When the two youthful lovers came out, their hearts

were beating in unison. How beautiful! How romantic! How inspiring! Could any cynic deny the power of love? thought both in unison, and thinking so, they to each other bespoke their inmost thoughts.

They decided to bring back the good old days, to establish the spirit of romance on this sordid and realistic campus. Accordingly they put their heads together—very close together, and planned. Behold the result of their planning:

It was a moonlight night upon Trinity campus. Everything was bathed in the soft, mellow glow of an almost full moon. As the god of the elements was kind, the night was warm and inspiring to all deluded people who thought they were in love. It was late, very late, and everything was closed but the Owl Pharmacy. Not a sound was heard; neither the resounding echo of paddles descending on freshmen nor the discordant notes of the Trinity Quartette disturbed the peace and tranquility of the campus. The night watchman sat in his room softly picking old love melodies on his banjo, oblivious of the world outside. All the gods and goddesses except Venus were dozing.

From around the corner of the fence of the ball park galloped a gray mule, bearing upon his back our romantic Willie. Straight toward the fire escape on the rear of Southgate rode this lover and hero. He had rented this steed for the occasion. He came to a sudden stop beneath the fire escape. Standing on the fire escape, her beautiful hair streaming down her back, and the soft rays of the moon illuminating her countenance, making her appear to the heroic Willie as a goddess, stood the romantic and loving Sarah.

"Ah, my lover, thou art here at last," cooed the maiden. I have waited long and patiently for your coming. Why did you delay?"

"O fairest one," spake he, "my trusty steed became scared of a paper sack, and took me o'er fields and pastures for many miles ere I could stop him. Then I hurried here to keep our

engagement, love. Great is my joy to see you awaiting me at our trysting place."

"I knew that you would not fail me, my brave hero. I would have waited here all the night long for your coming."

"Ah, fairest daughter of Surrey, your words are like the music of angels in mine ears; your love is the kind which makes poets; standing there you look as beautiful as the dew on an April morn, as beautiful as home-made butter upon the half of a hot, brown biscuit; yea, even like unto the Goddess of Love herself. Dost thou love me dearly, Sarah mine?"

For answer, Sarah slowly took from her hair a rose, which she tenderly pressed to her lips, and threw to her lover, who caught it in his hand, and in turn pressed it to his lips. Sarah leaned over the rail, and looked at Willie wistfully and with an invitation upon her lips. Straightway did the hero leap from the mule upon the fire escape. Attaining the floor, with his long arms he encompassed the fair maiden about, and then and there they vociferously gave vent to an expression of their love by indulging in the luxurious and sublime habit of osculation. Every time their lips met, a sound like unto that made by a mule pulling his foot out of the mud was wafted on the breeze, and down among the pine trees behind the Shack was heard to resound a faint echo thereof. The mule below construed this sound to be a cluck, and as it was repeated time and time again, the steed took to his heels, and ran away homeward, leaving the lovers ensconced in each other's arms.

Upon seeing his steed in flight, Willie sent forth a loud "Whoa, come back here!" Immediately Southgate was aroused, and up and down the corridors girls were running and screaming.

"Flee, love, flee," urged Sarah, as she pushed her hero forward. After indulging in one last fond embrace, our hero scuttled down the fire escape, and hurriedly betook himself roomward, leaving the mule to find his own way home.

### GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

M.H.

I was all down and out And didn't even care; So thought I'd help my mind By cutting off my hair.

I got the scissors then Told Kat to take a whack, But when the stuff was off I kinder wished it back.

I ran out of the room
As quickly as I could,
And while I wept I said
"I'm ruined now for good."

Girls tried to comfort me And said "You're not alone." And oh, just think besides No hair to brush or comb.

And, oh, how wonderful!
No nets nor pins to buy.
But somehow or other
I couldn't help but cry.

And if it ever grows
Just like it was before
I don't care what folks say
I'll cut it off no more.

#### A DARK DEED

### Henry Belk

Nothing but silence was to be heard. Yet the distinctness of that noise was noticeable. Strange to relate, there was no vision-proof fog enveloping the city in its clammy pall. Stranger still, there had been no mysterious premonition of warning in the sound of the town clock as it had struck twelve some minutes before. Again the dogs forgot to howl dismally in the distance. Dark clouds somehow or other seemed to be scarce as hen's teeth that night and failed to scud across the face of the moon to add flickering gleams which would undoubtedly have increased the air of mystery had there been any. What air there was was not mysterious at all. In fact some might have said that it was not air at all, but atmosphere.

Really you couldn't have told from the appearance of the vicinity that one of the darkest deeds of history was about to be perpetrated. But, ferocious reader, get this point before you go further. Be not deceived by appearances. One of the darkest deeds of history was about to be perpetrated, committed, and brought to a conclusion—a deed which when it found its way into print would cause millions of men and women over America to gasp with horror. So prepare yourselves for the worst. If you have a weak heart, I advise you not to read any more or at least to take out an insurance policy. If you will read, your blood be upon your own head. I wash my hands of you.

The streets were not deserted. There were several electric light poles to every block and an equal number of garbage cans artistically arranged for ornamental purposes. I know that you will not believe me when I tell you that at the top of each pole (the garbage cans have nothing to do with this—they are merely to place waste paper in) there was an electric light. Now these lights were not flickering—get that—although the darkest deed in history was about to be committed.

On the other hand, they shone with the concentrated brilliancy of a thousand constellations. For a truth one might have read his morning newspaper by the light.

Yet one of the darkest deeds in history was about to be committed.

Overhead the moon smiled broadly. Yes, actually smiled—as broad in fact as the lover who in his own mind is sure that he is the only boulder on the beach of her affections. Why the moon had the nerve to smile so broadly when one of the darkest deeds in history was about to be committed is beyond me. Though it goes to prove what heartless wretches some people can be. Alongside the moon, 910,145,236,978,132 stars by actual count patted their feet and cried in astral voices.

"Atta girl, Luna."

But now come down from the vaulted dome. Look closer. No, not there, but a little to the right of the southwest of the right hand of the left hand garbage can in the middle. Do you follow me? Oh, you are ahead. You see it. There are lights in that building. Yes, and by the lights which light the building, you perceive the figure of a man. Very well then. His head is bent upon his breast. His arms are outstretched across the counter before him. He is half lying, half sitting, half standing, half reclining. Other halves will be mentioned in the course of the story. Watch carefully for them. The man's mouth is shut. His eyes are wide open. His bosom does not rise and fall with the regularity of his breathing. All of which points to the fact that he is sound asleep. A jury of twelve or even thirteen men would agree on that point. So why let us dispute it?

Yet one of the darkest deeds of history is about to be committed.

But hark. The herald villain springs. Down the street he comes. His silk hat is planted jauntily on the back of his head. In his left hand he swings a cane with a well-cultivated swing. His evening clothes are faultless, flawless, immaculate. The rays of the glittering electric lights leap greedily upon

the facets of the two pound diamond which blazed inconspicuously in his shirt bosom. The shimmering shine of his shoes indicates all too plainly the countless millions of licks that the presser must have spent in blacking them. Truly, a terrible villian. No wonder the garbage can seemed to stagger back as if in dismay. Even a heart well strengthened by long years of taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound or Nuxated Iron might tremble in its knees at the presence of so terrible a villain.

For note well that terrible weapon that he carries with so much deftness in his right hand. The sureness, yet the ease with which he grasps the handle indicates long experience in wielding it. The unconscious manner in which he permits it to brush his leg as the arm passes in the motion of walking writes in letters of fire his power with the weapon. Yes, ferocious reader, it is the most deadly weapon known to man. It is a feather.

And now he enters the building where the man is sleeping with his eyes wide open—enters with an air of possession. He does not tread on tip toes, nor go stealthily so as not to wake the sleeping. Neither does he remove his shoes. He stamps on the floor in his progress in the direction of the sleeping man. There is an air of determination about him—a menacing mien in his movements.

Now. He is at the side of the wide-awake sleeper. Raising the feather high over his head, he brought it down with a resounding whack over the head of the wide-awake somnolist. The man stiffened and fell to the ceiling with such force that the seismographs throughout the country recorded an earthquake.

Having thus summarily disposed of his victim, the villain, who by the gentleness of his attack has revealed himself as none other than Gyp the Grape Juice, gets busy. Working hastily, yet surely, he opens three receptacles in rotation. No, that is an error. Subsequent investigation has revealed that he opened four receptacles in rotation one after another. From

the first he took an object shaped like a minature torpedo. From the second he took an object shaped like a stick of dynamite. The object taken from the second receptacle that he had opened in rotation he placed between halves of the object that he had taken from the first receptacle, having previously broken open the object. From the third receptacle opened in rotation he took a quantity of brownish liquid resembling T. N. T. and poured it over the object which he had previously created from the objects taken from the first two receptacles opened in rotation. Now, still in rotation, he opens a fourth receptacle and takes from it a number of shiny bits of something strangely looking like silver. These bits he adds to the objects which he has created by opening the first three receptacles in rotation.

He places the object thus created by opening the four receptacles in rotation to his mouth. He eats. The terrible gleam leaves his eyes.

"A very good weenie," he mutters to himself.

Thus softened he goes toward the wide-awake sleeper and feels the bump raised by the blow from the feather. Satisfied that it is not serious, he *turns out the lights* and leaves.

### THE LURE OF THE LORELEIS

C. P. A.

On Jarvis' stony steps I stand And cast a wistful eye To fraushack's fair and happy land Where those fair damsels lie.

Oh the beautiful, rapturous scene That dawns upon my sight; Fair maidens from the window lean; They fill me with delight. Ever through those window panes Shines an eternal ray, But there a dean forever reigns And drives the men away.

Nothing but face-powders and paints Can reach that beauty store; Fathers, mothers, old maids, and aunts Are felt and feared no more.

What night reach I that happy place And pass their searching test? What night see I my damsel's face And feel her fond caress?

Filled with delight my rapturous soul Would here no longer stay; Though the dean's warnings round me roll, Fearless, I'd fraushack way.

### A FRESHMAN'S LETTER TO HIS GIRL

By W. J. Bundy

Trinity College, Saturday Evening.

Sally Mine:

I thought you were never going to write me like you said you were. After I wrote you I waited one, two, three, four weeks, then two more, and when I was just beginning to think that you had forgotten all about me whatsomever, lo and behold, on the 3rd day of the 7th week I find a letter in my box from you. Was I glad? Well, it don't need telling. All my pent up feelings had to come out, and with one grand burst out they came. Since then I have been a different man. The boys all say I act like a rich unknown aunt had died and left me all that was to her pertaining.

You will notice that my vocabulary is increasing and that I am improving in my use of English in every respect. All for you, girl. Had it not been for you I doubt if I would have ever come to college. But my ambition was fired by the light in your eyes.

Summer is coming on now and I want to see you some bad. Easter will soon be here and then on you I can feast my eyes hungry for a sight of you. Baseball is going on here now full swing. They're practicing every day and playing two or three games a week. I thought I was going to make the team but the coach decided otherwise. He told me that I was too hardheaded, that I wouldn't listen to his coaching. He kept telling me not to hit at them so hard but when I saw a good ball coming I swung at it with all my might. That is what I was raised to do and I am too well raised not to. When you do a thing I believe in doing it to the fullest. You know how I used to knock them away at recess at school.

And what do you think? The boys and girls too have gone to playing horseshoe pitching. Everywhere on the campus can be heard the familiar clang of shoe upon shoe. Me and my roommate, Albert Jones, are about the champions up here among the boys. The first day or so that I pitched any I didn't do so well because I hadn't pitched any since I left home but I soon got in form and Albert and me got to coming into our own. Albert has had about as much experience as I have. If we have a team here and I make it I'll send you my picture in uniform and in action.

There was a big track meet in one of the warehouses in Durham last Saturday night. Believe me it was a whopper, the first thing of the kind had in the south. Such a crowd of people I never saw before but once which was the day that we had the big barbecue school picnic at home. The warehouse was crowded and of all the running you ever saw we had it. The coach saw me running one day and got me to go out for track. He asked me where I learned to run so fast and I told him running down chickens and helping to catch the mules

when they got out of the lot. I didn't make a place that night because I got scared before all them people and with them brass bands playing. The governor was there and when I got along where he was sitting when I was running I had to turn and look at him. When I did the boy behind me run into me and knocked me down, and so I lost out. There were a lot of men walking around acting important who were dressed up in clothes called dress clothes. They had on a black suit with two flaps and the vest, shirt and everything was white. Some of the coats didn't have the flap.

There was a big dance after the meet. Everybody was invited and the governor, the dressed up men I just spoke of, a lot of others and myself were there. There were a right many girls but so many more boys that you couldn't get but two or three steps before some one would break you, that is, grab you by the arm which meant turn aloose and let me dance some. I didn't much like the way of dancing at first, there was too much bouncing in it. And they danced up close right before everybody. I wish you could have seen it and I could have danced with you. I got to liking it after awhile and I'll show you all how when I get home Easter. I kept waiting for the band to play "The Old Town Pump" but they never did.

Well honey, I guess I have written about enough. I hope you are well and fine. I know you are as good looking as ever. Remember, I want a date with you the first night I get home and I want you to tell me what a girl at the dance whispered in my ear the other night at the dance:

"Be a god and hold me With a charm, Be a man and fold me With thine arm."

Entirely yours,

Joshua.

### SIXTY-EIGHT

M. H.

I thought I knew a little French
But 'twas my dreadful fate
To hear my grade read out on class,—
I just got sixty-eight.

I knew I'd pass my German 1, But oh how sad to state, I didn't quite get by with it,— I just got sixty-eight.

In History 1, another crip, I couldn't well debate; I'll have an encore on it too,— I just got sixty-eight.

In Bible 1 I didn't know
Why Eve the apple ate;
I flunked it with the other stuff,—
I just got sixty-eight.

When I get up above and meet Saint Peter at the gate, I hope he won't say "Go to Hell; You've just got sixty-eight."

#### THE LOST LETTER

### R. P. Harris

The following letter was written by a freshman to his father:

#### Dear Father:

I am extremely sorry that I have to be always writing you for money. Indeed, I blush for shame. It grieves me greatly

to do it, but I must ask you for another check for fifty dollars, which I need badly.

I am studying hard. I am not even going to the Post Office to mail this letter, but am sending it by my room-mate.

Your son,

John.

P. S. My humiliation has overcome me and I am running after my room-mate to try and eatch him before he gets the letter mailed. I hope that I may be able to stop him, or that the letter may become lost before it reaches you.

Humbly and regretfully,

J.

John's father was somewhat surprised at this rather singular event, but being the possessor of a nimble wit, he rose to the occasion.

The reply read as follows:

Dear Son John:

Console yourself, my boy, and blush no more. Neither be humiliated. Your letter was probably lost, as it never reached me.

Glad you are studying hard.

Affectionately,

Dad.

Dec. 9, 1921.

# **EXCHANGES**

#### FROM EACH A POINT

This month we have decided to discuss just one point from each magazine. The subject chosen may not be the best thing in the magazine from which it is taken; it is merely, what seemed outstanding in the issue. Our object is to give more space to some one fact which may help the papers rather than make our usual scattering criticisms of the whole magazine.

The essays in the *Davidson Magazine* are what attracted our attention this month. Davidson is fortunate in having an alumni who can contribute "Sidelights on the Disarmament Conference." The title, "It Might Have Been," is indicative of the contents of that essay. "Up the Yangtze" gives us a description of a part of the world about which most of us know very little but which is prominent in current history.

In addition we should like to suggest that the Davidsonian staff be a little more careful in giving credit to the magazines from which it copies jokes. Several jokes in the "Popcorn Roaster" are taken directly from other college magazines, but no notice is given of that fact. The poem introducing this department begs that old jokes in new guise be accepted by the reader. That, however, is not sufficient acknowledgement. It would be very simple and much more appropriate to print beneath the joke the name of the magazine from which it is taken.

The Haverfordian for March contains an essay which shows seriousness and wit can be combined in a very pleasing manner. "Species and Types of the Inner Man" is a subject which many of us would avoid as a psychological study and therefore stupid. The author has written of kinds of consciences in such an interesting manner that the essay is neither "too deep" nor "boring."

9

The Wake Forest Student has an exchange editor who is awake. The exchange editor usually feels that he has his work mapped out for him, but this particular one from Wake Forest has had a plan differing from the usual exchange and has followed it with success. Instead of criticizing a few magazines as a whole, he has taken a specific topic each time and has shown what various magazines do in that line. Among the other things this year, he has considered editorials, poetry, and essays. This shows that there is room for originality in the exchange department.

The most noteworthy thing in the Aurora from Agnes Scott College is its fiction. Frequently college magazines give so much space to other departments that fiction is neglected. The literary department in the Aurora is one of the best we have seen. There are quite a number of poems and four stories. Of the latter Peter Peter and Cats and Kings are the best. The first is a story of a matchmaking aunt and her nephew which goes to prove that a little opposition is frequently a helpful thing. Cats and Kings is a type of story seldom found in a college magazine; it is the story of a little girl who believed that the cats in her barns were princes incognito.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following:

Coraddi; Pine and Thistle; Hollins Magazine; Furman Echo; Erskinian; and others.



.Marie: "There is one reason why I could never love you." Can't you guess what it is?"

"Broadway:" "No, I can't think."

Marie: "That is the reason."

-Exchange.

English 1 exam.: "What meter is this line written in?" Freshman paper: "It is written in iambic diameter."

"There are microbes in a kiss," some folks say.

A microbe, ho! If that be so,
He tickles in a pleasant way,
And so I say if man must die
Of microbe that and microbe this,
I'll gladly sip the fatal lip
And take my microbe in a kiss.

--Snip.

• Hal: "The doctor told me when I was young that if I did not quit smoking, I'd be feeble minded."

Nellie: "Well, why didn't you stop?"

--Contributed.

Henry: "How are you getting along with your work this year, Dick?"

Dick: "Oh, fine, I'm trying very hard to get ahead."

Henry: "Keep trying; you need one."

Dr. G.: "What is a poll tax, Mr. Herring?"

Herring: "I don't know, sir."

A law student wants to know why people will tread the primrose path of "dahlias."

\* \* \* \*

Manager: "I managed while abroad to secure just the actress I wanted, but on the way over she threw up her part."

Simp: "She must have been terribly sick."

'Twas in a restaurant they met, Romeo and Juliet.

He had no cash to pay the debt; So Romeo'd what Juliet.

nat ounet.

-Exchange.

A teacher was quizzing her class before a distinguished visitor. "Johnny, who wrote *Hamlet?*" she asked.

"I don't know, teacher; I didn't," said the slightly nervous Johnny.

The teacher turned to her distinguished visitor apologetically, whereupon he said with an engaging smile, "Never mind I'll bet he is the very little rascal that did it."

A vamp is a girl who acts like an old maid thinks.

\* \* \* \*

Any mother who objects to finding her daughter kissing a man should not wear rubber heels.

\* \* \* \*

Sophomore Theme: "It is generally believed that very few boys would be able to recognize their best coed sweethearts if the boys were to see them dressed in modest clothes and without the usual camouflage over their skin."

Smudge wonders where this guy goes to school.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Laprade: "The members of this class ought to take out accident insurance; a thought might strike you sometime."

Wonder why it was considered necessary to put a "No Smoking" sign in Miss Malone's office in the library.

St. Peter (hearing a knock): "Who's there?"

YOU: "College student!"

St. Peter: "Did you support your college magazine?"

YOU: "Er,-no."

St. Peter: "Take the elevator."

YOU (after a long wait): "Hey, when does the elevator go up?"

St. Peter: "It goes DOWN in five minutes."



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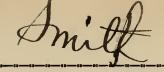
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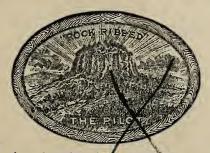
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## THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXIV

May, 1922

No. 6

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# The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., May, 1922

#### TO SHAKESPEARE

Again returns the month that saw you go, The fairy month of greensward and bright flowers Where nymphs and fairies chase these hearts of ours Through shaded dells where scented blossoms grow. With master heart and genius thou didst show Unto the world the fine and subtle powers Of laughter, song and merry jest. But lo! No more they feel the health of fairy hours. Thou denize of every age and tongue, Bring back thy train of creatures, fancy-born, And make our frenzied hearts cheerful and young, Forgetful of their cursed cares, age worn! Eternal youth dwells where thy creatures sung And on thy green care's grimy locks are shorn.

-Dallas Walton Newsom.

### SOUTHERN RACE RELATIONS— SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC

In 1900 there were 8,833,994 Negroes in the country, and of this number 87.4 per cent were in the thirteen Southern States. The census report of 1920 showed that the blacks are not increasing so rapidly as are the whites. This is due largely to the fact that Negroes have a much higher death rate. In Washington City for the year 1890, the vital statistics for white and colored showed a relative number of deaths of 67.07 whites to 141.69 colored; and for the same year the figures for Baltimore were 67.19 whites to 121.55 colored. In the cities of Atlanta, Memphis, Charleston and Richmond the death rates for the years 1891-1895 were as follows: Atlanta, 18.5 whites to 37 colored; Memphis, 20.6 whites to 31.2 colored; Charleston, 23.2 whites to 44 colored; and Richmond 20.7 whites to 38 colored. These facts contain the fundamental basis for analyzing the social and economic relations of the two races in the Southern States, together with the facts that the Negro is the weaker race, that he is in the minority in most of the states, and that he has had his freedom only about sixty vears.

The character of the home life, the surest test of any civilization, draws a line of distinction between the two races. Neither in Africa nor in America during the days of slavery did the Negro know the meaning of the word home. Since the time of slavery, he has been content to live in houses that white people will no longer use. Still it can be said to the credit of the Negro that he is slowly but surely evolving the institutions of the family and the home. By nature the Negro is a great imitator, and by coming into contact with the white man in the various walks of life he is more and more influenced to shape his living conditions after those of the stronger race.

The Negro youth, as well as the white youth, needs recreation, but even at the present time there is practically no public provision for such development. There is very little clean play or clean amusements offered to Negroes either young or old. An investigation made by an International Y. M. C. A. Secretary about 1913 revealed the fact that four Southern cities had public parks for colored folks. Out of seventeen cities, eight reported having picture shows for Negroes, and nine reported none. Of the picture shows reported half were very low and degrading with the vilest sort of vaudeville attachments. The lack of such amusement is not so serious since the Negro has not become accustomed to picture shows and to high class entertainment. Hence the lack of it does not greatly affect him.

Many Southerners still question the advisability of educating the Negro on the grounds that those who have gone to school are much more immoral and worthless than were the slaves, who never attended school a day. This group of people, however, overlook the fact that the slaves were trained and disciplined under intelligent masters and were well taught in the work that they were to do for life. The notion that it was better to keep the Negro in ignorance had its origin in slave days. It was thought not to be wise to educate the Negro slave lest they might become restive; hence one state after another put laws on their statute books forbidding the teaching of Negroes. This practice was not confined to the South alone but was used by Northern states as well. In 1740 South Carolina passed a law with the following provisions: "Whereas, the having of slaves taught to write or suffering them to be employed in writing may be attended with inconvenience, be it enacted: that all and any person or persons whatsoever, who shall hereafter teach or cause to be taught or shall use or employ any slave or slaves as scribe in any manner of writing whatsoever, hereafter taught to write, every such person or persons shall for every offense forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds current money." In 1831 Virginia passed a similar law. Georgia had put such a law on her statute books in 1829. Mississippi, North Carolina, Kentucky and Louisiana, in establishing their systems of public education between 1830 and 1840, all discriminated against the colored race. In spite of these facts, however, there were schools in existence for the training of freedmen. The second period of Negro education extends from 1860 to 1895. During this period the schools were directed by the Freedmen's Bureau, employing a great many young women from the North. The Southern States on their own initiative began to establish schools for the blacks by 1870, and by 1875 a constructive policy was in the making. This third period was marked by the founding of Hampton Institute.

It was during the third period of Negro education that the South came to realize the great task that lay before it in maintaining two distinct and separate school systems. This plan has been very expensive in the sparsely settled South; nevertheless it has been necessary. If the colored race is to find its largest success, it must be through the inspiration and help of the more cultured race, and the black race, to give its best, needs to have opportunity to develop its children under the most favorable conditions. Then the present system enables the Negro to be taught by his own race. Hence the intelligent and ambitious colored youth has a worthy goal before him to aspire to teach his own people. The South, although under the heavy burden of a double school system, has moved bravely and steadily forward in the field of education.

The colored folks of the South have two notable examples of what education will do for their race, Dr. Booker T. Washington, builder of Tuskegee Institute, and Dr. Robert A. Moton, present principal of the school. Booker T. Washington strongly emphasized the value of work and education as the hope of his people. He once said, "I cannot emphasize too often the fact that my experience in building Tuskegee Institute has taught me year by year the value of hand work." He characterized industrial education as having three functions:

"(1) To teach the dignity of labor; (2) To teach the trades thoroughly and effectively; (3) To supply the demand for trained industrial leaders." In order to meet the pressing need for agricultural and industrial training among the colored people, Miss Anna T. Jeanes has set aside a fund of \$1,000,000, the interest from which is to be applied in aiding rural schools.

Negroes are by nature religious, but their religion is somewhat different from ours. Theirs is a religion largely divorced from morals. Still it is encouraging that such a large proportion of the Negroes are religious and that this hunger is planted deep in their nature. There is another encouraging sign in the fact that there is a growing minority of the race with a religion of moral content. After the Civil War, the colored folks came to have churches of their own along the same lines as those of their former masters. The majority of Negroes are attached to some kind of church, and a Negro infidel is very difficult to find.

Race segregation, or the separation of blacks in areas to themselves and whites in areas to themselves, was rather extensively agitated by a group of Southern leaders during the first decade of the twentieth century, but the impracticability and impossibility of such an undertaking has been realized, and the agitation has almost ceased. On the other hand, the chief question confronting the races in the South is that of social equality. There is no doubt that the sane, wise view of Dr. Moton and other Southern leaders of both races on this important question is gaining ground. Dr. Moton says, "I do not know what social equality means, but, if it means what a great many people seem to think, inter-marriage and intersocial relations, no sane Negro wants it any more than a sane white person wants it." He stated that he was proud of the fact that he was a pure-blooded Negro. He further stated that it is social justice and not social equality that his race wants, and should have. Dr. Moton pleads for protection from mob violence, justice before the courts, justice in legislation, better schools, and fair treatment on railway trains and in other public places.

The Southern Inter-Racial Committee, with headquarters at Atlanta, Georgia, of which Dr. Moton and other prominent Negroes and whites are members, is trying to bring about better relations between the two races in the South. Writing of the work of the Inter-Racial Committee, Dr. Moton says, "The Commission of Inter-Racial Co-operation, which has been active for more than two years, with headquarters at Atlanta, Georgia, is the organized expression of sentiment for racial co-operation. It represents a determination to approach the problem of race relationship in the South with honest, open minds and a resolve to deal justly and fairly with all parties concerned, rather than remain silent and aloof while passion and prejudice obstruct the progress of both races to the injury of all. It carries the force and advantage of being a movement born in the South, sponsored and directed by Southern men, working directly at the problem of the Southern States and proceeding on the plan of bringing white men and black men in the South face to face in active co-operation for the solution of existing difficulties and the prevention of difficulties which wise foresight may anticipate and prevent." It is the purpose of the organization to organize a committee in each county in the South.

Dr. Moton further states: "It has been an encouraging thing at the outset to find that it is not impossible to organize such committees; in other words, that there now exists in every one of these counties in the South a group of colored men, on the one hand, who are trusted of their white neighbors for their sanity, their integrity, and their unselfishness, and, on the other hand, a group of white men who have the confidence of the colored people concerning their sincere desire to be just and fair and to see that colored people come into full possession of the opportunities and privileges to which they are entitled as American citizens." Such committees have been organized in more than eight hundred of the

nine hundred counties of the twelve most Southern States. The proper development of the inter-racial relations is undoubtedly based on confidence and trust on the part of one race for the other. Unquestionably, the indications of the times point to an encouraging outlook for the social relations of the two races.

The American Negroes came from the Congo region of Africa and around the Gulf of Guinea. With the exception of the Nile Valley, these two regions are the most fertile sections of Africa; here no man needs to bother about where his next day's food is to come from. When the Negro was brought to America, he had, therefore, to be not only taught to wear clothes, but to fulfill the purpose for which he had been brought here: work. The task of training him to work had to be solved at first by compulsion. Little by little the Negro is overcoming his aversion to manual labor. This fact is clearly proved by the new attitude toward industrial education. When this form of education was first begun in Hampton Institute by General Armstrong, the colored people opposed it bitterly, but today not only the two great Negro institutions of Tuskegee and Hampton but scores of other schools throughout the South are giving industrial training in a most effective and helpful manner. In regard to industrial training Dr. Washington said: "In my opinion, the greatest thing that we have accomplished for the Negro race within the last twentyfive years has been to rid his mind of all idea of labor's being degrading." The South owes a debt of gratitude to the Negro for its rapid agricultural growth. But the fact remains that the cheap labor that he has afforded has hindered the South's financial growth and prosperity, and has made the section that should be the wealthiest agricultural region in the United States, if not anywhere in the civilized world, the poorest. It is likely, however, that with the advent of the Negro into industry and vocations requiring skill, the problem of cheap labor has become a thing of the past, and the South will have to be adjusted to meet the new conditions.

During the last decade Negroes have been migrating to the cities in great numbers; notwithstanding this fact, however, the majority of them still live in the rural districts. It is encouraging to find that there are some hopeful features of Negro farm life. Dr. Washington said in his annual address before the National Negro Business League in 1910: "Perhaps never before have the Negroes added to their wealth so rapidly as they are adding at present." The Negroes of Georgia during the present year added 47,045 acres to their land holdings, and increased the value of their land holdings \$636,532. There is no question but that the Negro has made great economic progress during his sixty years of freedom.

There has been a great deal of talk about the Negro's not being treated fairly, and this is a debatable point. Booker T. Washington said that he had studied the condition of his people in nearly every part of America and that he could say without hesitation that, with some exceptional cases, the Negro is at his best in the Southern States. Dr. Washington said: "What other sins the South may be called upon to bear, when it comes to business pure and simple, it is in the South that the Negro is given a man's chance. If the Negro is thrifty and is in search of economic salvation, he can better obtain it in the South than in any other part of the United States. Here there is less race prejudice, and more sympathetic and brotherly feeling between the two people than can be found anywhere else."

### **SOUVENIR**

A pale summer's night, a Northern night Unknown to Southern lands; of velvet skies, Friendly and warm, which evening's acolyte Has peopled with a myriad questioning eyes That dance like sunlight on a river; while With reckless grace some hand has scattered wide A fleecy gossamer, a clear white aisle Across a field of buttercups. I guide The frail canoe along a wooded shore Of shy and dainty birch. The rhythmic slap Of troubled waters ends as we explore Some sheltered cove where tranquil shadows wrap Their kindly arms about us. She loves me, This summer girl, this Northern girl; and I, I love her too, perhaps—her heart that's free, Her smile elusive as a butterfly.

Her dreamy fingers wander lazily O'er her mandolin, and through the silent night There creeps a tender, baffling melody, Like a wave that whispers to the cool starlight. Now, to the plangent call of the instrument Her voice responds, a slumbrous voice that springs From a maiden's heart, as sweet as love unspent. A San Domingan River Chant she sings: "Aieh, aieh, ma Carmencita." Bizarre, Alluring strains that thrill and cry, "Aieh," And stab the heart of me. The evening star Beams tenderly as prisoned passions play In words upon our lives. And soon I know That her voice is but the breeze which nature gives, With gathered pollen from her heart, to sow In mine that tiny seed by which love lives.

The song is done. Warm shadows crowd again On our sequestered pool. The heart beats high And throbs nigh unto heart with that refrain, And life is very dear as love sweeps by. From o'er the water steals a maiden's tear. The warm, sweet voice of grief—a violin, A living thing that whispers, "Souvenir." Remembrance stirs the heart and enters in The playfulness of a summer's night. Beside The lovely form of sentiment whose song So thrilled, a moment gone, I seek to hide. But the fairy tune is swept along The water's crest until its poignant strain That sobs with loneliness has soon become For me a haunting gossamer of pain. Remembrance? Yes! My Southern girl, I come.

-John H. Small, Jr.



#### FOR HIRE

Within their roped off square, five mahogany-hued negroes gave vent to the joy in their hearts through the shining silvered instruments which they were blowing with all the power their lungs could exert. Jazz music it was, blues—defying music—those five gold-lined saxophones gave birth to it. The usual crowd had gathered at the Merwin home to dance. There were girls with rose-petal cheeks and bashful glances, girls with red-geranium cheeks and daring eyes. But the girl most sought after among them all was neither fairer nor more attractive than the others. There was a reason why she charmed all men: Her father's wealth was just as unfathomable as were her brown eyes.

Marcelle Merwin was care-free. Her father's millions were no handicap to her enjoyment of life. Her large brown eyes were rather bold and established an air of independence about her. She was clad very simply in comparison with the others of her sex; she was one of the I-don't-give-a-darn-how-I-look kind.

Tonight, as she sat out one of the numbers on her card, she was aware that she felt a certain sense of repugnance towards the drama of life that was being acted about her. She permitted her eyes to scan hurriedly the reception hall filled with gay, young flappers and their escorts; then she looked out the window by which she was seated and saw the glorious immensity of an early May night. The moon, crescent shaped, cast a soft glow over the roofs of neighboring houses. To Marcelle it looked very peaceful outside; inside it was very boresome and artificial. This was not Jack Fenster's idea of the way in which she should set out a dance with him. He began the old-time joshing that was his usual preliminary to holding her hand—when he used a preliminary. He possessed

himself of the hand in the old taken-for-granted manner that was the whole secret of her technique. At the same instant he got his face slapped, right smartly, which was decidedly an interpolation in the ritual according to his previous experience. Marcelle herself seemed to feel that an explanation was due. "I did it impulsively," she explained a minute later, "Dad says I do everything on the impulse; inherited it from him."

Nevertheless she felt relieved when she saw Harold Erwin advancing towards her with a strange young man by the arm. Here at least would be a diversion. The introduction was the same in form as thousands of others, but in meaning how different!

"Marcelle, I want you to meet my roommate, Bob Moran," Harold said—then aside to her—"His father owns controlling stock in the Pierce-Arrow Company."

Bob Moran was surprisingly congenial, Marcelle thought. But he was odd—just different enough from the other boys she knew to be refreshingly interesting; he knew something else besides dancing and card tricks. They discussed automobiles and dogs, and not once did he question, "Who's that swell girl yonder?" He was some one different, and she hated to see him leave to dance out a date with another.

Bob Moran left town the next day and went back to Georgia Tech. He liked Marcelle Merwin. "Her dad's got rocks," Harold had told him.

Two days later Marcelle received a letter written in a strange hand. A month passed and the handwriting had become quite familiar. Then vacation time came, and with it an invitation to Marcelle to spend a week or two with an aunt at Hazelhurst. Hitherto, Hazelhurst had possessed no attraction for Marcelle; invitations to visit there during past vacations had all been very politely and tactfully declined.

Now, however, Marcelle had an ever increasing desire to visit this almost unknown aunt at Hazelhurst. Probably the desire was due to the fact that her mother's old home was in Hazelhurst—or was it because Bob Moran had mentioned to her in a letter that he would spend the summer there?

Bob Moran had not the slightest idea that Marcelle would come to Hazelhurst. If he had, he would have written differently or not at all.

Hazelhurst is a small town located in the sandhill section of North Carolina. The main street runs parallel with the railroad, but it is not dry and suffocatingly dusty as most streets are along a railroad. Small long-leaf pines in the middle of the street shut out the glare of the sun, as well as lend an air of romance to the place. The street lights are placed at intervals among the pines—five white globes on a column of The business houses are small, but they resemble those of the larger cities. Jack's Place proved that a small town cafe could give up-to-date service and be conspicuously absent of the ham, eggs and garlic scent which frequently characterizes such a place. The modern Ford garage with stucco front was not at all uninviting nor were the drug stores with their immaculately white soda fountains. Everything was astir-most of the men were interested in pleasure, however, not business. Many of the men carried golf bags; others explained to their friends the merits of their sporty autos. The streets were not paved but were of the clay and sand variety. The streets winding up the hills were especially pretty, being lined on either side by pines and blackjacks. The homes for the most part were weather-boarded with shingles, and, when these were stained with soft green or brown, they were very cool and inviting. Marcelle's aunt lived in one of these shingle-covered houses. It was stained with brown, and the tall pines cast quivering shade upon it. Beyond the ends of the streets the sandhills stood out alluringly. A blue haze resembling smoke hovered over the tops of the dark pines.

But Bob Moran saw none of the beauty of this scene as he drove the big Pierce-Arrow slowly toward the station to meet the Mid-South Special. He was planning how he should gain control of all three jitney lines as soon as his apprenticeship

as driver should end and he should become head of the Comfort Jitney Company. The train was late, and, when it finally arrived, darkness had settled upon the little town.

The train came in with a roar. The Pullman porter alighted with a young lady's baggage. The rival jitney drivers were clamoring for passengers. The young lady discriminately eyed the taxis. With the air of one accustomed to luxury, she entered the Pierce-Arrow and gave the driver instructions to take her to 504 Maple Lane.

Bob Moran was bewildered. It was so sudden. He was glad Marcelle hadn't recognized him. He drove swiftly, fearing lest she should ask some question, and his voice would betray him. Perhaps the darkness would conceal his identity—he sincerely hoped so. When their destination was reached, another problem confronted him—that of getting her traveling bags to the house without letting her see his face. He got through that ordeal safely, however. She opened the door and sprang to the ground without waiting for his assistance. He followed her up the walk and left her things at the door. Escaped for the night—but what was to be done next?

Bob knew that now his bluff would be called. When Harold Erwin had introduced him to Marcelle as being the son of the man who owned controlling stock in the Pierce-Arrow Company, he had done it only as a joke. Bob, however, fearing that Marcelle would no longer let him occupy a place in her affections if she knew, had continued to deceive her. But truth will out—Bob realized that all too painfully.

Marcelle was in town! Within three minutes time Bob could be with her if he would. He wanted to see her. He realized that the affair would end now as quickly as it had begun. He had dreamed his day dream, but—a millionaire's daughter and a jitney driver—well, such matches, he knew, occur only in fiction. He would see her the next morning and tell everything. It would be the last of everything so far as he was concerned, but he would play fair.

That is why Marcelle saw a Pierce-Arrow stop in front of the door the next afternoon—Bob had come to confess. His driver duds had been discarded for a suit of nobby college style. And Marcelle, recognizing the driver, failed to notice the "For Hire" sign on the windshield.

"I don't mind it a bit now, Bob; but do come in," were the words with which Marcelle greeted him. "Come on here and tell me all about yourself," and she led him to a sheltered seat on the lawn.

Bob's thoughts were confused—he couldn't believe his own ears. Who had told her? There was a mistake!

"But, Marcelle, you don't understand, let me explain-"

"No confession for me, Bob, I know it's all right," she replied, "save your confessions for your death bed."

Then the conversation became very much like the conversation of all lovers who meet after a long absence. Perhaps the unexpected forgiveness on Marcelle's part caused Bob to go the limit, or it may have been that it was intended that their romance should culminate quickly. Anyway, before they had talked more than a half an hour, Bob blurted out, "Marcelle, will you marry me now?"

"Now?" she questioned surprisedly.

"Yes, before you change your mind."

Marcelle, acting on the impulse as usual, agreed. Without waiting to tell the news to anyone, they drove away in the Pierce-Arrow to the home of the Justice of the Peace. And Marcelle's head was nestled so comfortably on Bob's shoulder that she still failed to notice the sign, "For Hire," emblazoned so boldly on the windshield.

They scarcely heard the ceremony, but they managed to say "Yes" in the proper place.

Bob was content. The unbelievable had happened—Marcelle was his own. Even the muddy streets as he drove over them were lovely in spots where iridescent colors gave notice that some careless motorists had allowed the oil to drip from his car. Every home along the street was but a symbol of the

home he would have—and Marcelle would welcome him home every evening when his trips were over. Marcelle was cuddled close beside him on the front seat of the Pierce-Arrow. They had left the home of the Justice of Peace and were riding—it didn't matter where—they were together. The trains would not be met today by a Pierce-Arrow jitney; the driver had forgotten that there were trains to be met.

"Bang!" went the left hind tire. It brought the newlyweds to the world of realities.

"D—n that tire!" Bob said, and he drove to one side of the road and stopped the engine. "Just sit still; I'll have it fixed in a jiffy."

But Marcelle didn't sit still. Perhaps it was just as well that she did not. She jumped lightly to the ground with the air of one who would be of assistance. Then she saw it.

"For Hire." She gazed at it silently and unbelievingly, as if she thought her eyes were deceiving her. Then she turned quickly to Bob who was busy patching the tire.

"What's the joke?" she inquired with decided impatience in her voice.

"Joke !—there's no joke in fixing a tire!" This was from Bob.

"What do you mean by driving me about in a 'For Hire' car?" Marcelle's voice was not quite so soft and sweet as it had been ten minutes ago.

Bob heard the question and was dazed. Was it possible that she did not know after all? No, surely she was joking. But his reply did not come easy.

"For advertisement, dear—but why did you ask such a question?"

"But, Bob, there's some mistake—you're not—I know you're not a jitney driver."

"Yes, I am," was all Bob could say. There had been a terrible mistake. He was to lose Marcelle after all.

"You're not, Bob—oh, say you're not! Your daddy wouldn't let you be."

"Marcelle, you said you knew-that it was all right!"

"But I meant it didn't matter about those letters of mine you failed to answer," Marcelle replied hopelessly.

"But Marcelle, I didn't mean to fool you-

"Take me back home," Marcelle commanded. There was no love, no pity—nothing but anger in her tones.

"But Marcelle, I—I—"

"Shut up, I hate you. You fooled me."

Marcelle climbed into the rear seat and began to sob. Bob looked on helplessly. He had lost her.

Perhaps Fate looked down upon the tangled affair in which Marcelle and Bob were enmeshed and, pitying them, had knowingly permitted a small bit of sand to drift through the feed pipe into the carburetor of the Pierce-Arrow. Anyway the engine wouldn't respond to the touch of the starter button.

An hour later Marcelle was sitting on the rear seat, looking straight ahead, but seeing nothing. Bob was still trying to locate the trouble with the engine.

Darkness was fast approaching. Marcelle knew that her aunt would be uneasy about her. What should she say when she got back? She was married—and to an impostor. Something had to be done.

Her nerves were quieter now. The calmness of the evening had a soothing effect upon her. The breeze stirred the foliage of the nearby trees. The lightning bugs flickered about the roadside. The moon was just beginning to rise. It reminded her of the night she looked out through the window at home—the same night she had met Bob.

Tonight was the night for the most exclusive dance in her home town. It was the talked-of affair of the season. The same carefully dressed gentlemen would utter the same foolish compliments they had uttered on hundreds of other occasions. It was much nicer here in the country. She didn't like any man except her father; he didn't go in for high society and he talked sense. And Bob—well, Bob was differ-

ent; he didn't like society either. But Bob had fooled her—and, besides, he was a jitney driver. Was being a jitney driver such a horrible offense? The thought startled Marcelle. Her father used to be a common clerk. Perhaps Bob wasn't so much to blame; possibly she was. She knew now. She loved Bob.

"Well, we'll go at last." Bob broke her reverie by these words as he climbed behind the steering wheel. He did not look in her direction.

"Wait," Marcelle said, "let me sit by you, Bob." Then, as she cuddled up close to him, "Let's not go yet; everything is so pretty tonight."

-E. P. Gibson.



# IN THE DEAD O' NIGHT

When the dead o' night has fallen an' it's clear and calm and still,

An' a ghostly sort o' silence hovers down an' seems to fill An' to flood your very in'ards with an awful empty cold, An' you long to sleep an' rest you, but you can't to save your soul,

An' jest then you hear a whisper like it's far away an' low, An' you strain your ear to listen—now it's nearer an' you know

That it ain't no human whisper, but the rustlin' o' the win' Thru the pines a-swishin' softly, an' you wonder where it's been!

Now it faints away, now louder like a weary, wis'ful sigh—Now it's sort o' like the sobbin' that a woman's heart can cry. Now it lulls an' yet it lingers—now a-throbbin' comes again, An' it wails and moans an' whimpers like a soul in awful pain.

Now it's dyin' in the distance, but there echoes back ag'in Ne'er so faint the plaintive talkin' o' the spirits o' the win'. Now all's hushed again—they've hurried on to some far distant part,

An'the same ol' cravin' hunger's jest a-gnawin, at your heart.

Then you glance off out the window where the stars are blinkin' too,

An' it's oh! you can't resist 'em, for it seems they becken you. Then your soul yearns jest to follow, jest to jump this clay corral,

For there ain't much left to livin' when you're lonely for a pal.

-R. T. D., '21.

## IMPRESSIONISTIC PASTELS

Ι

#### THE ORGAN GRINDER

Alley A begins where other streets end in the Italian quarter of East Side and threads its way bravely through crowded tenement houses, shirt factories and multifarious dives, ending nowhere in particular. It is night and this almost deserted thoroughfare presents no sign of life except that of the corner merchant hurrying to remove his wares from the sidewalk and to lock them within the dingy walls of his little shop. His fat, uncouth wife bustles about helping him. At last everything is safe under lock and key, and the merchant and his wife slip into one of the innumerable holes in the walls that hem in the street.

Far down the alley, seemingly coming from nowhere, a tune is wafted faintly up toward the resting city. Gently it strikes the eardrums of the sleeping Latins in their dreams. Slowly the tune wends its way nearer and nearer. The gentle evening breeze beckons the tune into the open window of the room on the third floor of a tenement house where a sweet, little Sari croons to her dark-skinned babe. Sleep, Baby, Sleep, in her broken English, lulls the little one off to Blanket Bay. As if human, the barrel-organ picks up the tune and carries it through. "Close to my side, and I will sing thee lullaby." On down the street the organ-grinder with his machine moves past a basement dive. The organ under his spell jauntily snatches up the tune of In Nayoli. A dead quiet steals over the visitors of the dive. Memories of Italy, of Naples, of Verona are borne in with the tune, and the dissipators are carried off to roam the streets of their home towns or to float serenely down the canals of Venice in a vari-colored gondola.

The organ-grinder moves on. Into a half-deserted saloon floats the tune of the organ as it majestically crashes into the opening bars of *Il Trovatore*. A reeling drunk steadies himself by the bar and curses the man who dares to make such music. He hammers his fist upon the wooden counter to order another drink. On and on down the street the grinder moves, playing as if to one, but yet to the whole listening world.

Into the smothering room of a young Italian immigrant the tune ventures. Half-asleep, half-awake, he raises in the bed and mumbles something in incoherent English and Italian. "I come back Anna for you, my sweetheart. I make money. I send for you. You come to me, my Anna." Then, as the tune moves on to disturb him no longer, he sinks back into a silent dream of the love who waits for him in far-away Mantua.

The short, godly missionary kneels to pray in his little cobby-room in the rear of the Alley A Mission. His prayer is interrupted by the opening strains of Onward Christian Soldiers which faintly strikes his ears, but increases in volume as the musician approaches. Mechanically he opens the door and slips to the steps of the mission. Standing there in his night-robe, he silently watches the heedless grinder pass by on the opposite side engrossed in his music. Round the corner and out of sight and hearing the organ-grinder passes. The missionary returns to his room and to his prayers, but a farewell glance in the direction of the organ-grinder. From his heart he says, "God bless you, Guido. You'll never know how much your nightly walks mean to me."

-T. R. Waggoner.

II

#### PIT-BOG BOTTOM

Is nature subject to disease as people are? This thought was the first which came to my mind as I looked upon the valley, lying cold, deserted, desolate, and forbidding before me.

The very air seemed changed with the blight and disease with which the valley had wasted away long ago. The bottom ran directly north and south, which made it subject to sudden and severe changes in temperature. It was never moderately cold or moderately warm; it either chilled the blood in one's veins or was insufferably hot. The marsh was shaped like an oval platter, one end of which was broken off straight across, a ruined ghoul's dish in the depths of which lay the putrefying remains of some diabolical feast. Nothing pleasant lived here. Round its border was a fringe of dwarfed, scrawny willow trees; the plumes of these trees did not hang in a natural manner, for they seemed to have drawn themselves convulsively and painfully aloft in a moment of distaste for the slimy waste at their feet and to have been petrified with fright while in that position, which gave them a constrained and artificial look.

In the water around the foot of the trees grew a coarse, stringy meadow grass smothered in oily slime. Like the trees, the ground seemed to be shrinking from the place, and one could never be sure how deep one would sink into the mire even when stepping upon apparently solid ground. I stepped warily upon the knee of a half-swallowed log and began again to pick my way cautiously across the bog, not knowing when I might be betrayed by my footing and thrown sprawling into the muck. I had taken only a few more guarded steps when a cankered, white object almost engulfed by the slush attracted my attention. I balanced myself precariously upon a knoll of turf and eyed it suspiciously. I half-expected to recognize a human skeleton, but instead it proved to be the skull of a luckless cow whose bones had long since been sucked into the maw of the bog and devoured. An involuntary shiver of revulsion caught me unexpectedly and almost precipitated me into the mire. I toppled and floundered with one foot in the air until I regained my equilibrium; then I continued on my tortuous way across the marsh.

Such is pit-bog bottom in winter.

#### III

#### A DEMURE DWELLING

The house, which played peek-a-boo with us until we came to the very door, unexpectedly peeped coyly out at us through the foliage and vanished again before we could catch more than a fleeting glimpse of it. We rode round the park through a narrow lane flanked on either side by dense and unkempt hedges higher than our heads, even though we are on horseback. There is the house; we get only one impression of it: it is white. We ride perhaps a dozen paces farther before it peeps at us again. We see more of it this time, for it does not seem to be quite so shy. It is a white cottage with a shingled roof and with a cool, shadowy porch extending across the front and round the side to us. There, our scrutiny has frightened it; it is gone again. What a fascinating little home with its demure way of dodging out of sight when one looks at it too closely. We shall catch it this time and get a good look, if it does not disappear entirely. Here it is: the hedges end abruptly and threaten to throw us upon the very porch.

No, we are not disappointed: this is no pretentious dwelling, but it is a home. One hardly need describe the house, for there are, or ought to be, thousands of them in the rural sections of our country. It is different and striking only because of its setting. Small? Well, no, not exactly, for it has a rather deceiving look, but one can rest assured that no space is wasted. There are five rooms, perhaps six.

We dismount and start up the path. Not a sprig of grass upon it; so you expected me to say, but as a matter of fact it is intricately embroidered in splotches with green velvet. We almost sneak up the walk, and an increasing sense of guilt steals over us, for the impression made by this shy, demure, little white cot and its setting of luxuriant greenery is one which is not easily shaken off, and we feel that the little house

might throw off its enchantment at any moment and scurry away if we approach it too casually and irreverently.

Our surprise is in store for us: the house is not festooned with vines as one might have expected from its surroundings. There are flowers, creepers, shrubbery, and trees all round it, but no growing plant touches the little home. One whimsically wonders if it remains untouched by its surrounding so that it may scamper away unhampered if it wishes. There is perhaps a more practical explanation: we would not suggest snakes, but that dense thicket crouching, almost fawning, off there to the left, dark and forbidding now, almost black since the sun has set, does give one a rather creepy and uncanny feeling. One shudders as one looks at it, although it is perhaps foolish to feel so.

The house seems to belong to another world from that of its surroundings. Even in the dusk and gloom of the evening, and in the almost unnatural stillness one feels that only peace, light, happiness belong here, even though gloom, unknown terrors and sudden death may be lurking near. We hesitate upon the very threshold and involuntarily shiver at the uncanny whiteness of the house and the startling contrast with its surroundings. With a visible effort we throw off the spell, and, after a final involuntary gaze at the dark foliage near us, we step over the threshold.

-Proteus.

## THE RETURN

There is a path on the sea tonight,

Where the moonlight falls a-gleaming—
A silver flood from earth to sky

Where rippling wavelets play—
There is a sigh in the air to night,

And an urge where the breeze is stirring
That calls to me o'er the fields and hills

And bids me come away.

I must go back to the sea again—
Too long have I played the rover,
Wandered afar with aimless tread
From the wavelets murmuring tune—
I must go back where the moonpath shines
And the foam is a sparkling splendor,
Back where the winds and the waters call,
Back to the sea—it's June.

-Sappho au Mer.

#### **MELIE**

"Any mail?" Kenneth Lawrence looked up from his typewriter as his sister breezed noisily into the room.

"Greetings, and likewise hail! Yes, a letter for me and one for us both from Helen. And look how she addressed it—'The Lawrences'—why in thunder didn't she put one of our names on it?"

"Too busy, I reckon. Let's see it."

Dorothy flung herself into the big armchair and was soon absorbed in her own letter. Then her attention was attracted by a slow "We-ell," from her brother.

"Well what?" she queried sympathetically. There was no reply—Kenneth Lawrence was a person who talked as little as possible and who chose his own time for talking. Immediately Dorothy's active curiosity was aroused—Helen's letters were not usually of such an absorbing interest to Ken.

"What's the matter? What's Helen say?"

"Nothing—except that she's sending us a French orphan."

"A what? Ken Lawrence, you're perfectly maddening! Let's see that letter!" And what Dorothy read sprawled over the paper in Helen's big handwriting was:

#### "Dear Folks:

Just a note to tell you of a change in plans. I've been released from canteen service here a month sooner than I expected. And I've a chance of a lifetime to go to Italy while I'm over here. A maiden lady of twenty-eight can't afford to pass up a chance like that, can she? So I'm going. But there's the rub. I've been looking after a poor little French orphan here for the last six months, and haven't the heart to leave it. So Mrs. Welles is bringing Melie (the orphan) home for me. They'll be there the 17th. Be good to them and try to get along with my orphan.

"W-e-ll," breathed Dorothy, "if that isn't just like Helen. 'A change in plans' indeed. I should rather say so. And—"

"What are we going to do?" asked Ken who felt that polite scruples should not keep him from interrupting his sister in a time of such stress.

"Do? Why how do I know what to do? Helen's on her way to Italy now, and Melie, whatever it is, is on its way to us. To us, do you understand?"

"Yes. So's Mrs. Welles."

"Oh, never fear. She'll vanish as soon as the orphan's safely delivered. I know her! The seventeenth—that's to-morrow, Ken. Oh, I wish Helen hadn't been in such a hurry."

"Helen's always in a hurry. Let's see the letter, Dots." Dorothy obeyed, for, though she was the quick member of the family, it was the slower Kenneth who did much of the serious thinking for the two.

"'Poor little French orphan.' Hmm—'Melie'—and that's all Helen tells us."

"Mercy, and we haven't the slightest idea whether it's a boy or a girl; big, little, or anything! And you can never tell about those French names!"

"No. So we'll have to think hard. What sort of an orphan would be likely to appeal to Helen?"

"Let's see. Helen always liked little boys and hated little girls, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"And she can't stand babies. So this orphan of hers is first a boy, and second a good-sized boy. N'est-ce pas?"

"Pretty fast, Dots. She called it 'little."

"And you know perfectly well that anyone smaller than Helen, herself, is a little thing to her. So Melie is a twelvefourteen year old boy."

"But you're taking too much for granted. She-"

"Well, can you think of anything else?"

"No, but-"

- "Or any reason why I'm not right?"
- "Nothing definite, but-"
- "Then we'll take for granted that I'm right. Always believe you're right till it's proved that you aren't, Ken. And so we'll rig up an extra cot in your room, and—"
- "Thunder! What have I done? Let the kid sleep in—in the—"
- "In the gas oven?" queried Dorothy sweetly. "No, Kenneth, beloved, there's no help for it. I'll cook for the orphan and mend his clothes and all, but I won't give him my room."
- "Oh, of course not. It's all right. How about some supper?"

After supper that same evening Dorothy prepared what she called the "orphanage" in Ken's room, and trailed sleepily off to bed.

- "Dots?"
- "Yes?"
- "Guess I'd better meet all the trains tomorrow, hadn't I?"
- "I 'spect so. You can't ever count on Mrs. Welles. I don't really think they'll come before six-fifteen though. Schedules are rotten now."
  - "Want me to bring Mrs. Welles up to supper?"
- "Don't you dare! Helen's bad enough, but Helen's friends are awful! And a frying-size French orphan is enough of a dose for once. Understand?"
  - "But we ought-"
- "Wake me early in the morning," was his reward as his sister slammed the door.

Dorothy was home early the next afternoon and was greeted by a disgusted brother. "Helen's crazier than ever, Dots!"

- "What's the trouble?"
- "Why, I've met every train today, and-"
- "Well, try once more. I'll fix you and the orphan a good supper to make up for it. Meanwhile I'll also look up our old French grammars. 'Spect we'll need 'em.'

"Yes. 'Bye."

"'Bye. Don't dare bring Mrs. Welles, Ken."

True to her promise Dorothy began immediate preparations for supper. It was to be rather a splendid affair, that supper—a sort of reward for virtue to Ken for being saddled with the orphan.

'I hope to Heaven the kid will like what I've fixed,'' thought Dorothy. "But I don't reckon a French boy is very picayune after the last four years."

At six-fifteen everything was ready, from the table laid for three to the pan of biscuits ready to be popped into the oven. Dorothy wandered into her cosy little living room and sat down before the fire. That same living room would probably look differently after the advent of a twelve-year-old boy—you couldn't expect a kid of that age to have the proper respect for polished floors and furniture. Dorothy walked restlessly to the window and pulled aside the blue curtain. Now that the time for the arrival of the orphan approached, she was a bit excited. She wondered just what sort of a boy would appeal to Helen. Probably a rather colorless type who had drawn Helen by his utter helplessness. Or else the other extreme—gushy and emotional, like Mrs. Welles. Dorothy rather preferred the former, but there was no accounting for Helen's taste.

In the meantime Kenneth was having troubles of his own. It was exactly train time by his watch as he entered the station, and Ken thanked his stars. He hated to wait. It was his fifth trip to the station that day, and he was in no sweet temper. Entering he got caught in the line of last-minute passengers-to-be, lined up in front of the ticket window. "Fool trick anyway, this business of jambing the ticket window up against the door. And wasn't there another window anyway." Kenneth pushed quickly through the line unmindful of the black looks given to him by people at the end who thought he was another of the rude fellows who couldn't wait his turn.

He gazed automatically at the big station clock—the long hands, peeping demurely from beneath the "Correct Time" label, indicated that it was still ten minutes before train time. The station had been a beastly place at ten that morning—now it was unspeakable. The tiled mosaic floor was dirty, the room was close, there were no new magazines-everything looked pawed over and soiled. And why in thunder did people take children, little children, traveling? The woman behind Ken was escorting a minature orphanage—she had four children with her—no, five—for Ken became painfully aware of the fifth as he felt sticky fingers upon his clean collar. He arose irritably. Crazy plan anyhow—putting station chairs back to back. Well, thank Heaven, Helen's orphan was big enough to know how to behave. A whistle sounded, announcing the arrival of the train, and Kenneth went innocently forth to meet the orphan.

The same whistle had been a signal for Dorothy, and she slipped the pan of biscuits into the oven. She was giving the last minute touches to the supper when the sharp ring of the telephone interrupted her, and, answering it, she heard an affectedly sweet voice:

"Is that you, Dorothy? This is Mrs. Welles. How are you, dear child? Yes, yes—we just got here, and Kenneth insists that I come up to supper. But you know how I am—I don't want to be any trouble, so I called up—"

"Yes, Mrs. Welles. Why, of course, come to supper. We'll be glad to have you," fibbed Dorothy.

"Then we'll run right up, thank you, Dorothy dear."

Dorothy slammed the receiver on the hook and stared fixedly at the curtain pole. "Now just why should Ken have done that? Oh, the innocence of the man!"

She hastily placed another plate at the table and arranged to stretch her three-person dinner to include a fourth. A few minutes later there was a rush of footsteps on the stairs; the door burst open—and the object of Dorothy's rather inhospitable thoughts entered the room.

"My Dear Dorothy! I am so glad to see you. And it was so sweet of you to invite poor me, lonely me to supper!"

"But where's Ken? And Melie?"

"Oh, they're coming, impatient child. I believe you are going to be as foolish over that orphan as Helen is. I just had to run ahead and see you first. But here they are now!"

And there indeed was Ken, carrying a tiny, little goldenhaired girl.

"Holy Peter! What have you there, Ken?"

"Melie," he answered.

"B-but Melie's a boy! Helen's twelve-year-old orphan! And the cot's in your room, and I can't—Oh, we can't keep a baby like that!"

Dorothy was not watching Mrs. Welles and so did not see the effect the disconnected sentences were having on that lady. Her attention was attracted by a hysterical laugh, however, accompanied by a rush of words.

"A boy? Melie? Oh, you funny children!" Mrs. Welles went off into a gale of laughter.

"Funny?" sputtered Dorothy.

"Funny?" echoed Ken.

"Yes, funny! Keep Melie? Why nobody meant for you to keep her; nobody thought of it. Melie's mine!"

"But Helen's note!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Why, child, all Helen meant for you to do was meet us and help get Melie to my house. And you were planning to keep her! Oh, Helen will enjoy this. Won't she, Melie?"

"Ess," nodded the orphan uncomprehendingly.

"Yes," agreed Dorothy, "I don't think there's a doubt about it. Helen will."

-Aura Holton.

## MY RETREAT

When I grow tired of city streets
And all the people that one meets
Throughout the day,
I steal off to a place I know—
A lovely place where I like to go—
In the woods away.

'Tis a little wood the town has left,
Where I may be all by myself
Mid woodland lore;
Here I can feel content and free
And look about and beauties see
Hidden there.

The blue skies peep between the leaves;
Sunlight and shadow a carpet weaves
Upon the ground.
A tiny streamlet trickles through
Banks spread with flowers of many a hue—
Earth newly gowned.

Gay fairies dance with lithesome grace;
Puck chases elves about the place,
Right by my side.
Fawn, nymph, and satyr play around,
But, if they hear a wee, strange sound,
They run and hide.

-Eliza Scott

## ON THE WINGS OF THE STORM

Marie Funston paused as her hand reached for the electric light button. She knew just how that hospital corridor would look when that last light was extinguished. It would look just like it had looked last night and the night before, and the week before, and all the befores—only worse.

Last night the long hall, empty of everything except three stretchers, had not been quite as much a thing of horror because there had been a moon. Tonight there was not only no moon, but there was a storm coming up. It was insufferable!

Click! went the button, and the light was out. Marie started down the long corridor, pausing at each door to ask, "Is there anything I can do for you?" and turning from each with a cheery "Goodnight. I hope you rest well."

Marie had reached the end of the corridor now, and shoked back and said to herself, "It looks even worse than I thought it would, and that's saying something. Since I put the flowers out in the hall for the night, it's positively creepy looking. I thought it would look like a jail maybe, but it looks just like a mausoleum—all the vaults with the flowers in front of them."

Marie shivered, and went out on the sun porch to make sure that all the rolling chairs were in.

"I wonder why they build hospitals of white brick," mused Marie. "I'll bet those concrete steps up that last terrace fairly gleam when it is moonlight. And only fancy how these wide porches with their big, white columns must look from away down there at the main hospital." Marie glanced apprehensively at the dark sky. Those dark clouds, masses of them, seemed to hem her in, and she was afraid,—terribly afraid. Who would not have been afraid away up on that hill, alone? Not exactly alone, Marie reasoned, but she might just as well have been, for there were only eighteen others there, and they were all totally dependent on her.

"Nineteen of us," ruminated Marie. "Eighteen ready to flicker out from T. B., and the nineteenth as good a candidate for Dr. Wylie's League for Longer Life as anybody that ever came down the pike." Marie reached for the chart of James P. Clagett, pursed her lips into an inaudible whistle and closed one eye rakishly as she drew the line unerringly to 103.5 degrees. "Now, Jim, what did you have to do that for? That's a whole point more than last night," she said, addressing the chart of James P. Clagett. "You're an interesting-looking man to have T. B.—most of 'em are old and ugly. I hope you talk, if you've got to do something—and you do with all that temperature," she continued hopefully. "I hope you don't die—they don't always even with 103.5," and then as if in an afterthought, as she put his chart aside and reached for another, "but they nearly always do."

"Faraday, Eve," she read. "Oh, yes, Eve, you're the young lady that caused my ideal man to fall from his pedestal. I don't see why you couldn't sit still when I put you in that rolling chair?" Marie bent the end of her pencil savagely. "That was an ugly gash you cut in your forehead, though. It was a shame that bed wasn't a foot further to the right. I'm almost glad it happened, though 'cause then I found out that Dr. Abbot was just like every other man in the world." Marie regarded the chart thoughtfully. "Now, if somebody will tell me how I was supposed to know that he wanted twoinch adhesive instead of one-inch, I'll give 'em a horse and cart. That old bandage tray causes me more trouble!" Marie looked almost sad,—as sad as she could look. That little incident had made a deep impression on her. She could see Dr. Abbott now, rather stern in spite of the humorous lines about his eyes as he delivered that famous call-down. "My dear Miss Funston, always remember that efficiency should always be a nurse's watchword." And such sarcasm! The way you said 'My dear Miss Funston!'," Marie shivered and put her hands to her face. "It was awful." Marie put up Eve Faraday's chart as if it were a pleasure to get rid of it.

"Yates, Eleanor Ruth," she read. "Well, Eleanor Ruth, I hope you live 'till morning, but, pity knows, you haven't much chance." A distant rumble of thunder reminded Marie of the approaching storm. She listened gravely for a moment, and then addressed the chart again. "Eleanor Ruth, if you do what I expect you to do, and, if the storm is as bad as it sounds like it's going to be, I reckon you'll have company on your journey." Marie paused for a second to catch her breath and then added in explanation, "I don't have much chance of dying from natural causes, but I have a swell chance of dying of fright." A red light flashed in the distance. "That's Eleanor Ruth now. Case of mental telepathy, I reckon," murmured Marie as she hurried down the corridor to number eighteen.

"Miss Yates," said Marie softly, "you must lie back now and be quiet. No, never mind about the bed," as the girl cast an anxious glance at the blood-stained covers, "I'll attend to it."

"Miss Funston, do people always die when they have these hemorrhages?" queried the sick girl. She scanned Marie's face anxiously as she asked.

Across Marie's mind flashed a picture of that chart. Yates, Eleanor Ruth, age 21. "Just about a year older than I," said Marie to herself. "And pretty. Why she looks just like my doll baby that mother made the blue dress for." Again Marie looked at the deep blue eyes, the small mouth that never complained, and the flaming mass of red curls; and the girl in Marie, the sympathetic, impetuous girl answered instead of the perfectly-trained nurse, "Oh, I do hope you won't die! But—please lie still."

"Please, I must talk. Is there going to be a storm?" inquired the patient.

"I'm terribly afraid there is," answered Marie earnestly.
"I love them, but they do frighten me sometimes," said
Eleanor Ruth. "Dr. Abbott won't be up any more tonight,
will he?"

"I hope so!" Marie's answer was more like a prayer. "I hope he lands here just about the time that storm does."

"Well, I don't." Elanor Ruth's voice was firm. "He'll use that horrid stethoscope on me, and there isn't an earthly bit of use in it. I'm going to die anyway."

"If you keep on feeling that way about it, you sure will," announced Marie, the girl. "You've got to fight."

"Yes, that's what the dean told me the day of my encore Math. exam. my Freshman year. And he knew very well that I couldn't have passed that thing with the book open!" The hemorrhage started afresh, and for several minutes nothing was said; then, "I thought I told you to keep quiet," said Marie briskly. "Now you better listen to me."

For a few seconds all was quiet in the small room. Marie busied herself putting fresh linen on the bed. "Miss Funston, what's your name?" Eleanor Ruth asked.

"Marie. Now hush."

"What does everybody call you? Marie doesn't suit you at all,—it's entirely too demure and well behaved," the girl went on. "I'll bet your hardest job is behaving yourself, isn't it?"

"Everybody calls me Funny." Marie had quite evidently given up trying to keep the girl quiet. "I wouldn't put it as strong as that. I'm having a heap of trouble growing up, though."

"I'm calling you 'Funny' from now on," announced Eleanor Ruth. "The super won't ever know 'cause I won't be here when she comes again. Listen, Funny, is my uke here?"

"No," answered the Marie. "Why?"

"I wanted to play, that's all. Oh, come now, Funny, don't look so shocked. I don't play and sing half bad," she said defensively.

Marie turned to the bureau for her clinical thermometer, and as she did so, Eleanor Ruth raised herself on her elbow

in order to reach a book that lay on the bedside table. Marie turned just in time to see her patient crumple up in a heap. Quickly she felt the fluttering pulse and proceeded to apply restoratives.

Five minutes later the eyelids fluttered weakly and the girl gasped, "Don't let me die 'till the storm breaks, please, please Funny."

"I won't," promised Marie.

"'On the wings of the storm," murmured the patient weakly and her voice trailed into silence. She slept.

Marie hurried down the corridor to the office. "Maybe she'll sleep till morning," she encouraged herself. "She is such a sweet, little thing, but I must stop thinking about her; it's too hard on a nurse to worry about any particular patient. When the obituary is written up, it'll read 'Eleanor Ruth Yates, age 42.' She's like I am—living fast while she's living. Fancy any girl wanting a uke when she's about to die. Well, I'm glad she feels that way about it!"

Marie put her elbow on the desk, and rested her chin in her cupped hand. "Why did Dr. Abbott have to be so sarcastic to me? Why, why, why?" she asked herself over and over. "Just think if it hadn't been for that old bandage tray, he would have been up here now. He knows I am so afraid of storms, and he hasn't left me alone once through a storm. Ever since that day we were on that blood transfusion he has been wonderful." Marie brightened perceptibly at the thought. "He said that day that I was the pluckiest girl he had ever known. Oh, why did bandage trays ever get invented anyhow!" Marie pouted dismally. "I wonder—what in the mischief is that anyhow?"

Marie dashed frantically out of the small office and down the porch after the fleeing, masculine figure. Within ten feet of the steps, she caught him.

"Mr. Clagett, where are you going?" demanded Marie.
"And in those clothes, too!"

"I'm going to play tennis," answered the delirous man. "Tennis, tennis, tennis, tennis," he continued in a singsong voice.

"Yes, tennis," repeated Marie. "Well, I think you're not. You're going right back to bed."

"Play tennis, Molly," insisted James P. Clagett.

"Not now," answered Marie. "Come on," and she led him toward his room.

Marie got the man back to bed and quieted him. He finally dropped off to sleep, but continued to mutter, "Tennis, Molly, tennis, Molly, tennis, Molly."

"Whew!" exploded Marie as she sank into the chair in the office again. "He's a handful. I surely got my wish—with a vengeance. He talked all right. Now who do you suppose Molly is?" Marie consulted the chart marked Clagett, James P., and sighed contentedly. "Well, he's not married anyhow."

The thunder rumbled closer, and Marie shrank away to a far corner of the room. "Jimmy always did cause me trouble. Every time I meet a man named James I feel like pinning a sign 'Beware' on him." Marie ventured a glance at the sky, and returned to her meditations. "If it hadn't been for Jim Stinson, I wouldn't have been here now. Poor Jim! When he is forty-five, he'll be saying 'Now when I was young, we weren't so harem-scarem'. Oh, dear, some folks are old at twenty," sighed Marie. "But I'm not, thank heaven!" and then repenting swiftly, "There I go being a Pharisee again!"

Marie glanced at her watch, reached for a thermometer, and started for number 18. At the bedside she paused a minute. A terrific crash of thunder sounded. The rain began to pour in torrents. The patient sighed deeply, relievedly, and even as Marie held her pulse, Eleanor Ruth left as she had wished—on the wings of the storm.

It was a strangely shaken Marie that returned to the office after preparing her patient for burial. She seated herself as calmly as she could at the white office table and reached for the medicine orders. It was nearly an hour before any were due. "I'll close Eleanor Ruth's chart," remarked Marie to herself. A burst of thunder sounded, and Marie cleared five feet of space at one leap. "Be still, knees," cautioned Marie to boost her spirits. Some patient groaned in the distance, and then all was deathly silence except for the steady fall of the rain.

A few seconds later a zig-zag flash of lightning tore its way across the darkened sky and revealed to Marie's horrified eyes a white figure running along the porch. "Oh," gasped the terrified Marie, "there goes James P. Clagett. I can't, oh, I can't go out in the storm. But I've got to. A fine nurse I am!" Marie tried to move, but her feet were like anchors. She swayed slightly. The thunder sounded again, even louder than before. To Marie's confused mind came a memory of Eleanor Ruth's queer, twisted smile, and her low call "Funny," and she sank to the floor.

Half an hour later she was conscious that the superintendent was telling her that she could report to the Dispensary for duty when she felt better. "You have had three months of night duty up here, and I am afraid it has been too much for you, my dear," she explained and then added, "it is a trying station."

Just then she saw Dr. Abbott, immaculate in his white interne's uniform. "It was you, then," whispered Marie, and then in a puzzled voice, "but why did you come? I thought that adhesive had disgusted you." Marie paused a minute. Dr. Abbott did not answer her question in words. The superintendent looked on placidly. Then, Marie was aware of the super again—also of the rule, "Interne and nurses shall be on a strictly professional basis."

Because rules are rules, and superintendents are to enforce them, Marie resorted to the commonplace remark, "Gee, I was scared there would be only seventeen here in the morning!"

—Flora Meredith.

## THE COLLEGE BELL

Perhaps but very few Trinity students know that Captain Duncan McNeill, father of North Carolina's poet laureate, John Charles McNeill, was a Trinity graduate. Captain Duncan McNeill received his diploma from Trinity when it was located in Randolph county. This diploma was highly prized by the poet son, and he urged the other members of the family to preserve it carefully, exclaiming, "It is such an honor to have a Trinity graduate for a father!" Captain McNeill was himself a poet of some ability; much of his verse appeared in the state papers of his day. He was also editor of the Wadesboro Argus for several years. The following poem which had been clipped from some magazine, was discovered recently, and it might prove of interest to Trinity students. The clipping says that the poem was written by Captain McNeill upon the inspiration of his having been successful in one of the oratorical contests of the college.

Ring on, ring on, with merry chimes!
Still let the echoes swell!
Change not thy tune with changing times,
O cheerful college bell!
When those who oft have heard thy sound
Have bidden thee farewell,
Ring on—let not a falt'ring tone
Thy secret sorrow tell!

When golden sunbeams shine on thee
Of a new day to tell,
Pour forth thy gladsome melody
O'er every hill and dell!
When deepening shadows cluster round
To bid the day farewell,

Unto the evening zephyr's ear Sing praises, college bell!

When those who now attend thy call,
In lands remote may dwell,
Bring back the memories of all
In thy melodious swell.
Chime bravely out! Be firm and bold!
Change not thy merry tone!
Let the same tales to us oft told
Be told when we are gone!

Lift up thy voice, ring loud and clear
On Carolina's clime!
To her great heart such notes are dear,
She loves so sweet a chime.
In every heart, through thy rich tone,
Let living anthems swell!
With cheering echoes still ring on
Forever, college bell.

# CASUAL COMMENTS ON THE WOMEN OF HOMER

The women characters in Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* seem much more modern than do the women of several centuries later; many of them seem so ultramodern in fact that one would be almost afraid to take any of them as a wife except Hecuba or Andromache. The women of Homer's age undoubtedly occupied a high place in the household and were in a high sense queens of the home. They were not considered by their fathers and husbands as mere chattel property or as slaves but were regarded in an almost modern sense as help mates and companions. From the pictures which Homer draws of the women and of the men in his two great epics, it would appear that on the whole the women of that age were more highly developed intellectually than were the men.

Hecuba is probably the oldest woman mentioned in any detail in Homer's poetry, and no very clear picture is drawn of her. We see her only as the wife of Priam, the queen of Troy, and the devoted mother of fourteen sons and daughters. We may think of Hecuba as typifying the true spirit of all ages. Such women need no suffrage to rule the world.

Cassandra, one of Hecuba's daughters, was a priestess and a seer. It was she who prophesied the fall of Troy; her voice was raised in warning against the wooden horse of the Greeks, but in vain. Cassandra's radiant beauty attracted men, but her wisdom made men uncomfortable and distrustful when near her. Women like Cassandra generally do not marry at all, or they marry men of putty—spineless, brainless fools.

Andromache, the wife of Hector, and Penelope, the wife of Odysseus, are both typical faithful wives. Andromache thinks of her baby son and of her husband continually. Her interests lie entirely within her household, and one of her greatest cares is seeing that her husband is better clothed than

any other man of Troy. We distrust Andromache upon one point: we wonder if her husband would have been allowed in the parlor if he had not been a hero and if they had kept parlors (and if they had smoked).

It seems to me that we may regard Penelope and Andromache as to a large degree countertypes with perhaps these differences: Andomache was of a more emotional temperament than was Penelope; Penelope's womanly modesty and sense of propriety was always strong enough to prevent any unseemly show of emotion. Penelope reminds one of a famous passage from Shakespeare:

"But I might see Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation fancy free."

This perhaps does an injustice to Penelope, but when one reads of the sane craft with which she deceived the suitors for her hand, and of the cool levelheadedness with which she tested her returned husband, one wonders whether this cool, crafty lady would have seemed so desirable if cast in a different role; certainly she was no creature of the emotions. One need not dwell upon Penelope's domestic virtues, her craftiness, and her loyalty to her husband, for these traits are too marked to be overlooked.

Akete, wife of Alcinous, king of the Phaeacians, was the mistress of her home, and it is significant that Odysseus appeals to her for aid and not to her husband. It is recorded that the palace of Alcinous was magnificently kept, and we do not imagine that the king ever forgot to wipe his feet before he entered.

Nausicaa, Arete's daughter, is one of the most fascinating women of Homer both on account of her age, her character, and her situation. She was a superb young creature, glowing with health, full of animal spirit, as beautiful as the dawn, but, as was the case with her mother, she should undoubtedly have been the ruler of her home. She was the king's only daughter and was petted, if we may not say "spoiled." Nausicaa was an athletic type and could hold her own in a frolic with her brothers; yet there was none of the rough coarseness about her which sometimes accompanies physical vigor, for Nausicaa was a graceful, willowy maiden, a true princess. Again she was used to associating with and handling men and had her own ideas about the kind of husband she desired; we are told that she had many suitors but that none of them pleased her; however, when she saw the hero, Odysseus, she at once recognized him as the man she wished for a mate. She was highly emotional, primitive, and naive; yet she did not lose her sense of propriety and her queenly bearing: Odysseus was not permitted to ride through the city by her side although, if she had not fallen in love with him, I believe he should have been accorded that privilege.

Helen, whose abduction by Paris brought on the fall of Troy, was beautiful and destined to be a trouble-maker. She was too attractive, capricious, and wise for any man to live happily with long, or one should rather say to live with peacefully and tranquilly.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall And most divinely fair,"

was Helen. She was a perfect beauty: every feature was regular; yet she was not statuesque, for all was dominated by her flashing eyes, her engaging personality, and her keen intellect. She was the most beautiful woman in the world and in addition one of the wisest, but, unlike that of Cassandra, her wisdom was subdued and softened by her infinite tact and policy, all of which made her more attractive and engaging. Inconstant Helen perhaps was; who could expect such a woman to be otherwise; however her diplomacy and her charm enabled her to keep in the good graces of both Paris and Menelaus. The queenly Helen stooped to no menial task; yet we find that she did not disdain the loom although her serving

maids must needs carry it from room to room for her. Helen was such a woman as sets the world afire and later brings it trembling to its knees before her begging her forgiveness for having lost its head. Harken to the *old* men of Troy whose sons were being killed and whose all was being jeopardized for her sake: "Small blame is it that Trojans and well-greaved Archaians should, for such a woman, long time suffer hardships; marvelously like is she to the immortal gods to look upon." What further need be said of Helen.

-S. S. Farabow.



## MY CONFIDANTE

You may talk of your confidents if you choose, Your lawyers, your min'sters and friends, Who to you their sympathy ne'er refuse; But for me?—Mother suits my ends.

When the day, full of trouble, all has gone wrong, When the heart in my breast is lead, I go to her; and though my woes may be long, They're vanished when all has been said.

She hears my successes, nor calls it conceit, Her praise is my greatest reward. My secrets she keeps; all my moods she will meet. She's my confidante, bless her, Lord.

-Eliza Scott.

## **EDITORIALS**

#### THE UNDERSTANDING HEART

Mother's Day! One day in the year designated as Mother's Day is good as far it goes, but, in its final analysis, this is little better than a poor compromise with our finer feelings. Every day should be a Mother's Day. The mere mention of the word Mother stirs the heart like sad, sweet music. It penetrates the cockles of one's heart and makes one long for the old days when his Mother was his constant friend and confidante.

Surely the basest wretch who ever bore the name of man can never completely forget the love of a real Mother's heart. Under the spell of Mother's love and sympathy obstacles and doubts fade away like mists dispelled by the rising sun. Her prayers bring more sinners to the altar than all the evangelists under the canopy of heaven.

Are the angels of Heaven the Mothers of earth? Mothers are to the human race what violets are to the flowers, modest, retiring, gentle, appearing when the heart grows weary of winter and blessing our lives without asking any return. When winter is gone, the roses come; their gaudy splendor momentarily eclipses the quiet charm of the modest violet; yet, after the rose has shed its last bright petal, still the violet lingers, a perpetual benediction; so, when youth seeks youth in the flush of nuptial love, with a prayerful smile, Mother makes room in her heart for another love and shares her son with a stranger.

Were all of the poets of the world to tune their harps for one grand outburst of praise for womankind, were all the singers of the world to chant a single song, no stanzas they could compose, no song they could sing, no tribute which their minds and hearts could pay could add one iota to the matchless splendor in which the name *Mother* clothes womanhood.

Let us celebrate Mother's Day every minute of our lives by trying to be the men and women our Mothers think we are; we can set no nobler ideal than this.

#### SALTING DOWN

After killing animals for food the average American "salts down" the freshly-killed meat; that is, the meat is packed in salt for a time. The object of this salting-down process is two-fold; the salt keeps the meat from spoiling, and the salt, penetrating throughout the flesh, gives it a flavor more pleasing to the Epicurean taste.

College students have been growing the select meat of knowledge and of clear-thinking for the past year; commencement, the end of the college year and the beginning of vacation, is a sort of process of ending the continuous life of this year's growth of meat, and students should see to it that their year's work be not wasted; rather they should take care that their meat supply be well salted down so that it may not spoil and so that its flavor may acquire a more palatable taste, that is, so that its value to the student may increase.

For the past year college students have been studying, have been acquiring knowledge in fields hitherto foreign to them, have been increasing their mental activity and mental calibre. They are, as it were, at the peak of the mountain up which they have been climbing for a year. Normally speaking, college students are farther advanced mentally at commencement of this year than they have ever been before. Next collegiate year these same students will undertake the ascent of a still higher mountain of intellectual activity.

But between the peak of the present mountain and the base of the next higher there lies, according to past experience, a black, yawning chasm: that summer vacation. Theory and idealistic supposition may picture summer vacations as pleasant pastures through which the tired and overworked student may loiter and recuperate from his arduous labors so that he may begin the work of the ensuing year with renewed energy. But practical experience points to the contrary in no uncertain terms.

The truth is that most college students spend little or no mental energy during the summer; down on the farm or loafing round city drug stores, where no mental effort is necessarily required, students habitually drop into a rut of mental laziness and sluggishness. They forget much of the knowledge laboriously acquired in college, and the most significant fact is that their keen, clear-thinking ability, which has required months of study for development, is partially lost and dulled in the few weeks of a summer vacation; temporary mental stagnation is the result. Of course this mental laziness is cast away at the beginning of the next college year, but two or three months are required to sharpen one's mental ability until its previous keenness has been attained; two or three months are required at the beginning of each collegiate year to repair the mental damage caused by lazy summer idleness.

Let us bear in mind that the greatest mental recreation is made possible by diversity of mental work and not by mere mental idleness. Of course a few hours of complete mental rest may be beneficial after some particularly straining work has been performed, but college students just naturally rest their minds so frequently and for such extended periods that there is not much danger of those minds ever being dangerously injured by over-work.

Furthermore, mental ability, as most variable quantities, can never remain constant and at a dead stand-still; it must go either backward or forward, and the only way to keep that knowledge and ability which we have already acquired is to go forward, to keep on training and learning. And let us realize that college training is not an end in itself but only a means to an end, the end of the most perfect enjoyment of life, the end of living life arightly in relation to God and to our fellow man.

Therefore college students should plan a progressive policy at the beginning of every summer. No student should allow himself to drop into the rut of mental stagnation. Perhaps some pet study or an interesting reading course can be pursued to advantage. Students should take stock of their store of knowledge and should attempt to correllate that knowledge with practical life during the summer. Armed with the mental alertness of college training the student can study practical life and its problems both from an interested and from a temporarily irresponsible point of vantage. In other words, every student should try to use that mental ability acquired at college, to increase it by means of contact with daily life, for only by going forward can he salt down that meat which he has killed.

Summer vacation offers the student the great opportunity to attempt to acquire that practical experience with life which college students lack so much. Vacation gives the student the chance to use the knowledge and mental training he has acquired, the chance of further development instead of mental sluggishness and idleness.

And that which is true of summer vacations for undergraduates is true in a larger degree of all life for graduates. Students who will be graduated from college this year especially should strive to maintain their present mental alertness and to increase that keanness, for this progressive development is the heart and soul of retaining what has been already acquired, of melting down our present knowledge, experience, and mental ability for future use.

-P.~H.~E.

#### FOLLOW THE GLEAM

"You can tell a college graduate from any other fellow five years after he has finished school." Can that be truthfully said of your case five years after you have left here? Do not answer too hastily. What are you going to do? Too many college men finish school and return to their home communities to settle back into the old, easy rut from which college had pulled them temporarily.

Young men with brains and talent leave college with high ambitions and noble aspirations only to return to the home town to be made much of by fond parents and frivolous girls and to sink gradually into an apathy as deadening to the will and ambition as any anaesthetic. Do not go and lapse into the old rut. Fortune, glory, fame beckon. The future holds much for you, but little of that future will be realized by the easy, sluggish life of the old town with a makeshift job in the store or post office. If the future in your home town holds anything for you besides a soft, lazy life and a gay round of pleasure which will gradually but inevitably narrow down to a colorless old age blighted by the remembrance of unrealized dreams and wasted years, stay at home, but, if your native village offers no more than a blind-alley job and a chance to follow the line of least resistance, cut loose from it at once and follow the gleam before it fades into nothingness.

#### CLOSING OUT

With this issue the *Archive* suspends publication for this year. We, of the staff, have enjoyed our work this year and have earnestly endeavored to give you a magazine which would not only be interesting but would also be a credit to the college and to the students. To what degree we have been successful we leave our readers to judge.

In this our last issue we wish to thank our subscribers for their support, to commend our critic, J. H. Small, Jr., for his highly satisfactory work, and to express our appreciation to the Christian Advocate Press, of Greensboro, for their loyal cooperation, and above all to thank those who have helped us, at the same time helping themselves by contributing to the *Archive*. We are sorry that more students have not taken sufficient interest in literary work and in the welfare of their

college literary magazine to contribute to the Archive. While the number of contributors has probably been larger than ever heretofore, it is still surprisingly small since less than thirty-five undergraduates have had material to appear in this year's issues. Out of a student body of over seven hundred, this is a surprisingly small percentage.

In conclusion we should like to make a few suggestions. Do not force your editor for next year to print your work over a non de plume. Your article should be worthy of being signed if it is worthy of your college magazine, and above all do not submit material and keep its authorship concealed from the members of the staff. It is useless to attempt to do this, for, if the staff knows what it is doing, it will permit nothing to appear for which they are unable to place the responsibility. Several rather good unsigned articles have been submitted this year; of course it was impossible for us to use them. How could we know that they were original? If we had taken the chance and printed them, we should have had to take absolute responsibility for them in case they were plagiarized. If you feel that you cannot trust any member of the staff with your secret, do not show your lack of confidence by mailing your contribution unsigned, for it cannot be published.

In conclusion we wish to thank the Senior Class for entrusting the *Archive* to our care and to assure them that we have thoroughly enjoyed our work and that we say "Adieu" to them and to our subscribers and readers with regret.

#### WAYSIDE WARES

#### IN HONOR OF PROFESSOR HORNADY

'Tis not because he's leaving— Though this I much regret, That I must write a word of him Whom we cannot forget. I speak because I know him, Because my work with him Has left impressions on my life That time will hardly dim.

As one who lives for others,
I've watched him at his task,
And seen him sacrifice himself
To fairly serve a class.
I've seen them try his patience
With careless, thankless signs,
Yet never heard him speak a word
Unwitting or unkind.

His student is his fellow—
And not a hapless churl.
He knows the man on class today
Tomorrow rules the world.
Regardless of his interest
He lends the weak a hand,
And glories in a little chance
To help his fellowman.

He passes unassuming, And all may not have known, But we who chance to know him Will miss him when he's gone. And though our work go forward As ever is the case, We know *Professor Hornady* Has none to fill his place.

—V. L. S.

#### THE NERVE (OF SOME PEOPLE)

"Where but to think is to be full of sorrow And leaden-eyed despair."

-Keats.

Heroically steeling himself for the conflict, the peace fanatic seats himself in the chair of the nerve-killer and concrete-mixer. Attempting to deceive himself by imagining he is in a barber's chair, he reposes his teeth-surrounder upon the rest and quietly relaxes.

"Which tooth is it that hurts? he is asked, and, when he points out the vile, protuberant object of his afflictions, he is told, "No wonder you have been suffering. There is a large cavity that needs filling." And the dentist inducts a spoon-shaped mirror and a pitch fork into the propylon of your head. With the pitch-fork he gently attempts to make the cavity laugh, but the tickling produces pain unimaginable when the bottom of the cavity is reached, and all the pangs of the vultured Promethus are suffered at the flashing message of the nerve reposing gently in troubled slumber.

"Does it hurt?"

"Uhhh," which, being interpreted, means, "Yes!"

"That nerve is right on the surface and must come out," you are informed.

Forthwith four or five bales of cotton soaked in novocaine are catapulted into the container of the offending nerve. This barrage is followed by an equalled proportion of *Goodyearite*. Then the entire mass is pressed toward where the feet would be if the recipient were standing. Soon the troubled nerve is doped, and the wrecking machinery is set to work

at removing the debris. A corkscrew is thrust toward the cavity and the crumpled nerve, faithful to the end, is dragged forth.

"Now, that's over; all he's got to do is put in the filling," you think. But, no, the steam engine, which you may have noted, is brought forward and fixed up for the grinding. "So," you conclude, "in order to put in, he must take out," and you immediately forget that the nerve has been prepared for burial.

With the words, "Keep your mouth open now," the steam engine is set to work, and a dull grindstone sound issues from your mouth. "Br-r-r-r", all is going well, "br-r-r THUMP." Nothing has happened except the engine has jumped the track. "Br-r-r-r-uh a sensitive tooth, and so ad infinitum. Suddenly the power stops and you think all is well; the filling will soon be over. You begin to be interested in your surroundings, and, while the dentist is going through curious motions, you wonder what the switchboard in front of you is and imagine that you would like to press each button to see what would happen.

Suddenly your imaginations ceased to function when the dentist begins to rake around the rough edges of the cavity. Finding work yet to do, he again inserts the optimistically forgotten steam engine which operates until the dentist looks on his work and knows that it is good.

Now the mixing proceedings begin, dust being taken from one bottle, liquid from another, the two being made acquainted with a container. When the putty-like, jellyfish compound has reached the degree of hardness suitable, the pain-troubler makes mud-pies of it. Then, placing it on a mortar board, he proceeds to trowel portions of it into the offending cavity.

Now, that's all. But, no, the tooth must be regulated so that it will hit on all six. With a final pat here and there, the excavator tells you all is well, and, breathing a shuffle of relief, you arise from the erstwhile bed of pain, happy in the knowledge that there is one more good tooth in your head,

and blissfully ignorant of the throbs and headaches and creakings that the dope injected earlier in the game will cause to disturb your troubled slumber.

"Never again," but, like New Year's Resolutions, you subconsciously know that you will go when a nerve calls "next" to your brain.

-S. M. Holton, Jr., '21.

#### THE WAY O' CO-EDS

(Hash: Spring, Religion, and Southgate Co-eds)

"In spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of clothes" is more than true of Trinity College co-eds. When the buds first begin to shoot out on the trees; when the red birds first begin to appear on the campus; when the first lilacs bloom, the Trinity Miss begins to write home for extra money. She simply must have a new spring suit, a new dress, new shoes, a hat, and a million other things—always new things. Father digs down in his jeans and pulls out the necessary cash. Soon daughter is seen going down town. If you ask her where she is going, she will tell you that she is going shopping. Presently, boxes of all sizes and descriptions will be seen coming up to Southgate. Daughter has bought her new spring "things."

Then the biggest question arises. When and where will she first make her appearance in her new spring clothes? Let her think awhile—will she first wear them to a joint meeting of the "Y's", or will she wear them down town to the movies? No, she will not wear them to either of these places. Not enough people will see them. A thought: she will wear them to Church. How stupid of her not to have thought of it before. True; she is a junior who has been away from home influence so long that she has almost forgot how to behave in Church. What does that matter? She will attach herself to some freshman who has been attending services regularly and who has not yet bought her new spring clothes. Yes, she will

go to Church; and she will go with a freshman.

Later, daughter with the new spring paraphernalia announces quite casually to her roommate, "Believe I'll go to Church, Sunday."

The roommate speedily has heart failure and sinks down on the bed in a state of utter collapse. After about five minutes, a weak voice, from the direction of the bed, pipes, "Y-y-you aren't b-b-b-y any chance going to wear your n-n-new suit and hat, are you?"

"Of course; why not?" indignantly asks the junior.

"I just didn't know. I merely asked for curiosity," says the recovered roommate.

So on Sunday morning, the junior attaches herself to some unsuspecting freshman and goes to Church. She feels that when she walks in the door she will be the cynosure of all eyes. What is her surprise and disappointment when she finds that. as she walks down the aisle, not one head is turned her way, not one person pays any attention to her new togs. Almost everyone else in Church is attired much as she-there is at least one point of similarity-almost everybody else also has new clothes. She sits through the service and bites her lips. The words of the preacher pass over her head. She is wondering which Church she can attend for the night service. She wants to go to the place where there is the largest number of College students. Perhaps her "S. P." will be there. Perhaps her rival will be there also, and he will have an opportunity to see which of the two girls is most attractive. Unhappy thought! Supppose her rival has new spring clothes, and suppose her rival's clothes are more expensive, more becoming than hers? She has one consolation. Periwinkle is a new color; and her whole suit with hat to match is the softest periwinkle. More than one girl has told her that the color is more becoming to her than to any other girl on Trinity Campus. Of course, that does not include the "town girls," and her rival is a "town girl". But then it stands to reason that if perwinkle is more becoming to her than it is to a hundred and twenty other girls, it is more becoming to her than it is to one other girl.

"Be not deceived—" the preacher thunders.

With a start the girl comes to earth. Was that preacher talking to her? Can it be that perwinkle is more becoming to her rival than to her?

Leaving the question unanswered, the girl looks about her. There sits the freshman, little prune, drinking in every word the preacher says. She seems to be unconscious of the fact that she has on her old brown winter suit, that her hat is sitting perpendicular to her body instead of being at the proper angle. Well, it is none of the girl's business if the freshman wants to wear clothes that look like costumes handed down by her great-grandmother.

Finally the ordeal is over. The two go out of Church and start towards Southgate.

"There goes Margaret Blank with her old winter hat on, and here it is the last of March. It does look like she'd have better taste," remarked the girl. "She is the worst-dressed girl in college. I wonder who selects her clothes. She looks about as up-to-date as a lady of the Victorian age."

"Oh, you oughtn't to talk like that. I don't see how you can say such things after that sermon. You know the preacher said 'Man looketh on the outward apppearance, but——'"

"Did he? I didn't hear him. Oh of course, I heard him, who wouldn't? He yells loud enough. But I didn't understand a word he said. His enunciation is fierce, and he thunders out his words so that he deafens me almost. But, really, I don't see how you can take up for Margaret's lack of taste in clothes. She never has anything new. It does look like she'd get a new piece ence in a while. She positively looks slouchy," defended the girl.

"That comes from her kindness of heart. You know she has two younger sisters in school, and she does without things so they can have pretty clothes. I think she's one of the kindest, sweetest girls I have ever seen. The preacher said that

kindness was 'the crowning virtue', and you ought to be kind enough to think of something nice to say about——''

"Well, I won't fuss about Margaret and her clothes," the girl tells her companion. "Where are you going to church tonight? I am going to Trinity."

"I guess you'll wear your new suit and hat—they look so much more up-to-date than your old things," remarks the freshman, with sarcasm.

"Little Cat," breathes the girl. "She's just jealous because she hasn't anything new."

The two proceed up the street in a strained silence. Soon they are within sight of Southgate. As they come up the walk leading to the building they see a group of girls, dressed in all colors of the rainbow, standing on the walk or sitting on the steps. All of them have been to Church; all of them are conspicuously attired in new clothes—obviously new clothes. One girl compliments another's dress, suit, hat, or shoes. Another mentions a new wrap or blouse that is "so unique, so becoming". And so it goes. Each compliments her friend. One vies with another in choosing adjectives suitable to describe the display of new spring styles. Soon the conversation changes, and the girls begin to discuss what Church they will attend for the night service.

Here abide Spring, Religion, and Southgate Co-eds. These three. They go together.

-Sophie Ryman.

#### THE IDEAL MATE

#### (Alphabetically Described)

#### THE IDEAL MAN

A-Athletic, ambitious.

Z-Zealous.

### THE IDEAL WOMAN A—Altruistic, able, angelic.

B—Brilliant.	B—Beautiful, brave.
C—Cultured, cheerful.	C—Cultured, cheerful.
D—Diligent.	D—Diligent, dainty, delightful.
E-Earnest, energetic, enthusiastic.	E-Economical, emotional, elegant.
F—Friendly.	F-Friendly, fair.
G-Gentlemanly, gentle, generous.	G-Graceful, gentle.
H-Handsome, home-loving, healthy.	H—Home-loving, happy.
I—Intellectual.	I—Ineffable, intellectual.
J—Joyous.	J—Joyful, jealous.
K-Keen.	K-Kissable, kind.
L-Loving, loveable.	L—Loving, lovable, lively.
M—Magnanimous.	M-Musical, magnetic, magnanimous.
N—Neat.	N—Neat, noble, non-gossipy.
O-Open-minded.	O-Optimistic, obedient, open-hearted.
P—Pure, prayerful.	P—Polished, pure, prayerful.
Q—Quick.	Q—Quick-witted, queenly.
R-Reverent, respectful to old age.	R—Reverent, refined, rosy-cheeked.
S—Spiritual, sincere.	S—Sincere, sublime, shapely.
T—Trustful.	T-Tender-hearted, trustful, talented.
U—Unselfish.	U—Unselfish, unaffected.
V—Virtuous.	V—Virtuous, vivacious, versatile.
W-Working, willing.	W-Wise, witty, wonderful.
X—(Christ) like.	X—(Christ) like, xcellent.
Y—Youthful.	Y—Youthful, yearning (for me).
89 FT 1	Pro Pro 1

Z-Zealous.

-L. L. D.

-W. J. B.

#### MY CREED

I believe in Trinity, my Alma Mater, maker of manhood and womanhood:

And in the Student Body, her Sons and Daughters; who are united by the College Spirit; true to the Administration; backed by the loyal Alumni; are alive, wide-awake, energetic; striving to excell in Scholarship; supporting all Student Activities, literary, social, athletic, and all things good for the College; preparing for greater Service unto our State and Nation.

I believe in the Trinity Spirit; the Fellowship of her students; the infallibility of her coaches; the superiority of her teams; the cleanliness of their sportsmanship; and their ability to fight everlasting. Amen.

-H. S., '23 .

#### FRESHMAN'S LETTER

Trinity College, Tuesday Evening.

Dear Folks:

Well, I arrived back here all right Easter, after riding about all day, and have again submerged myself in work. I am trying to get ready for exams. which are coming on now pretty soon. I am as well as usual except for a little headache, hoping you all the same.

The Durham County School Commencement was held up here last Friday. There was a large crowd in attendance. It reminded me of the school commencements at home; some of the things that happened did, for instance a lot of the girls walking around carrying their shoes in their hands because they were new and hurting their feet. They were all walking around and asking questions and looking at everything.

The Freshman have been going in the pool here lately. They were not thrown in, but all of them jumped in when the Sophomores asked them. They came after me, told me what they came after, and so I went on with them and jumped in of my own accord, for it was all there was to do, and act decent about it. Those who refused to go they did not bother. Any man, if he is a man, ought to be able to take a little harmless fun. But some of the Sophomores were shipped for it, because some poor sport told the dean about it. It is commonly known who did it, and the ones who did it are about as popular as a negro at a white man's table. Of all the disgusting things in the world that takes the cake. It doesn't seem like college, for no one would expect a grown man to do such a thing. For a child is a different thing. It reminds me of the second grade, when if one boy hit another with a spitball the boy who was hit stuck up his hand and hollowed, "Teacher, Tommy Banks hit me with a spit ball."

I declare it is so hot that it is all I can do to get up my lessons. The days are hot and the nights are warm and moony, so that in the daytime I am reminded of old Jack

and the plow and in the nighttime of going to a party with Sally and playing "Drop the Handkerchief."

Jacob's school will soon be out, won't it? I know he will be glad for that boy never was as smart as I am, and always hated to go to school, especially in the springtime. If he had any brains he would want to go to school to keep from having to work. I think I shall stay for commencement here. President Few said he wanted all of us to stay, so I guess I had better stay. I want to see how much it is like our commencement at home.

I forgot to tell you about what happened to my roommate the night he and I went to see the play by the girl's dramatic club. It so happened that we got our seats between Dr. Brown and Dean Wannamaker. We were a little at ease, having one of them sitting on one side of us and one on the other. Albert can never keep his mouth shut, so he kept asking me foolish questions. Between one of the acts if today was Tuesday or Wednesday. The dean heard him, leaned over and patted him on the back and said, "Today is Wednesday, son, wake up. You'll miss your chance to get in the State Legislature if you don't mind." Of course Albert was scared almost to death, and after then I couldn't get him to say anything hardly.

Well, it is about time for chapel, so I guess I had better bring this to a close. I studied through chapel yesterday so I guess I had better go today. Write me all the news and please send me a box; I am getting tired of boarding-house eats.

Your loving son,

-W. Josh Bundy.

#### **EXCHANGES**

#### ON WRITING EXCHANGES

About the middle of each month, I take a seat at my desk with writing materials and numerous college magazines piled before me. As Josh would say, "I take my pen in hand" to write my exchanges. I feel very important as I realize that I am preparing to offer my valuable criticisms for the great benefit of the youths of other colleges. I must read the magazines with discriminating and critical eye. It is my duty to lend my valuable knowledge of literature to these poor benighted mortals who have undertaken to write.

Needless to say (I suppose you wonder why I say it then) my self-importance keeps me from enjoying a perfectly good story which I might welcome if I were not reading it as a part of my official duty. After a little of this dignified officiality, I become ludicrous in my own sight. I then decide to lay off the robe of my office and meet my task as well as I may without that wrap—which is altogether superfluous on a warm, spring day.

Let me see—I must find some faults in these magazines. Doubtless they are there, and it would betray my ignorance of literary form not to do so. Anyway it is being done by critics, you know. If I do not follow the usual rule, surely people will deny my ability. Now this poem has no rhyme, rhythm, or thought; the plot of this story is among those absent; that editorial is too pedantic. Oh, spirits of red ink! That will never do. In such a frame of mind all of the stuff is horrid. When I start to offer destructive criticism, annihilation results.

Perhaps it would be better to go on and compliment the magazines from cover to cover, even to the advertisements.

The editor-in-chief alone knows how the staff needs encouraging! Nobody but the staff, either at home or abroad, reads the exchanges; so I shall endeavor to comfort the staff. A further reason for commendation is that in the next issue of the flattered magazine the *Archive* will be praised. "Turn about is fair play," say the exchange editors.

So far I have only entertained attitudes, and I have only achieved a disheveled appearance by running my fingers through my hair in a vain attempt to rake up an idea. I have not even read the magazines. But the exchanges must be written; they are an essential part of the paper, though only their inventor knows why. At any rate I must write them and hand them in tomorrow; 'tis the price of a "goat feather." If I must, I must; so I begin. The scratching of the pen is heard in the land; ink and perspiration flow under the strain of thinking. Having scattered paper, magazines, pencils, and ink all over the place and having used up all the adjectives that I know and some that I don't, I proclaim the exchanges finished. I have no qualms about their not being published— I would not care if they were not. But they will be, for the editor must have something; he will not write them himself because he has troubles of his own, and he knows they will never be seen. My troubles are over for the time being. But wait! Our local critic may see them; it is his business to read the whole magazine. I frown and tousle my hair a bit more: then, recalling my own difficulties of the past hour, I grin and say, "Go to it, old critic, if it gives you any pleasure."

—I. Writem.

#### WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US

This month we are publishing some of the comments on the Archive made by other exchange departments. The following is what some folks think of Trinity's literary magazine for this year.

The Trinity Archive seems to be setting a high standard

on literary production this year, and we wish to congratulate them on what we consider a most excellent first issue. The amount of poetry is well-proportioned and well-distributed. "Dinty and the Black Cat" is a splendid example of Edgar Allen Poe's impressionistic short story. It seems to enthrall the reader with a sensation of horrible, impending danger. This story possesses many of the good qualities found in Poe's "Black Cat," "Mss. Found in a Bottle," and Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." It is not surprising that it was the winning story in the Southgate Contest. "A Right Real Visit" may be compared to the "Fall of the House of Usher." It has stylistic qualities keeping the attention of the reader until the end; it produces an awe inspiring impression on the adventurer which is in turn transmitted to the reader as he approaches the dilapidated old mansion. The situation is natural, for we, under similar circumstances, would also "vie with Tricky Drummond in speeding down those rickety stairs" to free ourselves from the reality of horror.—Furman Echo (November).

Would you like any inside information on such subjects as the purpose of "cootie garages", the manufacture of moonshine, or the nether world? Very well, consult the *Trinity Archive* for November. We abstain from divulging any of the secrets there revealed but hasten to admit that the principles of evolution probably have a mere starting application to modern problems than even Darwin could ever have foreseen.

But now don't get the idea that the *Archive* is a purely scientific journal. Such is far from the case. Probably the best of its contents is the story "Man or Mankind"—the story as a whole gives the reader that illusive feeling of completeness and satisfaction which is beyond the power of stylistic perfection or bizarre treatment *per se* to produce.

Unfortunately the verse in this issue compares rather poorly with the prose. Too much of it is written in jerky, unmusical lines rimed in couplets. The poem "Help Us to Know Thy Way'', conspicuous rather for its reverential mood than for any purely poetical qualities, seems easily the best in the magazine.—The Haverfordian.

The co-ed issue of the *Trinity Archive* is well balanced and maintains the standard set by the "men folks" in former issues. A book review, if well presented, is always timely; and Miss Ryman's comments on "Helen of the Old House," by Harold Bell Wright, are no exception. The department entitled Wayside Wares is unique and attractive.—*The Emory Phoenix* (March).

We acknowledge the receipt of the Emory Phoenix, the Chicora Magazine, the Erothesian, The Haverfordian, the Wake Forest Student, the Limestone Star, The Acorn, The Wofford Journal, Hollins Magazine, and Voices of Peace.

We must now bid our friends of other college magazines farewell until next year. Most of them have had a very successful year, and we wish them the best of luck in the future  $E.\ S.\ W.$ 





# "COEDS MAKE ENGAGEMENTS WITH THE MALE STUDENTS"

So read the headline of a recent Northern city daily.

# "YOUNG MEN OF ARCHIVE STAFF WILL PERMIT ATTENTION BY FEMALE TRINITY STUDENTS

All Who Wish to Be Considered Are Advised to Apply Early in Order to Avoid the Rush. Don't Wait.

is a headline which we are willing to have appear in any city daily.

NOTE: Any young lady desiring to pay attention to any member of the *Archive* Staff will please address the *Trinity Archive*, Trinity College, Durham, N. C., or get in touch with the editor.

#### THE MILLENIUM

Our idea of a fellow
Who has a drag with the
Girls is one who
Kisses them and then
Pushes them away
Saying they can't
Have any more.

-Yale Record.

We refrain from expressing our ideas and opinions of such a fellow if he wus—is.

"The melancholy day has come, The saddest of the year," When poems that begin like this From all sides do appear.

—Davidson Collge Magazine.

The girl, the smooth glide of the car, the moonlight, the warm friendliness of her presence went to his head and caused him to murmur tenderly: This ride reminds me of Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

Her surroundings apparently affected her differently, for she remarked icily, "It reminds me of Stevenson's *Travels* With a Donkey.

She: "I am going to have a fever blister in the morning."
He: "Hot dog! I am sure glad to hear it."

\* \* \* \*

"My curiosity is running away with me," said the farmer when his two-headed calf broke loose and towed him across the field.

Visitor in library (to attractive Junior coed): "What is that bust?" (Pointing to Washington Duke Statue.)

Louise C.: "Bust! Why, I didn't hear anything bust!"

He: "I don't like to send my love in a letter; I just can't express it."

She: "You are so slow that the only way for you to return love is to can it and send it by freight."

Dr. W.: "Mr. Gray, I do not object to your looking at your watch, but I don't like the insinuation when I see you put it to your ear."

Sam: "Are you doing anything this evening?"

Anne (eagerly): "No, nothing at all."

Sam: "What a terrible waste of time." - Exchange.

\* \* \* \*

Professor Spence: "Success, gentlemen, has four conditions."

Brooks: "Poor thing, the Dean will kick it out of college. —Burr.

Dr. G.: "What poem that we discussed last time is this poem similar to?"

Waning Luminary: "The Flight of the Darkness."

Dr. G.: "Mr.——, in what way does it seem to you to be similar to the poem you mentioned?"

"W. L." (cornered): "I really don't know, Doctor; I have read neither poem."

Dr. G.: "Now I should hardly think that you could be considered a competent person to compare the two."

You all make fun of our bobbed hair, Let's hear you laugh, old dears, But funnier still is the female male Who wears side-burns below his ears.

-Lemon Punch.

"What's to prevent my kissing you?"

"Why, my goodness!" she exclaimed. But it—didn't.
—Tiger.

She: "I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered up your lips!"

He: "No, just a piece of grit in my teeth."

She: "For goodness sake swallow it-you need it."

-Burr.

#### THE LAST WORD

We should like to tell you one more good joke before we close, but, if we did, you would only laugh at it, and, if we didn't you'd laugh at us; so we'll simply say that in this department we have tried to amuse you and that if we have failed to amuse you with our jokes, we sincerely hope that you will be amused at our failure. We hate to close this department 'cause we like jokes; we are especially fond of all the subscribers to the Archive, even the some of them are old, but the last blot is Smudged, and the scissors have Snipped for their final line.



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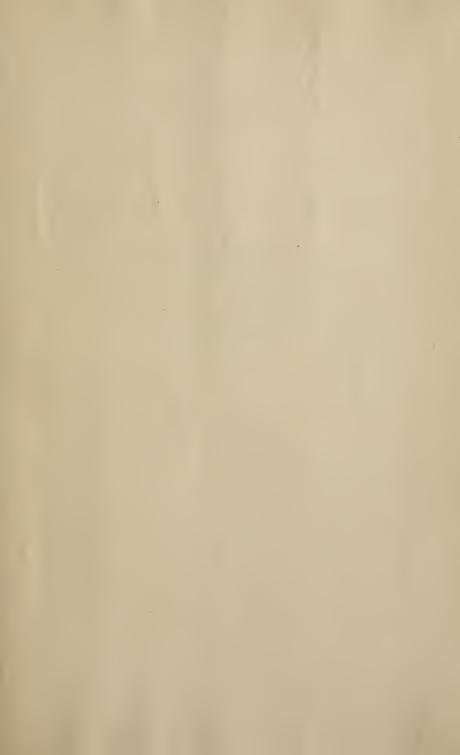
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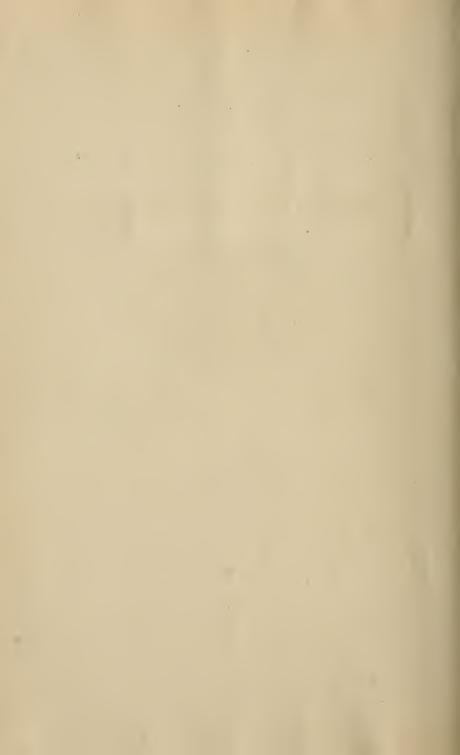
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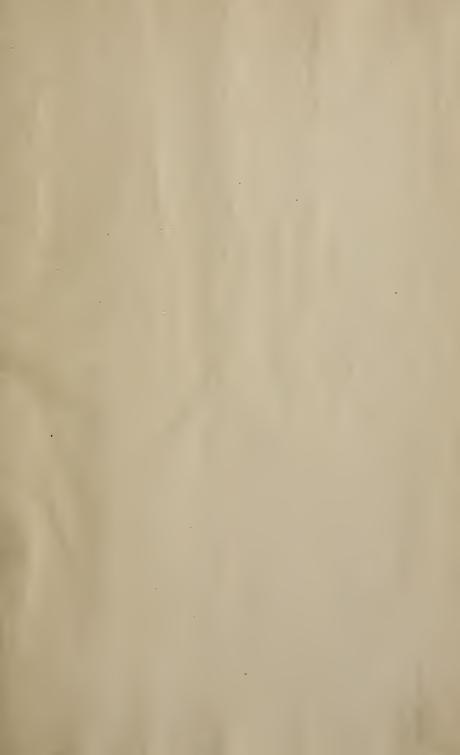
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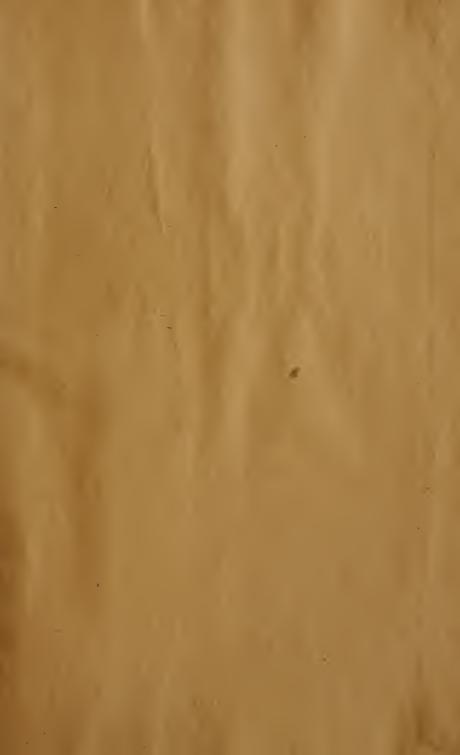
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